

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



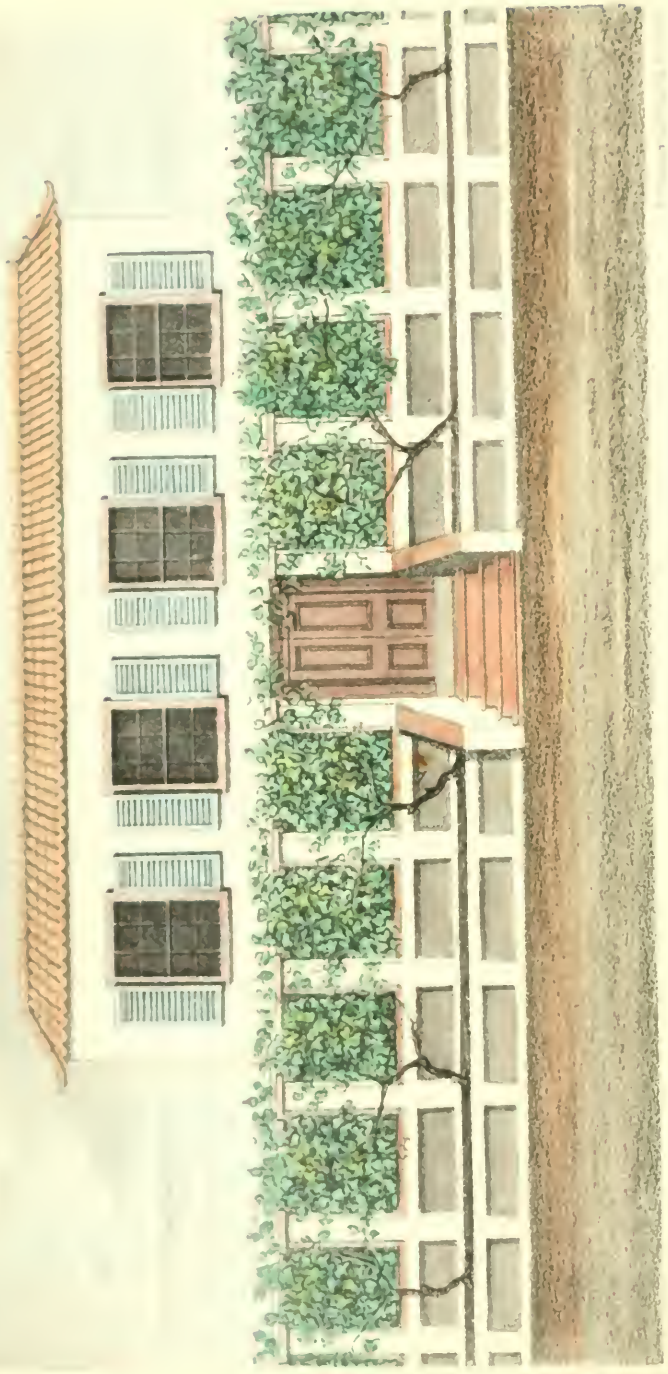
3 3433 07897495 7



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

APV
Shill
Smith

THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE



LETTERS

OF

DOCTOR RICHARD HILL

AND

HIS CHILDREN:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY,

AS TOLD BY THEMSELVES.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY JOHN JAY SMITH.

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE DESCENDANTS:
PHILADELPHIA, 1854.



10911

PHILADELPHIA:
T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.

TO THE
DESCENDANTS

OF

DOCTOR RICHARD HILL,

TO SOME OF WHOM THIS MAY BE A FIRST INTRODUCTION TO AN INTIMATE
ACQUAINTANCE WITH THEIR ESTIMABLE AND HONOURABLE ANCESTRY.

This Volume is cordially Dedicated,

BY

ONE OF THEIR NUMBER.



INTRODUCTION.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.”—COWPER.

“The glory of children are their fathers.”—PROV. xvii. 6.

THE characters and the events delineated in the collection of family letters, from which the following have been selected, seemed to me so interesting and instructive, that I have thought it a duty to comply with the request of the immediate descendants of the writers, to preserve them in this form. The picture here given of the joys and sorrows of private life; of conjugal and parental, of paternal and sisterly love; of fortitude and resignation in adversity; of moderation, contentment, and independence under all circumstances; of the female character in its strength of heroic endurance, in its overflowing tenderness of admiration for all loveliness, and sympathy for all suffering—no less than in its lighter graces and social endearments—pervaded by a deep sense of religion, and dedicated to the fulfilment of duty, and to obedience to the word manifest in the heart; all this is sketched in a way so graphic, yet so unstudied, that we are brought into immediate contact with the actors and the scenes. These letters come “warm from the heart and faithful to its fires,” for the sincerity of the writers was almost continually tested by self-sacrificing kindnesses, by forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries; by actions which, had they been performed on a wider theatre, and in a more conspicuous station in life, would have called forth the applause of mankind.

The preservation of such family records—this commemoration of honourable and virtuous ancestors, is due from their descend-

ants as a tribute to the memory of the just; and may serve as an incentive to honourable and virtuous conduct; for, while it is a false and absurd vanity which strives to deck itself in plumes, borrowed from the past, the desire to emulate a noble example, which has descended to us as an inheritance, is worthy of all praise.

DR. RICHARD HILL, the history of whose family is here related, was born at South River, in Maryland, September 8, 1698. He was the son of Henry and Mary Hill, and the grandson of Richard Hill, a sea captain, who emigrated to Maryland in 1673. A patent to him, dated August 12, 1673, for one hundred and fifty acres of land on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, signed by Lord Baltimore, is still preserved in the family.* In 1721, Dr. Hill married Deborah, the daughter of Dr. Mordecai Moore, of Hill's Point, near Annapolis. Dr. Moore's wife was Deborah, the youngest daughter of Thomas Lloyd, the confidential friend of William Penn, and the first Governor of Pennsylvania.

Thomas Lloyd was descended from an ancient Welsh family, which had held its patrimonial estates in Montgomeryshire for more than a thousand years. Mirie or Meirig, the proprietor of Dolobran, and other large estates, is said in the legendary history of Prince Arthur, to have been one of the four knights who bore the four golden swords before that renowned chieftain at the great festival at Caerleon, in Monmouthshire, when he was crowned king, A. D. 517.† The descent of the Lloyds is traced from Meirig to Ivan Teg, or Ivan the handsome, of Dolobran, who assumed the surname of Lloyd about the year 1476. Thomas Lloyd was the fifth in descent from this Ivan Teg, and was born at Dolobran in 1640.

He and his brother Charles were educated at Oxford, and distinguished themselves by superior ability and learning. Becoming convinced of the truth of the doctrines promulgated by George Fox and his associates, the brothers early joined themselves (about the year 1662) to the Society of Friends, and became highly useful and eminent members thereof. In 1665,

* Gideon Hill Wells, son of Richard and Rachel Wells, writing in 1835, says: "About thirty years since, the family burial ground remained, with all the ancient headstones to the graves."

† Penny Cyclopædia, Art. ARTHUR.

Thomas Lloyd married first Mary, the daughter of Gilbert Jones, of Welsh-Pool, in Montgomeryshire.* They were the parents of ten children, all of whom, except the youngest, were born at Dolobran,† in Wales. In 1683, Thomas Lloyd emigrated to Pennsylvania;‡ the next year he was appointed President of the Council, which office he held till 1691, when he received the commission of Governor of the Province. In the following year, the English crown wrested the province from the Proprietor, and appointed Benjamin Fletcher its governor, who arrived in the spring of 1693, and assumed the direction of affairs. Thomas Lloyd did not long survive these transactions. He was seized with a malignant fever in the following summer, and died, after an illness of five days, on the 10th of 7th month, 1694, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, honoured and respected by all who knew him. The Friends of Haverford Meeting, in Pennsylvania, recorded their affectionate remembrance of his virtues in the following simple and antique, but beautiful tribute:—

“He was by birth of them who are called the gentry, his father being a man of a considerable estate and of great esteem in his time, of an ancient house and estate called Dolobran, in Montgomeryshire, in Wales. He was brought up at the most noted schools, and from thence went to one of the universities; and, because of his superior natural and acquired parts, many of account in the world had an eye of regard towards him.

* See Collection of Memorials, p. 70, Philadelphia, 1787. In the genealogical table succeeding this introduction, which is copied from Burke's Landed Gentry of England, she is said to have been the daughter of Colonel Roger Jones, Governor of Dublin in the reign of James the Second, who defeated the Marquis of Ormond in 1649; and in the collection of Memorials she is said to have been the daughter of Gilbert Jones, of Welch-Pool. But the Colonel Jones who routed the Marquis of Ormond at Rathmines, near Dublin, in 1649, was the Parliamentary Governor of that city; and his name, according to both Leland and Plowden, was Michael, and neither Gilbert nor Roger.—*Leland's History of Ireland*, iv. p. 42; *Plowden's ibid.* i. p. 136.

† Dr. George W. Norris visited Dolobran a few years since. Traces of the residence of the Lloyds, Dolobran Hall, were then visible. The ancient graveyard was turned into an orchard, through the turf of which memorial stones were seen.

‡ The name of the vessel in which Thomas Lloyd sailed was the *America*, Captain Joseph Wasey. They had a passage of eight weeks, and landed on the 20th of sixth month, 1683.—*Watson's Annals*, i. p. 517.

Being offered degrees and places of preferments, he refused them all. The Lord beginning his work in him, and causing a measure of his light to shine out of darkness, in his heart, which gave him a sight of the vain forms, customs, and traditions of the schools and colleges, and hearing of a poor despised people called Quakers, he went to hear them, and the Lord's power reached unto him and came over him, to the humbling and bowing his heart and spirit; so that he was convinced of God's everlasting truth, and received it in the love of it, and was made willing, like meek Moses, to choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of the Lord, than the honours, preferments, and riches of this world. The earthly wisdom came to be of no reputation with him, but he became a fool, both to it and his former associates; and through self-denial, and taking up the daily cross of Christ Jesus, which crucified his natural will, affections, and pleasures, he came to be a scholar in Christ's school, and to learn the true wisdom which is from above. Thus, by departing from the vanities and iniquities of the world, and following the leadings, guidance, and instructions of the divine light, grace, and spirit of Christ, he came more and more to have an understanding in the mysteries of God's kingdom, and was made an able minister of the everlasting gospel of peace and salvation: his acquired parts being sanctified to the service of truth.

"His sound and effectual ministry, his godly conversation, meek and lamb-like spirit, great patience, temperance, humility, and slowness to wrath; his love to the brethren, his godly care in the church of Christ, that all things might be kept sweet, savoury, and in good order; his helping hand to the weak, and gentle admonitions, we are fully satisfied have a seal and witness in the hearts of all faithful friends who knew him, both in the land of his nativity and in these American parts. We may in truth say, he sought not himself, nor the riches of this world, but his eye was to that which is everlasting, being given up to spend and be spent for the truth and the sake of friends.

"He never turned his back on the truth, nor was weary in his travels Sion-wards; but remained a sound pillar in the spiritual building. He had many disputes with the clergy and some called peers in England, and also suffered imprisonments and much loss of outward substance, to the honour of truth,

and stopping, in measure, the mouths of gainsayers and persecutors. Yet these exercises and trials in the land of his nativity, which he sustained through the ability God gave him, were small and not to be compared to the many and great exercises, griefs, and sorrows he met withal and went through in Pennsylvania, from that miserable apostate George Keith, and his deluded company. Oh, the revilings, the great provocations, the bitter and wicked language, and rude behaviour which the Lord gave him patience to bear and overcome. He reviled not again, nor took any advantage; but loved his enemies, and prayed for them that despitefully abused him. His love to the Lord, his truth and people was sincere to the last. He was taken with a malignant fever the 5th of the 7th month, 1694, and, though his bodily pain was great, he bore it with much patience. Not long before his departure, some friends being with him, he said: 'Friends, I love you all; I am going from you, and I die in unity and love with all faithful friends. I have fought a good fight and kept the faith, which stands not in the wisdom of words, but in the power of God; I have fought, not for strife and contention, but for the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the simplicity of the gospel. I lay down my head in peace, and desire you may all do so; friends, farewell all.' He farther said to Griffith Owen, a friend then intending for England: 'I desire thee to mind my love to friends in England, if thou lives to go over to see them: I have lived in unity with them, and do end my days in unity with them; and desire the Lord to keep them all faithful to the end, in the simplicity of the gospel.' On the 10th day of the 7th month aforesaid, being the sixth day of his sickness, it pleased the Lord to remove him from the many trials, temptations, sorrows, and troubles of this world, to the kingdom of everlasting joy and peace; but the remembrance of his innocent life and meek spirit lives with us, and his memorial is, and will remain to be sweet and comfortable to the faithful.

"He was buried in Friends' burial-ground, in Philadelphia, aged about fifty-five years; having been several years President and Deputy Governor of Pennsylvania."*

* It is said by Thomas Chalkley, that Governor Lloyd "used sometimes in the evening, before he went to rest, to go in person to public houses, and order the people he found there to their own homes, till at length he was instrumental to

For eighteen years after his marriage, Dr. Hill resided at South River, engaged in the practice of medicine and in mercantile transactions. By losses at sea, by bad debts, and tradition says by privateers, his affairs became greatly embarrassed, and in order to escape the persecutions of creditors, then more dreaded than now, and to endeavour to retrieve his circumstances, he was induced to settle at Funchal, in the island of Madeira. He was at this time (1739) in the forty-first year of his age, and the father of nine children; the oldest being his son Richard, in his eighteenth year, and the next, his daughter Hannah, not sixteen years old, and but recently married to her cousin, Dr. Samuel Preston Moore. Dr. Moore was then in his twenty-ninth year; he was the son of Richard Moore, the brother of Dr. Hill's wife, by Margaret, the daughter of Samuel Preston,* and the granddaughter of Thomas Lloyd.

promote better order; and did, in a great measure, suppress vice and immorality in the city."—*Journal of Thomas Chalkley*, p. 182, New York, 1808.

For further particulars of Thomas Lloyd, we may refer to the following:—

Testimony of Dobobran Quarterly Meeting, 8th mo. 30, 1711; *Collection of MS. Memorials*, by John Smith (in possession of John Jay Smith).

Testimony of Haverford Monthly Meeting, J. Smith's MSS.

Penned Memorials, p. 21.

His Epistle to Dobobran Quarterly Meeting, 6th mo. 2, 1684, J. Smith's MSS.

Penned Memorials, p. 25.

Letter from John Humphreys to Charles Lloyd.

Testimony of James Dickinson, 1691.

Remarkable Passages of his Sufferings.

John Humphrey's Letter to him.

Richard Dwyer's Account of Remarkable Circumstances.

Richard Dwyer's Account of the Famous Public Dispute.

Short Account of His Last Sayings.

Penn Promoted, ii. p. 202.

Mary Lloyd, His Sister, Address to Her Children.

Wheaton's Annals.

Penned History of Pennsylvania.

Samuel Preston, Richard Hill (uncle to Dr. Richard Hill), and Isaac Norris, the son-in-law of Thomas Lloyd, were all men of distinction in their day. The following anecdote illustrates the character of the two former: "At the instance of Governor Evans, a fort had been erected by the territories at Newcastle, as well for the protection of the river, but really, as the provincialists inferred, from its use to vex the trade of the province. All vessels navigating the Delaware were compelled to report themselves, under a penalty of five pounds, and a specific sum for every gun fired to bring them to. Inward bound vessels, not owned by residents, were subjected to the duty of half a pound of powder per ton of the capacity of the vessel. The provincialists remonstrated against this

To the care of this excellent daughter and her worthy husband, Dr. Hill and his wife committed their youthful family

abuse in vain. At length Richard Hill, William Fishbourne, and Samuel Preston, Quakers, distinguished by their private character and public services, resolved to resist the imposition. Hill and his companions, embarking on board a vessel of the former, dropped down the river and anchored above the fort. Fishbourne and Preston went ashore and informed French, the commander, that their vessel was regularly cleared, and demanded that they might pass uninterruptedly. This being refused, Hill, who had been used to the sea, stood to the helm, and passed the fort with no other injury than a shot through his mainsail. French pursued in an armed boat, and was alone taken on board, and his boat cut from the vessel, falling astern, he was led prisoner to the cabin; who, now seeing his situation, pleaded his indisposition of body; upon which Hill asked him, 'if that was really the case, why did he come there?' Lord Cornbury, Governor of New Jersey, and as such claiming to be Vice-Admiral of the River Delaware, happened at that time to be at Salem, a little lower down, on the Jersey side of the river; to him the prisoner was brought, to give an account of his conduct. In this place, after French, in a coarse manner, had been sufficiently reprimanded by Lord Cornbury, upon a suitable submission and promises made, he was at length dismissed, but not without marks of derision from some of the attendants.

"This put a finishing stroke to these proceedings at the fort of Newcastle, and thus ended the enterprise, in which Hill's friends, especially his anxious wife, a person of note and high esteem, who, at Philadelphia, heard the report of the guns, could not but be particularly concerned, fearing lest his resolution should be attended with bad consequences; but they were soon agreeably relieved from their apprehensions of that kind; and his conduct in this affair made an open way for others.

"But Richard Hill did not suffer the affair to rest here; for, accompanied by a large number of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, he attended the General Assembly, and, by petition, in such manner laid the affair before them, that it produced an address to the Governor, from the House, without so much as one dissenting vote, dated the 10th of May, 1707, highly resenting these proceedings, on the River Delaware, and at Newcastle, which I do not find were afterwards continued."*—*Proud's History of Pennsylvania*, i. pp. 473, 474.

Proud says that Isaac Norris was a party in this transaction, but Gordon, on the authority of the Logan MSS., says it was William Fishbourne, and not Norris. The characters of these brothers-in-law are thus given by Proud:—

"Richard Hill was born in Maryland, brought up to the sea, and afterwards settled in Philadelphia, having there married the widow of John Delaval, Hannah, the eldest daughter of the late Governor Lloyd, a woman of an excellent character, and very much esteemed and beloved. He was twenty-five years a member of the Governor's Council, divers times Speaker of the Assembly, held several offices of trust; was, for several years, first commissioner of property; and, during the last ten years of his life, he was one of the provincial judges.

"His services in the religious society of his friends, the Quakers, of which he was, for many years, an active member, are said likewise to have been very con-

* Tradition says that Richard Hill's wife, hearing the sound of the firing below, was so much alarmed for the safety of her husband, that her hair completely changed to white in one night.

Richard, in his eighteenth year; Deborah, aged eleven; Rachel, just turned of eight; Henry, of seven; Margaret, not two years;

considerable. He had by nature and acquisition such a constant firmness, as furnished him with undaunted resolution to execute whatever he undertook. His sound judgment, his great esteem for the English constitution and laws, his tenderness for the liberty of the subject, and his zeal for preserving the reputable order established in his own religious community, with his great generosity to proper objects, qualified him for the greatest services in every station in which he was engaged, and rendered him of very great and uncommon value in the place where he lived. He died in Philadelphia, on the 9th of September, 1729.

Isaac Norris, of Philadelphia, held many public offices, with great reputation and honour; and his services, in the affairs of his own religious community, entitled him to very high and uncommon esteem among his friends, the Quakers, in which he was a principal person in good offices. He is said to have been endued with good natural abilities, which he improved and applied to the benefit of mankind, as a man truly sensible that one of the chief ends of man's existence is to be useful and beneficent to the human race; which he showed by his uniform conduct; and that, to answer this end, men are to be taken as they are, and their lesser failings to be endured where they cannot be amended; the utility of his great talents was manifested by a prudent and consistent conduct, in which he so much the more effectually succeeded and excelled, and that agreeable to duty and a good conscience, by constantly cherishing a temper and disposition of mind which overlooks or passes by the many dislikes, deficiencies, and ungrateful things, in others, which are so commonly incident to mankind; so that, by preserving through life a Christian moderation, and an even hand, he was on all occasions qualified to use and exert his abilities to more advantage. His example in this was noble and conspicuous, and his character, in most respects, so honourable among men in general, and his conduct so universally beneficial, especially to those of his own religious community, that he was an ornament to his country and profession, and his death a great loss to both, which was in the year 1735, when he was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

Samuel Preston, likewise of Philadelphia, was for a long time one of the Governor's Council, and Treasurer of the Province of Pennsylvania, which offices he discharged with much honour and fidelity. He was a man of great integrity to what he believed was his duty; his conduct in life very instructive, and his practice a continual series of good offices. He was a person of such remarkable benevolence and open disposition of mind, as rendered advice and reproof from him the more acceptable and serviceable; and being of a fair and clean character, good judgment, and suitable presence of mind, his usefulness in that capacity was the more extensive and successful. He was a very valuable member of society among his friends, the Quakers, undertaking and performing many difficult offices and social duties therein with great cheerfulness, alacrity, and utility; and was highly esteemed by them as an elder, who ruled well in his social capacity, and was worthy of double honour. He died in September, 1743, aged about eighty years.

The following is the "Testimony of the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia, concerning Hannah Hill:"—

"Our worthy and much esteemed friend, Hannah Hill, wife of Richard Hill, and daughter of Thomas Lloyd (formerly governor of this province), by Mary,

and Sarah, not eight months old. Their daughter Mary, aged fourteen, and Harriet, aged ten years, accompanied their parents

the daughter of Gilbert Jones, of Welchpool, was born in Montgomeryshire, North Wales, at the seat of her ancestors, called Dolobran, the 21st of the seventh month, 1666. She was a woman highly favoured of the Lord, possessed many excellent Christian virtues, as well as natural accomplishments. Coming over into this country with her parents when young; soon after their arrival it pleased the Lord to remove her pious mother by death, when the care of the younger children devolved upon her. This close trial in the earlier part of her time, was abundantly sanctified to her; for her mind being engaged to seek the Lord for her portion, and her father's God for the lot of her inheritance, he was graciously pleased, not only to favour her with the knowledge of himself and the enjoyment of his living presence in the days of her youth, but also made her a singular instrument of good, and a blessing to her father's family. As she grew in years, her conspicuous virtues, joined with a courteous deportment, justly gained the esteem and favour of most if not all with whom she conversed. Being earnestly solicited in marriage by John Delaval, who (though a worthy man) was not at that time of the same religious communion, she, by her prudent conduct and pious resolution to maintain the principles she professed, without deviating therefrom in a matter of such importance, did not agree thereto; until he, after some time, embraced the truth in sincerity of heart, and bore his cross like an humble follower of Christ; he received a gift in the ministry, and continued faithful therein to his death. Concerning whom she gave this testimony, viz.: 'That he never used to her an expression of anger, or the product of a disturbed mind.' The decease of her said husband proved to her a time of deep probation, having been heard to say, that in eight weeks' time she lost eight of her family by death, beginning with the decease of her beloved husband, and ending with that of her only child. Under which afflicting circumstances, as well as what attended her the remaining part of her life (of which she had a large share), she approved herself a shining example of patience in tribulation, and a meek, humble, self-denying follower of Christ.

"In the affluent station wherein Divine Providence had placed her, her benevolent disposition was conspicuous in administering to the necessities of the indigent, her charity not being limited to those of her own profession. She was a true servant of the church; and, in the sense of the apostle's expression, 'one that washed the saints' feet,' receiving with joy into her house the ministers and messengers of the gospel, for whom her love was great. The low, the poor, and the mean were objects of her peculiar care.

"In her younger years she received a gift in the ministry, which she retained with faithfulness to the end; and though not large in her appearance, yet with great modesty and soundness of expression, 'her doctrine dropped as the dew, and distilled as the small rain;' and was, therefore, truly acceptable. She travelled in the service of the gospel to New England, and divers other parts of this continent, and was also concerned for the good order and discipline of the church; having, for a number of years, served in the station of clerk of the women's monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, wherein she gave satisfaction.

"Although bodily weakness frequently attended her in the latter years of her life, it did not abate her love and zeal for the everlasting truth, which she experienced to be her support in every time of trial; and when her dissolution drew

to Madeira. We may imagine the urgent necessity of affairs which thus drove them into exile, and compelled them to leave such a family of children at so tender an age, in the charge of a sister, herself almost a child. How well Hannah Moore and her husband fulfilled the parental duties thus early required of them—with what tenderness, prudence, and fidelity—the following letters bear ample witness; and they were rewarded by the filial affection with which they were ever regarded in the family, and by the unwearied assiduities with which the sisters soothed thirteen years of Hannah Moore's own long and melancholy decline of life.

Richard, Jr. and Henry both afterwards followed their parents to Funchal, and subsequently became partners in their father's flourishing business. Richard died there unmarried; and Mileah Martha was born on the island. Deborah too was sent for, and, like her sisters Mary and Harriet, married abroad.

The young children in Philadelphia* received such education as the best schools of those days afforded, an advantage which the sisters taken to Madeira were partly deprived of by their residence in a Portuguese community.

Having, at some expense of time, arranged these letters, in possession of various members of the family, their whole story now comes out in bold relief; and as a "History of a Family"

near, she made divers reasonable remarks and observations, also signified her acquiescence with the Divine will, in the dispensations of his providence towards her: at one time, particularly mentioning the expressions of the apostle, 'That no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' This was her happy experience; and, after a well-spent life, interspersed with a variety of exercising vicissitudes, she exchanged this state of existence (no doubt) for a blessed immortality in the regions of unmixed felicity, after about three weeks' illness, on the 25th of the twelfth month, 1726-7, in the sixty-first year of her age. Her corpse was respectfully attended, by a large number of friends and others, to the High Street Meeting-House, in Philadelphia, where divers living testimonies were borne, after which it was interred in Friends' burial ground.

"She was twenty-six years the wife of Richard Hill,* who was a serviceable member both in church and state, and died in good esteem, the 4th of the seventh month, 1724."

* One at least of the girls was a pupil of Anthony Benezet.

* Uncle to Dr. Richard Hill, of Madeira.

an hundred years ago, their thoughts, struggles, affections, long separations, and anxieties, combined with the excellence of most of their characters, is highly curious to their relatives; I trust, too, it may prove valuable and instructive.

The "dear and honoured papa," the father of these ten children, shows himself in his beautiful letters to have been a man of strong good sense, excellent judgment, a most doting husband and father, and a man of great integrity. He succeeded in accumulating in Madeira a sufficient fortune, and in establishing his sons and his sons-in-law in an extensive and profitable wine and commission business. After having paid his old creditors principal and interest, he returned, and died in the arms of his American daughters. He left his only surviving son,

Henry Hill, to succeed him, with the husbands of Mary, Harriet, and Deborah, who formed the successful firms of Hill, Bisset & Co., and Hill, Lamar & Bisset. Henry returned many years later to Philadelphia, continuing a member of the latter firm, and married a daughter of Reese Meredith, then a prominent and valuable citizen; but left no children, as was also the case with Richard, Hannah, Harriet, Sarah, and Milcah. Henry built a very superior house for that or any date, in Fourth Street, between Union Street and Cypress Alley, still standing; lived in a fashionable and expensive style, and died of yellow fever in 1798, surrounded by the portraits of his affectionate family, which he had ordered to be brought to his bedside. Long after his death, and when the house was sold by his executors to Dr. Philip Syng Physick, the pictures—from which several of the copies in this volume were taken—were found in a locked room of the third story, and sent to Margaret Morris. Henry bequeathed his large fortune to his much beloved sisters, or their children.

Henry Hill's country-seat, Wilton, below Philadelphia, was a place of much pretension for that period, and was surrounded by statuary, portions of which were pierced for fountains; they were greatly abused by the neighbouring working-men during the many years the farm was rented, and when I first saw them, about 1825, they were much mutilated; they are still lying about at this time (1852). This property, in what is called

"The Neck," was sold to Stephen Girard, and forms part of his estate bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia. His other country-seat* was in Indian Queen Lane, near Germantown. To the endowed school of this village he was a liberal contributor; his name occurs in many subscriptions to charities, to the City Dancing Assembly, &c. &c. "Harry Hill's wine" was much esteemed, and is still talked of by the old families of Philadelphia. My friends have sometimes opened an old bottle for me as the great-nephew of the importer; very excellent wine it was, after outlasting a succession of corks. In my mother's family a bottle was set aside for the wedding of each descendant. In a series of poetic flights, understood to have been written by Edward Ingersoll, of the Philadelphia Bar, the following lines occur:—

(From "Horace in Philadelphia.")

"Now stir the fire and bring the wine,
'Twas bottled anno ninety-nine,
And bought of Harry Hill;
Pour out a bumper, here's a toast:
'To those on earth we love the most,
And those who love us still.'"

Dennie's Portfolio, vol. xix. p. 36.

Though an extensive importer of wine, and an unrivalled judge of the article, it was rather remarkable that Henry Hill abstained from the use of it, or of any stimulating beverage.

With this introduction, the following extracts of a letter from my sister may now be introduced:—

MARGARET HILL HILLES TO JOHN JAY SMITH.

WILMINGTON, DEL., 9th mo. 10, 1852.

I think, with thee, that Dr. Richard Hill was a very estimable man, and the old letters I value exceedingly. I greatly rejoice that they have now found a reader who will appreciate them as I do. Most gladly will I aid thee, and for this purpose I write immediately to answer some of thy queries.

Dr. Hill practised medicine, and was a slave-holding planter

* Now occupied by Cornelius Smith.

in Maryland. His wife was his first cousin once removed; she appears to have been, and was always spoken of by her daughters, whom I knew, as a very superior woman, and as having shown great devotedness to her conjugal duties. Their children were:—

1. Richard, the oldest of Richard and Deborah Hill's family. He never married. An estate, much of it land now in the heart of the city of Philadelphia, was left to him and Hannah by his father's uncle, named also Richard Hill,* so that they were reputed wealthy when their father's pecuniary difficulties occurred. Richard, Jr. followed his parents to Madeira, and became a partner in the important house established there, where he died a young man, while his father was on a visit to America.

2. Hannah, who married Dr. Samuel Preston Moore, when very young, and before the family, or the principals of it, came to reside in Philadelphia. They were married at Friends' meeting, and, I believe, were never "dealt with" for transgressing the then existing rule of the Society, against marrying so near a relative, for they brought a certificate when they removed, and he was an elder in Philadelphia; while their younger brother and sister, Dr. Charles Moore and Milcah Martha Hill were disowned for so doing, and never could bring their minds to acknowledge that they were sorry for it; so they continued without the pale, until after our uncle Charles's death, when my aunt regained her right.

3. Deborah also followed her parents to the Island; she married Robert Bisset, and died in England, leaving three children, Richard Lamar Bisset, Henrietta, and Mary Hill Bisset, who were reared by their aunt Lamar, and are all now deceased.

4. Mary married Thomas Lamar, and had no child, and I know little of her character or her history farther than that she was a woman of the world, fond of high life, &c., and what the letters reveal.

5. Harriet married John Scott, and had one daughter, Mary, who died young, and a son, John—called Jock in the letters—

* One of the heroes of the Delaware bloodless conquest, already mentioned in a note from Proud's History, page 474. He married Hannah Delaval.

who grew up and held an official appointment in India; he died about the same period with his widowed mother. She seems to have been an affectionate, timid, and sorrowful woman; her married life, entered upon without her father's consent, was not entirely happy; her husband was much older than herself. She was living when our uncle and aunt Dillwyn were in England, and is frequently mentioned in their letters.

6. Rachel married in Philadelphia Richard Wells, an English gentleman, and had two sons and three daughters, of whom many descendants are known to us.*

7. Henry married Ann, a daughter of Reese Meredith, and left no children.

* The descendants of Richard Wells and Rachel Hill possess some highly interesting manuscript documents respecting their English ancestry, which it is hoped may be also placed in the more permanent form of type; when this is done, they will appropriately form an appendix to these letters. There is in the Wells family, besides the portrait of Rachel Hill copied for this volume, a painting by West, representing Richard Wells's mother, and her second husband, Robert Crafton. It was a present from the painter to his intimate friends the recipients. A letter will be found on page 176, from Richard Wells, dated Cottesness, England, relating to the sale of that beautiful property after the death of his father. Cottesness had been an heirloom for many generations, being part of the manor of Alford, about fifteen miles from Hull. It was the seat of William Lord Welles in 1283, and fell to Richard Wells's grandfather, Nathaniel Wells, in 1700, and then contained, "by estimation, four hundred and three acres." Richard, as the oldest son, inherited the property, but nobly divided the proceeds with his younger brother. He disposed of it in order to comply with the urgent wishes of his wife and her family, who opposed her residing in England. The reluctance of the Hills to part with a beloved sister, seems to have been the cause of the long correspondence which preceded their marriage. Several letters from Dr. Hill will be found in the subsequent pages regarding the engagement of Rachel, which will interest her descendants from their great beauty; they are creditable to all parties. The letters of one of the lovers had a rather singular fate. Rachel Wells requested that those addressed to her might be buried with her, and they were placed in the pillow of her coffin.

Richard Wells was nearly related to the Colonial Governor Belcher, of Massachusetts, and afterwards of New Jersey. His mother was Mary Partridge, daughter of Richard Partridge, Esq. of London, agent for the Provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island, and Connecticut—a consistent member of the Society of Friends. As he was advancing in years, and was desirous of having a grandson to succeed him in his agency, Richard was sent, when a youth, to Philadelphia, to form a personal acquaintance with the Colonies, and was placed in 1730 as an apprentice, in the family of my grandfather, John Smith, then engaged in the business of a merchant, and proprietor of the packets which sailed, with the irregularity of the period, to London.

8. Margaret was the wife of William Morris.* Her husband died young, and left her a mourning widow.

9. Sarah was the well-beloved consort of one of the loveliest of human characters, George Dillwyn.

10. Milcah Martha has been already mentioned as the wife of Dr. Charles Moore. She was the only child born to Richard and Deborah Hill in the Island of Madeira. The Roman Catholic religion prevailed there, and a nunnery was situated near their residence, to which his daughters were in the habit of resorting. Their little sister had been born on the birthday of the tutelar saint of the Island, St. Michael, and it was the custom that every child—so fortunate in their estimation—was dedicated to the saint, and named in honour of him—the boys Michael, the girls Milcah. Whether this fact was known to her father or not, I am unable to say, but he had given the name to his child in memory of a beloved sister whom he had left in America. The Catholics took it for an evidence that he was favourable to their religion, and claimed the child as the right of their saint. Many contests he had with them on this account; they even went on their knees to beg that she might enter the nunnery, and thus insure her eternal happiness. A bushel of gold was offered for her, but the fond father was not to be bribed. At length stratagem was resorted to; her nurse was employed to persuade the child to elope with her, but the conversation between them as they were taking the air on the roof of the house, was overheard by her sisters below, and it was concluded safest to send her over to her sisters in America. She was now nearly ten years old, and her mother's desire to see the daughters and sisters from whom she had been long separated, combined with a state of health which had become delicate in consequence of the heat of the climate, afforded reasons that induced her to consent to leave the husband whose fortunes she had so devotedly followed, for a time. His business had been for some years prosperous, and he had nearly completed his arrangements for leaving it in

* William Morris, son of John Morris, who was the son of the second Anthony Morris, the son of Anthony Morris the first, founder of the large family of the name of Morris in Philadelphia, and who came to America in the time of William Penn.

the hands of his son and sons-in-law, in order to revisit his native shores. A vessel of his own was prepared to bear the precious freight of his wife, her youngest child, with its faithful nurse Betty Hicks, her son Henry, and her maiden sister Molly (as she was familiarly called) Moore, who were to precede him but a few months; when the beloved wife and the honoured mother, and the darling sister, was suddenly removed by death.

Great indeed was the shock. His consternation and distress was heightened by the fact that there was no Protestant burying-place on the Island, and the Catholics did not suffer heretics to be laid in their holy ground. There was no alternative but to commit them to the ocean. At this the feelings of the husband revolted, and, according to the narrative of Betty Hicks, to which I used to listen with intense interest in my childhood, a sham funeral was got up; a loaded coffin was followed by the mourning family, and formally consigned to the deep, while the corpse was secreted till night, and then buried in the cellar. I have no reason to doubt the truth of this account, though my aunt M. M. Moore, to whom I sometimes appealed for a confirmation of it, never gratified my youthful desire by either an assent or dissent; so true was she to the injunction of secrecy that had been laid on her in childhood.

Of the papers she speaks of, some will be found which to me are very interesting, giving accounts of dear old uncle and aunt Dillwyn's travels and doings on the continent, and in England and Ireland.* But dear aunty, though I well know she was a sensible woman, yet her letters are so entirely the clitchat of one sister whose heart was open to another, and that other so ready to throw the veil of love over all her eccentricities, that they really are hardly suitable to be exhibited to other eyes. They are curiously mixed up, as was natural;—old silk gowns and cloth coats, garden seeds and bits of character, and religious meetings, &c. all in a jumble—yet they are interspersed with valuable information, touching accounts of her meeting with her long-separated sisters (hats and feathers not forgotten), excellent descriptions of interesting people, with

* Of these, enough has been inserted to exhibit fully the characters of the writers.

often a little scrap in uncle Dillwyn's handwriting expressive of his love, and redolent of the heavenly atmosphere he lived in—so as to make them to me altogether beyond price.

I am my dear brother's

Affectionate sister,

MARGARET HILL HILLES.

Margaret Morris appears to have held the readiest pen of the family,* excepting that of her father. She exhibited a marked degree of excellence through a life of trial. In all her written matter that has been preserved there is a propriety of expression, a vein of piety and resignation, and a correctness of diction, that is very remarkable. It is witnessed in her sprightly journal kept during the Revolution, in her private diary, and in the account of her family afflictions during the yellow fever of 1793, no less than in her letters, and the beautiful memorandum attached to the bundle of her parents' letters copied on page 17.

The sisters left in America, it will be remembered, were not old enough at the period of the separation of the family to recollect much, if anything, of Mary and Harriet, who were taken to Madeira. The letters of Sarah Dillwyn and her husband, in the possession of Margaret Morris Smith and my sister, carry on the history of our great aunts Lamar and Scott, and of Deborah Bisset's children, in a manner that could scarcely have been hoped for had not their visits to England taken place, and opened a correspondence, in which this family topic was regularly kept up, so as to complete a picture now almost perfect. S. D.'s account of her first interview with her sister Lamar, pages 245, &c. is most graphic, natural, and touching. She supplied her sisters in America with particulars of the English portion of the family, which are full of interest. By this it appears that Robert and Deborah Bisset left a son and two daughters, as mentioned in M. H. Hilles's letter. The son, Richard Bisset, continued a member of the Madeira firm for some considerable time, and was further enriched by being left

* It is much regretted that so few letters from Rachel Wells have been preserved. One or two which have come to light since the volume was printed, show conclusively that she was a woman of superior understanding.

the heir of \$200,000 by one of his school-fellows, an officer of the British army, who was killed at the siege of Pondicherry. He will left Richard L. Bisset property of the above value, including a good country-house well furnished, and a farm well stocked.

His sisters, Henrietta and Mary Bisset, brought up by their aunt Lamar, received a good and fashionable education. Henrietta married a gentleman of family, named Edward Walsby, Prebendary of Canterbury. He was also preceptor to the children of the Duke of Gloucester. Allusion will be found in Henrietta Walsby's letters to their accompanying their "royal friends" to the Isle of Wight, &c.

Mary Bisset most kindly nursed her aunt Lamar through a long period of palsied helplessness, and in somewhat straitened circumstances for her mode of life, in London, Bath, &c. After her aunt's death, she married Major William Davis, Aide-de-Camp to General Charles Hope; he was afterwards in the Seventh Dragoon Guards, and the Horse-Guards also.

The letters now copied tell all we need care to know of the history of the English sisters; more has been inserted than otherwise would have been the case—not for their value as letters, but because we knew less of them than of our other relatives, and they and all theirs have passed away. I find letters from all of them, breathing an affectionate love for their American connections, but written with some constraint, as was to be expected from persons who had scarcely known those they addressed (except Sarah Dillwyn), and whose education and religious convictions were so very different.

Richard L. Bisset was once in America, where he formed a very high opinion of his aunt, Margaret Morris. There is a short correspondence between them of an affectionate, confidential cast; in this the little episode will be found amusing, of his falling half in love with my cousin Hannah Cox, daughter, by his first wife, of John Cox, of Burlington, N. J. Richard engaged his aunt Morris to ascertain how his addresses would be received! She discovered that they would not be acceptable; and he then intimates that he regrets he had not looked after a daughter of her Burlington friend and neighbour, J. M. W.!

Richard afterwards exhibited his esteem for my grandmother

by presenting her son with a considerable lot of ground in Philadelphia.

The reader of this correspondence cannot fail to discover many beautiful traits of character. Among many others, some letters have been necessarily omitted relating to business, a subject it was thought best not to complicate the narrative with. In the mercantile accounts, which became occasionally entangled from the number of partners and heirs interested, amid difficulties long unsettled, there was still apparent much affection and a remarkable degree of disinterested action.

The strenuous wish of Richard Hill to provide for his daughters, is a beautiful feature of the correspondence. A letter to Hannah Moore, his eldest daughter, to whom he writes with the confidence of a brother, a friend and adviser, dated Madeira, Feb. 16, 1759, is an evidence of his truly paternal wishes on this deeply interesting topic. It contains a partial description of the vineyard, called "The Achada," which he bought in the Island; it was the family country residence soon after, and is many years later valued in the accounts of the firm at \$20,000, and was sold for \$22,000. The picture of the house will add interest to the description.

Of the sisters married abroad, Deborah Bisset died first, and Harriet Scott next; the son of the latter came home from India, and died at his mother's residence in Bath. He was visited by his cousin R. L. Bisset, near Calcutta, who found him in the receipt of a large income. Richard was received at his handsome country-house, and affectionately entertained. Young Scott left a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, one thousand of which he bequeathed to his cousin Bisset, and the remainder to his Scott relatives.

Mary Lamar and her husband's style of living absorbed their Madeira dividends; they, however, educated their orphan nieces and made them eligible matches for good husbands in a most respectable rank of life; neither of those ladies left descendants. Mary Lamar, either from a feeling of her destitute condition, or from bad advice, was estranged for a time from her brother-in-law, Robert Bisset, and denied herself to her nephew Richard. I have omitted an uncomfortable correspondence between her and Robert, in which she shows herself determined to have all her rights allowed, and demanded some matters which appeared

to the partners unreasonable. The whole affair was settled at last by arbitration, and the balance not being adequate to her wants, she was obliged to give up her London residence, Grove House, and remove to a moderate mansion in the country—lay down her carriage, &c. The letters of her sister Dillwyn describe her condition at the close of life, when she was palsied and decrepid. However her ire may have been excited towards the Madeira partners, to whom she was finally reconciled, her affection for her family was always warm and cordial.

There is an unpleasant episode in the story, to which it is but proper to allude, as reference is occasionally made to it. Dr. Richard Hill's wife's nephew, Joseph Gillis, from Maryland, became a member of the firm of Hill, Bisset & Co., and continued to reap an eighth of the profits for forty years. He was scarcely on a par with the other members of the partnership as to gentlemanly habits or associations, and was at one period addicted to making too free use of the wine in which the firm dealt. He had a natural daughter in Madeira, called "Miss Gillis," by a Portuguese mother. After a time, his bad habits induced mania-à-potu, and he committed all the follies of a raving madman. Richard L. Bisset, fearing the visits of the police, shipped him for London, under a pretence of going with him to the court of the Emperor of Morocco! After getting out to sea he left him. Recovering somewhat, poor Joe returned from London to Madeira. At his death, he made R. L. Bisset his residuary legatee, only partially providing for his daughter. R. L. B. was charged with influencing his bequest to himself, about twenty thousand dollars, and Bisset hearing of this, submitted his story to Henry Hill in Philadelphia. By advice of the latter, the property, after adding a residence at Funchal to Miss Gillis's fortune, was to be distributed to the rightful heirs. Henry Hill was empowered to do this, but died very soon thereafter, and there is now no means of ascertaining what became of it.

Such is the family story, collated from the family letters preserved by three or four generations; their interest to the recipients, and even at this date to their connections, it appears to me is sufficient to account for their having been so carefully cherished. Some of Richard Hill's letters are models of thought and diction, displaying a mind of great clearness, judgment,

and decision; and, in the whole collection, the warmth of heart exhibited is very attractive.

One of the pleasures of tracing this history, is to be found in the completeness with which we follow each individual through their various and very different allotments and pursuits. There is an earnestness and *reality*, giving great interest to their several narratives, which make the reader, while he lives their lives over again with them, enter into a near sympathy with all their thoughts and actions. By telling their own histories in their own way, we understand them better than if the materials were reduced to the compass of a mere biographical sketch, such as I have attempted in this introduction.

Few are the families whose annals the world would judge worthy of minute investigation, and it is not, therefore, to the public that family history—to use the expression in its most dignified sense—should in general be addressed. It is not, I repeat, for public, but private use that these letters have been printed.

I cannot give my own view of such family records more clearly than by adopting the language of a late eminent author:—

“Every family should have a record of its own. Each has its peculiar spirit, running through the whole line, and, in more or less development, perceptible in every generation. Rightly viewed, as a most powerful but much neglected instrument of education, I can imagine no study more rife with pleasure and instruction. Nor need our ancestors have been Scipios or Fabii to interest us in their fortunes. We do not love our kindred for their glory or their genius, but for those domestic affections and private virtues that, unobserved by the world, expand in confidence towards ourselves, like the banian of the East, and flourish with independent vigour in the heart to which a kind Providence has guided them. And why should we not derive equal benefit from studying the virtues of our forefathers? An affectionate regard for their memory is natural to the heart; it is an emotion totally distinct from pride—an ideal love, free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. They are denied, it is true, to our personal acquaintance, but the light they shed during their lives survives within their tombs, and will reward our

search if we explore them. Be their light, then, our beacon—not the glaring light of heroism which emblazons their names in the page of history with a lustre as cold, though as dazzling, as the gold of an heraldic illuminator, but the pure and sacred flame that descends from heaven on the altar of a Christian heart, and that warmed their naturally frozen affections till they produced the fruits of piety, purity, and love, evinced in holy thoughts and good actions, of which many a record might be found in the annals of the past, would we but search for them; and in which we may find as strong incentives to virtuous emulation as we gather every day from those bright examples of living worth which it is the study of every good man to imitate. And if the virtues of strangers be so attractive to us, how infinitely more so should be those of our kindred, and with what additional energy should the precepts of our parents influence us, when we trace the transmission of those precepts from father to son through successive generations, each bearing the testimony of a virtuous, useful, and honourable life to their truth and influence, and all uniting in a kind and earnest exhortation to their descendants so to live on earth that, followers of Him through whose grace we have power to obey Him, we may at last be reunited with those who have been before, and those who shall come after us—

‘No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!’ ”

The ensuing genealogical table of the Lloyds is printed as we find it in the fourth volume of *Burke's Landed Gentry*,* correcting some errors of the press, as well as making some additions under the head of “Lloyds in America,” which Burke concludes with Deborah Moore, the mother of Dr. Richard Hill's wife.

* *A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry, or Commoners of Great Britain and Ireland, enjoying territorial possessions or high official rank, but uninvested with heritable honours.* By John Burke, Esq., 4 vols., London, 1838.

GENEALOGY OF THE LLOYD FAMILY.

[FROM BURKE'S HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN.]

LLOYD, OF DOLOBRAN.

LINEAGE.



This family was established in the shire of Montgomery so early as the middle of the sixth century. From MEIRIG, the first on record, descended,*

ALETH, lord of Dyfed, who was living in the eleventh century. He *m.* Nest (Agnes), daughter of Llewellyn ap Gwrgant, prince of Morganwg and Glamorgan, and was ancestor of,†

LLEWELLYN AP ENION, of Lloydiarth, who married Llenci (or Lucy), daughter of Griffith Lloyd, of Bromfield, in Flintshire, son of Ednyfed Lloyd, of Maelor, descended from the Earls of Hereford. Llewellyn divided his estates among his children, giving Lloydiarth and Llanihangel to his eldest son, and his

* The intervening descent was as follows:—

Meirig, who was succeeded by his eldest son.

Sawl.

Lynam.

Llewelyn.

Seissyltt.

Lowarch.

Collwyn, Prince of Demeca, or Dimetia, a tract of country around Myvod, consisting of part of Merionethshire and Montgomeryshire. He bore az. three cocks arg. armed, crested, and jiloped, or.

Gwyn, Prince of Dyfed.

Gwrgant.

Ivor.

Llewellyn.

Cadwgan.

Griffith.

Cadwgan.

Aleth, Prince of Dyfed.

† The descent from Aleth to Llewellyn Bowen.

ALETH.

Uchdryd, Prince of Dyfed, *m.* Genhwyfar, daughter of Cadivor, Lord of Blaen-cych, Cærmarthenshire, usually styled Cadivor *Vaur* (or the Great).

lands in Myvod and Dolobran to the second, DAVID, who married Meddefys, daughter of Griffith Deuddur, descended from Brochwel, Prince of Powys, and was father of,

IVAN *Teg*, or *the Handsome*, of Dolobran, who *m.* Mawd, daughter of Evan Blaney, of Tregynon, and Castle Blaney, in the county of Monaghan, in Ireland, ancestor of the Lords Blaney. Ivan Teg assumed the name of Lloyd about the year 1476 from Lloydiarth, the seat of his grandfather. He had two sons,

DAVID, his heir.

Owen, who *m.* Katherine, daughter of Meredith Rinault ap Sir Griffith Vaughan, and was father of Ievan Lloyd, who *m.* Gwenhwar, daughter of Meredith Lloyd, of Nevoid, and had a son, John Lloyd, who married Margaret, sister of Sir Roger Kynaston, of Hordley, and their son Humphrey, who assumed the surname of Wynne, of Dyffryn, had a daughter, Katharine, *m.* to John Lloyd, Esq., of Dolobran.

The elder son,

DAVID LLOYD, Esq., of Dolobran, *b.* in 1523, was in the commission of the peace for Montgomeryshire. He *m.* first, Eva, daughter of Edward Price, Esq., of Eglusig, by whom he had no issue; and secondly, Eva, daughter of David Goch, Esq., son of Jenkin Vaughan, Esq., of Bodlach, by whom he had a son,

DAVID LLOYD, Esq., of Dolobran, *b.* in 1549, a magistrate for Montgomeryshire, who *m.* Ales, daughter of David Lloyd, Esq., of Llanarmon-mynydd-maur, descended from Rivid Jharred, Lord of Penllyn, and had a son and successor,

JOHN LLOYD, Esq., of Dolobran, *b.* in 1575, in the commission of the peace for Montgomeryshire. This John Lloyd resided at Coedeow-

Ierweth, Lord of Falgarth, *m.* in 1112, Ellen, daughter of Uchdryd Edwyn, Prince of Fegengl.

Georgenan, who *m.* Ales, daughter of Gronwy ap Enion ap Llewarch Cynhaelthwy, descended from Urien, Lord of Reged, a district in South Wales.

Gwerfyl, *m.* first, Jeswerth, daughter and heir of John ap Cynric Vyehan ap Cynric ap Llawarch ap Keilin, descended from Maerchweithian, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of Wales, and by her had a son, OWEN NOEL, of Pencelli, in South, and of Arwysth, in North Wales; *m.* secondly, Eva, daughter of Sir Aron ap Rys ap Bledri, knight of the Sepulchre. Sir Aron was a crusader under RICHARD *Cœur de Lion*, and by that lady was father of

Cynddelw, *m.* Jane, daughter of Gwrward, Lord of Cemes, in South Wales.

Rivid ap Cynddelw, *m.* Gwladys (Claudia), daughter and heiress of Rivid, Lord of Llwydiarth, in Powysland, one of the sons of Cyric Efel, Lord of Eylwyseyl, in North Wales.

Celynn, of Llwydiarth (he bore for arms, "*sable*, a he-goat attired and languet or." Many of his descendants bear as a crest, a holly-tree, *ppr.* on a mount vert, a he-goat arg. attired or, browsing on the tree, which he holds with his two fore feet, while on the mount, under the tree is a child *ppr.* swaddled arg. (this crest is borne by some as arms on a shield sa.) *m.* Gwennlian, daughter of Meredith ap Rhydderch, descended from Tewdwr Maur (or Theodore *the Great*), Prince of South Wales.

Enion ap Celynn, Llwydiarth, *m.* Gwennlian, daughter of Adda ap Meiric, of Mochorant, son of Cynric ap Pasgen ap Cywyn, Lord of Guilsfield, descended from Brochwel, Prince of Powys.

LLEWELYN AP ENION.

rid, and wainseoted the parlours and hall. He lived in great state, having twenty-four men with halberts, his tenants, to attend him to Mivoid Church, where he placed them in his great pew under the pulpit. He bought Owen John Humphrey's estate, and gave to Mivoid church most of its communion plate. He *m.* Katherine, daughter of Humphrey Wynn, Esq., of Duffryn, and left a son,

CHARLES LLOYD (1st), Esq., of Dolobran, in the commission of the peace for Montgomeryshire, *b.* in 1613, who *m.* Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Stanley,* of Knuckyn, Salop, and had issue,

I. CHARLES (2d), his heir.

II. John, *b.* in 1638, one of the six clerks in chancery, *m.* Jane, only daughter of Sir Thomas Gresham, of Lidsey, in Surrey, the thirteenth successive knight of that family and the munificent founder of the Royal Exchange. By this lady he had issue,

John, *d.* aged twenty-one.

Samuel, one of the six clerks in chancery, who left one daughter.

Jane, *d.* aged seven.

John Lloyd married again, but had no family by his second wife. Dr. Lloyd, late Lord Bishop of Oxford, was one of his descendants.

III. THOMAS, *b.* 17th of February, 1640, who *d.* 10th of September, 1694. He *m.* first, 9th of September, 1665, Mary, daughter of Colonel Roger Jones, of Welsh Pool, governor of Dublin in the reign of James II., who defeated the Marquis of Ormond in Ireland. This lady dying in 1680, he *m.* secondly, Patience Storey, but by her had no issue. This Thomas Lloyd joined WILLIAM PENN in the colonization of Pennsylvania, and was deputy-governor and president of the council in that province from 1684 to 1693. His descendants are citizens of the United States, and reside principally in the State of Pennsylvania. (*See end of this article.*)

I. Elizabeth, *b.* in 1639, *m.* to Henry Parry, of Penamser, Merionethshire, and had issue.

The eldest son,

CHARLES LLOYD (2d), Esq., of Dolobran, *b.* 9th of December, 1637, attached himself in the year 1662 to George Fox and his followers, the founders of the Society of Friends. The Independents were at that period the dominant party, the Episcopal establishment being overthrown, and "The Friends" were as much persecuted by them as they were subsequently after the Restoration. It was at this epoch that Mr. Lloyd, having conscientiously refused to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy on the accession of Charles II., though a more loyal subject did not exist in the country, was at the instigation of his envious neighbour, Edward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who desired his estates, subjected to great persecutions and losses. His possessions were put under *premunire*, his cattle sold, and his mansion at Dolobran partially destroyed.

* Son of Sir Edward Stanley, son of Sir Foulk Stanley, son of Sir Piers Stanley, son of Sir Rowland Stanley, brother of Lord Strange, of Knuckyn, a branch of the Derby family.

Although a magistrate for Montgomeryshire, and in nomination for its shrievalty at the time, the penal and oppressive laws against sectarians (arising from the excesses of some) were enforced against Mr. Lloyd with unmitigated rigor.* He was taken, with seven other gentlemen,

* "In the beginning of the year 1682, my dear friend, Charles Lloyd, and I, went to visit friends in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, &c. &c., and came through their meetings to London before the yearly meeting. I acquainted my friends, George Whitehead and W. Penn, that I intended to go to Lord Hyde to acknowledge his kindness for his letter, on my behalf, to Bishop Lloyd. George Whitehead said there was some service to be done for our suffering friends in Bristol, and it was thought convenient that three of the city and three of the country should go with the said sufferings, and desire the kindness of Lord Hyde to present them to the king. The three friends for the country were Charles Lloyd, Thomas Wynne, and myself; for the city, George Whitehead, Alexander Parker, and one more. Our friend George Whitehead told me that our countryman, Sir Lionel Jenkin, Secretary of State, was so cross and ill-humoured, that when the king was inclined to moderation and tenderness to suffering friends, he often stopped and hindered the relief intended them. When we went to Whitehall, we waited a long time before we could speak with them, they being upon a committee a considerable time; but we had sent in by the door-keeper to acquaint Lord Hyde that we were there, and in time they sent for us in. The secretary looked grim upon us. I went to Lord Hyde, and acknowledged his kindness for his letter on my behalf to the bishop. He told me that I should tell the bishop there would be liberty of conscience in England. I told him, I did say so, and did believe it would be so in God's time. Secretary Jenkin spoke in a scornful manner, and asked me what was Welch for a Quaker; I answered him Crynur Crynwyr, it being the singular and plural number. But the secretary said, we had no Welch for it, for there were no Quakers in the Romans' days. My friend Charles Lloyd answered, 'If thou didst ask my friend the question aright, he hath answered thee right, for there is English, Welch, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew for a Quaker.' So the secretary said, 'Sir, I understand Welch pretty well, and English, and Latin, and Greek; but if you go to your Hebrew, I know not what to say to you.' I left my friend C. Lloyd to engage with this peevish countryman, and presented Lord Hyde with a long list of names of men, women, and children, in their several prisons at Bristol. I desired him to be so kind as to present their sufferings to the king, which he said he would, and our friend George Whitehead spoke farther to him. Then I turned to the secretary, who directed his words to me, and spoke to him thus in Welch:—

"Mae yn ddwrg gennif, fod vu o Hiliogaeth yr hen Fritaniaid yr rhai ydderbyniodd y Grefydd Gristianogol yn gyntaf yd Loeger yn erbyn yr rhai sydd gwedi derbyn y wir Gristianogol Grefydd yr awr hon."

"The English is thus:—

"I am sorry that one of the stock of the ancient Britons, who first received the Christian faith in England, should be against those who have received the true Christian faith in this day."

"He replied, he was not against our friends, but he said our friends gave their votes for the election of parliament men that were against the king's interest. I told him, it was our birthright, as we were freeholders and burgesses, to elect men qualified to serve both the king and country, but how they were corrupted, when they came within these walls, I knew not. The secretary would have engaged farther with me in dispute about religion. I told him he was an ancient man, and that they had been a long time there upon their business, and if he would be pleased to dismiss us then, and appoint what time we should some morning wait upon him, we would, if he pleased, spend an hour or two with him in discourse about religion. Upon which he took off his hat, and thanked me kindly for my civility; but we heard no more of him about the dispute. Upon the whole, our friend G. Whitehead told me he was more moderate to friends afterwards than he had been before. The number of prisoners in the list delivered to Lord

who had embraced the doctrines of the "Friends," to Welshpool Jail, and confined there until the act of James II. was passed, releasing all persons detained for religious opinions, a period of ten years. His daughter Elizabeth married John Pemberton, Esq., of Bennett's Hill, near Birmingham, at whose house Mr. Charles Lloyd died. He *m.* first, 11th November, 1661, Elizabeth, daughter of Sampson Lort, Esq., of Eastmoor and Stackpole Court, Pembrokeshire, brother of Sir John Lort, by Olive, his wife, daughter of Sir John Phillips, bart. of Pictou Castle, and Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Sir John Perrott (Viceroy of Ireland; *temp.* Queen Elizabeth), natural son of Henry VIII. Charles Lloyd wedded, secondly, February 8, 1686, Ann Lawrence, of Lea, in the county of Hereford. She *d.* March 2, 1708. By his first wife, who was born November 2, 1633, and *d.* February 7, 1685, he had issue,

1. CHARLES (3d), of Dolobran, *b.* August 18, 1662, who died January 21, 1747. He *m.* May 6, 1693, Sarah,* daughter of Ambrose Crowley, Esq., of Stourbridge, and had issue,

1. CHARLES (4th), *b.* November 16, 1697, *d.* November 3, 1767; *m.* April 14, 1723, Jane, daughter of Richard and Sarah Wilkins, of Thornbury, and by her, who was born August 19, 1707, had,

CHARLES EXTON, of Dolobran, *b.* March 24, 1726, who *d.* in France, December 18, 1773.

James, *b.* November 15, 1743, who *d.* unmarried, November 5, 1787. At the period of his decease he was a wine-merchant at Coventry, having *sold the Dolobran estate* in 1780, which was bequeathed to him by his brother, Charles Exton Lloyd.

Jane, *b.* November 24, 1728, *m.* to Lewis Owen, Esq., of Tytha y Gareek, near Dollgelle, and had issue, Owen Owen, Charles Owen, Humphrey Owen, and Jane Owen, *m.* to John Lewis, Esq., of Haverfordwest, and had several children, one of whom, Sarah, *m.* H. Knight, Esq., of London.

Mary, *b.* March 27, 1730, *d.* June 21, 1753.

Sarah, *b.* April 6, 1732, *m.* to Thomas Robinson, of Coventry, and *d.* in 1816.

Elizabeth, *b.* March 28, 1734, *m.* first, to Edward Evans,

Hide to be presented to the king amounted to, in both prisons, one hundred and thirty-nine, of which there were eighteen aged women from sixty and upwards, and eight children. In the latter end of the list it was said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'"

See "*An Account of the Travels, Services, &c. of that Ancient Servant of the Lord, Richard Davies, comprising some information relative to the spreading of the truth in North Wales,*" page 118. Originally published, 1710; republished, sixth edition, 1825. Harvey and Darton, London. In this Book is an account of the progress of the doctrines of the Society of Friends, and persecution suffered by Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Thomas Lloyd, his brother, and others.

* Her brother, Sir Ambrose Crowley, had a daughter, Elizabeth, *m.* in March, 1724-5, to John, Tenth Lord St. John, of Bletshoe, and her brother, John Crowley, had a daughter, *m.* in 1756, to John, Earl of Ashburnham.

of Welchpool, and secondly, to Oliver Jones, of the same place.

Hannah, *b.* June 21, 1735, *m.* to Robert Perkins, Esq., of London, and had a daughter, Jane Lloyd Perkins, *m.* to Richard Harford, Esq., of Elbevale, near Bristol, and had issue.

Phoebe, *b.* March 13, 1738, *d.* February 20, 1747.

Susannah, *b.* April 26, 1739, *d.* July 15, 1766.

2. Sarah, *b.* August 7, 1694, *m.* 1719, to John England, Esq., of Bridgnorth, and had issue, John, *d.* unmarried; Charles, who *m.* Sarah, daughter of John Gulson, Esq., but had no child.

3. Elizabeth, died in infancy.

II. SAMPSON, of whose line we have to treat.

The second son,

SAMPSON LLOYD, Esq., *b.* February 26, 1664, *m.* first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sybill Good, Esq., and by her, who *d.* April 10, 1692, had issue,

1. Elizabeth, *b.* January 8, 1687, *d.* March 30, 1697.

- II. Sarah, *b.* January 12, 1689, *m.* in 1713, John Gulson, Esq., of Coventry, and had,

1. William Gulson, *b.* August 6, 1718.

2. John Gulson, *b.* July 29, 1730, who had two sons, John, *b.* in 1761, and Joseph, *b.* November 22, 1769. The latter *m.* Sarah, daughter of E. Lythall, Esq., and had one son and two daughters, viz.,

Edward, of Wick House, Abingdon, senior assistant poor law commissioner, *b.* November 13, 1794, *m.* Anne Cooke, daughter of — Heywood, Esq., and has issue, John Reynolds, Sarah, and Helen Mary.

Mary, *m.* to S. Burlingham, Esq., of Worcester.

Sarah, *m.* to John Bradley, Esq., of Worcester.

1. Elizabeth Gulson, *b.* July 11, 1714, *m.* to John Fowler, Esq.

2. Mary Gulson, *b.* September 20, 1716, *m.* to John Harris, Esq., of Branghurst, Hants.

3. Sarah Gulson, *b.* in 1720, *m.* to Charles England, Esq.

4. Anne Gulson, *b.* August 19, 1722.

- III. Anne, *b.* February 27, 1690, *m.* to B. Stretch, Esq., of Bristol.

- IV. Mary, *b.* February 28, 1691, *d.* August 16, 1731.

Sampson Lloyd married, secondly, in 1695, Mary, daughter of Ambrose Crowley, Esq., and by her, who was born September 15, 1677, had issue,

1. CHARLES, *b.* December 31, 1696, *m.* Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Careless, Esq., and died February 12, 1741, leaving,

1. Charles, *b.* May 26, 1724, *d.* in 1760.

2. Benjamin, *b.* October 8, 1727, died in 1804, leaving one child, Sarah, who *m.* in 1788, William Brewin, and

had a son, Charles, who *m.* in 1832, Sophia, daughter of Samuel Galton, Esq., of Duddleston Hall, Warwickshire, a banker in Birmingham.

II. Ambrose, *b.* January 18, 1698, *d.* February 11, 1742, leaving a daughter Anna, *m.* to Alfred Lloyd, Esq., her cousin.

III. SAMPSON, of whom presently.

The third son,

SAMPSON LLOYD, Esq., a banker in Birmingham, *b.* May 15, 1699, *m.* first, September 29, 1727, Sarah, daughter of Richard Parkes, Esq., of Old Park, near Wednesbury, Staffordshire, and had by her,

I. SAMPSON, of Bordesley, in the county of Warwick, *b.* August 2, 1728, who *m.* Rachael, daughter of Samuel Barnes, Esq., of London, and by her, who *d.* in 1814, left at his decease, December 27, 1807,

1. SAMPSON, *b.* in 1765, *m.* Hannah, daughter of — Harman, Esq., of London, and *d.* leaving a son, Sampson, deceased.

2. SAMUEL, of Bordesley, in Warwickshire, a banker in Birmingham, *b.* in 1768, *m.* in 1791, Rachael, daughter of George Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal, in Westmoreland, and has issue,

GEORGE BRAITHWAITE, a banker in Birmingham, *b.* January 5, 1794, *m.* Mary, daughter of John P. Dearman, Esq., of Birmingham, and has issue,

Sampson Samuel, *b.* November 10, 1820.

George Braithwaite, *b.* October 15, 1824.

Samuel, an iron-master at Wednesbury, *b.* July 20, 1795, *m.* in 1823, Mary, daughter of — Honychurch, Esq., of Falmouth, and has issue,

Samuel, Joseph Foster, Wilson, Rachael Jane, Mary, Amy Elizabeth, Sarah.

William, a physician in Birmingham, *b.* February 10, 1798.

Barnes, died in infancy.

Isaac, *b.* May 30, 1801, *m.* Mary, daughter of Isaac Rigge, Esq., of Kendal, and has issue,

John Sanderson, Henry, Edward.

Theodore, *b.* October 15, 1806, *m.* Anna, widow of Cornelius Ash, Esq., of Bewdley, and has a son, Theodore, *b.* in 1834.

Sampson, *b.* June 7, 1808.

Wilson, *b.* February 9, 1811, *d.* September 3, 1835.

Deborah, *m.* to George Stacey, Esq., of Tottenham, Middlesex, and has issue.

Rachael, *m.* to Robert, son of Luke Howard, Esq., of Tottenham, and has issue.

Sarah, *m.* to Alfred Fox, Esq., of Falmouth, and has issue.

3. David, a banker, at Hailsworth, in Suffolk, *b.* September

12, 1769, *m.* first, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John Hanbury, Esq., of Coggeshall, which lady *d.* in 1829, and, secondly, Miss Day, daughter of — Day, Esq.

4. Richard, *b.* June 6, 1772, *m.* Elizabeth, daughter of J. Harman, Esq., and had issue,

Richard Harman, *b.* February 10, 1807, *m.* Isabella Mary, daughter of William Borrodaile, Esq., of Balham, in Surrey.

Elizabeth Beatrice, *b.* November 7, 1798, *m.* to Richard Alsager, Esq., M. P. for East Surrey.

Frances.

Charlotte, *m.* to the Rev. G. Echalez, of Appleby.

5. Alfred, a banker in Birmingham, *b.* November 9, 1780, *m.* Anna, daughter of Ambrose Lloyd, Esq., and has issue, Alfred, *b.* in 1811. Edgar, *b.* in 1815. Hubert, *b.* in 1820. Ambrose, *b.* in 1823. George, *b.* in 1825. Ellen.
6. Henry, a banker in London, *b.* December 30, 1784.
7. George, *b.* May 3, 1786, a captain in the 3d Light Dragoons, *d.* in 1832.

1. Mary, *d.* May 16, 1816.
2. Sarah, *m.* to Joseph Foster, Esq., of Bromley House, Essex, and has issue.
3. Rachael, *m.* to W. P. Summerfield, Esq., of Allesly, in Warwickshire, and has issue.
4. Elizabeth, *m.* to John Biddle, Esq., late of Neach Hill, Shropshire, now of Leamington, and has a daughter, Rachael, *m.* to George Lloyd, M. D., of Albrighton.
5. Anne, *m.* to W. P. Summerfield, Esq., and has, with other issue, Sampson Summerfield, a banker at Shiffnal.
6. Agatha, *m.* to Joseph Biddle, Esq., of Birmingham.
7. Charlotte, *m.* to Thomas Phelps, Esq., of Dublin, and has a son, Joseph Lloyd Phelps.
8. Catherine, *m.* to George Birkbeck, Esq., F. R. S., a physician in London, and has a son, William Lloyd Birkbeck, barrister-at-law.
9. Lucy, *d.* young.

Sampson Lloyd married, secondly, September 17, 1731, Rachael, daughter of Nehemiah Champion, Esq., of Bristol, and by her (who was born March 30, 1712, and died September 16, 1756), had (with other children, who *d.* in infancy),

- II. Nehemiah, *b.* January 16, 1745, *d.* February 22, 1801.

- III. CHARLES, of whom presently.

- IV. John, banker in London, *b.* January 6, 1750, *d.* January 22, 1811, *m.* Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Corbyn, Esq. of Laytonstone, Essex, merchant in London, and had issue,

1. Corbyn, a banker in London, *b.* January 26, 1785; *d.* in 1828; *m.* Emily, daughter of J. Atlee, Esq., of Wandsworth, and has three daughters, Emily, Rosaline, and Bertha.

2. Edmund, *b.* January 25, 1787, *d.* at Madeira.
3. Ambrose, *b.* March 22, 1789, deceased.
4. Mark, *b.* December 17, 1790, lieutenant in the Scots Greys.
5. Llewellyn, of Lapp Cottage, Dalecarlia, Sweden, author of "Field Sports in the North of England," *b.* July 27, 1792.
6. Joseph, of Lambeth, *b.* August 11, 1796.

1. Rachael.

2. Lucy, *m.* to Halsey Janson, Esq., of Stamford Hill, Middlesex, and has issue, Edward, *b.* November 17, 1808, Henry, Louisa, Mary Elizabeth, Emma, Clara, and Lucy Matilda.

3. Elizabeth.

v. Ambrose, *b.* February 24, 1754; *d.* July 16, 1787; *m.* Elizabeth, daughter of John Talwin, Esq., of Royston, in Herefordshire, and had a daughter.

Anna, *m.* to her cousin Alfred Lloyd, Esq., of Goldicot House, Warwickshire, and has issue.

i. Mary, *b.* October 12, 1736; *d.* November 18, 1770; *m.* January 18, 1757, Osgood Hanbury, Esq., of Holfield Grange, near Coggeshall, in Essex, and had issue,

1. John Osgood Hanbury, *b.* November 23, 1757; *d.* July 23, 1773.

2. Sampson Hanbury, *d.* in infancy.

3. Osgood Hanbury, of Holfield Grange, Essex, a banker in London, *b.* June 15, 1765, *m.* Susannah Willett, daughter of John Barclay, Esq., a banker in London, and has issue, Osgood, of Tulse Hill, a banker in London, *b.* July 2, 1794, *m.* Eleanor, daughter of W. Hall, Esq., and has two sons and two daughters. Robert, of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., brewers in London, *m.* and has issue. Henry, *b.* June 30, 1798. Sampson, deceased. Arthur, *b.* in 1801, rector of Bewars. Philip, a banker in London, *b.* June 30, 1802. Susan, *m.* to Robert Field, Esq., and has issue. Anna. Rachael, *m.* to Robert Barclay, Esq., of Clapham, son of Charles Barclay, Esq., M. P., and has issue. Mary.

4. Charles Hanbury, of Halsted, in Essex, a banker at Bury, Ipswich, *b.* September 26, 1766, *m.* the daughter of John Bland, Esq., and *d.* in 1825, leaving issue, of whom Priscilla, *m.* W. P. Honywood, Esq., M. P. for Kent.

5. Richard Hanbury, *b.* November 23, 1767; *d.* May 23, 1768.

6. Sampson Hanbury, of Poles Hall, Herts, a brewer in London (Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co.), *b.* March 12, 1769; *d.* in August, 1835; *m.* Agatha, daughter of Richard Gurney, Esq., of Norwich, and sister of Hudson Gurney, Esq., of Keswick Hall, in Norfolk, M. P. for Newton.

1. Anna Hanbury, *m.* February 12, 1782, Thomas Fowell Buxton, Esq., of Berkensted Hall, in Hertfordshire, and had a son, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, M. P. for Weymouth.
 2. Rachael Hanbury, *m.* Richard Gurney, Esq., M. P. for Norwich, and *d.* June 1, 1825, leaving issue.
 3. Mary Hanbury, *b.* August 24, 1770; *d.* in 1829; *m.* to her cousin David Lloyd, Esq., of Kenilworth.
 11. Rachael, *m.* to David Barclay, Esq., brewer in London (Barclay, Perkins, and Co.), and *d.* June 2, 1809.
- SIMPSON LLOYD's second son by his second marriage,
 CHARLES LLOYD, Esq., of Birmingham, *b.* August 22, 1748, inherited by bequest his brother Nehemiah's estates in Warwickshire. He *m.* Mary, only daughter of James Farmer, Esq., of Bingley House, Birmingham, and by her (who was born December 23, 1750, and *d.* December 9, 1821), had issue,
- I. CHARLES, his heir.
 11. James, of Bingley House, in the commission of the peace for the county of Warwick, *b.* March 16, 1776, *m.* July 14, 1802, Sarah, daughter of Francis Hart, Esq., of Nottingham, and has issue,
 1. FRANCIS, *b.* June 25, 1803, high bailiff of Birmingham in 1833, a magistrate for Warwickshire, and an officer in the county yeomanry.
 2. James, *b.* March 15, 1806, a merchant at Gloster, *m.* Elmira, daughter of J. Page, Esq.
 3. Charles, of Birmingham, *b.* March 9, 1807.
 4. William Reynolds, *b.* March 30, 1808, a merchant at Gloster.
 5. Nehemiah of Birmingham, *b.* August 9, 1810.
 6. Thomas, *b.* September 16, 1814.
 1. Priscilla, *b.* March 7, 1805.
- III. Robert, *b.* December 10, 1778, *m.* Hannah, daughter of Francis Hart, Esq., of Nottingham, and *d.* October 26, 1811, leaving issue,
1. Robert, *b.* March 2, 1811.
 1. Hannah, *b.* March 11, 1805.
 2. Mary, *m.* May 5, 1832, to the Rev. John Geddes Crosbie, of Fenwick Manse, in Ayrshire, and has issue.
 3. Sarah.
- IV. Thomas, a merchant in Birmingham, *b.* November 5, 1779, *m.* Susannah, daughter of John Whitehead, Esq., of Barford, in Warwickshire, a banker in Warwickshire, and by her (who resides at the Brandies, Beddington, Surrey), left at his decease, December 28, 1811, three daughters, viz.,
 Anne, *b.* July 2, 1806. Susan, *b.* March 9, 1808.
 Agatha, *m.* to George Esgstrom, Esq., a Swedish merchant in London.

- v. Plumstead, of London, *b.* October 7, 1780, *m.* first, Frances Isabella, daughter of J. Betenson, Esq., of Ipswich, and by her (who *d.* September 18, 1816), has surviving issue,
 1. Mary Elizabeth, *m.* to her cousin Edward Lloyd, Esq.
 2. Emma.
 3. Isabella, *m.* to Henry Russell, Esq., of Toronto, Upper Canada.Mr. Plumstead Lloyd, *m.* secondly, Jane, daughter of John Howell, Esq., and has by her a daughter,
Jane Howell.
 - i. Priscilla, *m.* the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., formerly dean of Bocking, and present master of Trinity College, Cambridge, author of the "Ecclesiastic Biography," &c., brother of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the poet, and has issue,
 1. John Wordsworth, *b.* July 1, 1805, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
 2. Charles Wordsworth, scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, second master of Winchester College, *b.* February 22, 1806, *m.* Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. J. Day.
 3. Christopher Wordsworth, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, late public orator of the University, and head master of Harrow, *b.* October 30, 1807.
 - ii. Olivia, *m.* to Paul Moon James, Esq., of Wake Green, Worcestershire, a magistrate for that county, a banker in Birmingham, and high bailiff in 1834.
 - iii. Mary, *m.* to George Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal, and *d.* November 22, 1822, leaving issue,
 1. George Braithwaite, *b.* July 21, 1810.
 2. Thomas Braithwaite, *b.* May 1, 1816.
 3. Samuel Braithwaite, *b.* April 25, 1820.
 4. James Braithwaite, *b.* April 25, 1820.
 1. Mary Braithwaite, *m.* to Alfred Hingeston, M. D., of Plymouth.
 2. Deborah Braithwaite.
 - iv. Anna, *m.* to Isaac Braithwaite, Esq., of Kendal, and has issue,
 1. Isaac Braithwaite, *b.* July 6, 1810.
 2. Charles Lloyd Braithwaite, *b.* December 11, 1811.
 3. George Foster Braithwaite, *b.* August 13, 1813.
 4. Robert Braithwaite, *b.* July 21, 1816.
 5. Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, *b.* June 21, 1818.
 1. Anna Braithwaite.
 2. Caroline Braithwaite.
 - v. Caroline, *d.* unmarried, October 13, 1811.
 - vi. Agatha, *m.* to James Pearson, Esq., a banker in Birmingham, and has issue.
- LLOYD, CHARLES, Esq., of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick,

6. February 12, 1775, *m.* April 24, 1799, Sophia, daughter of Samuel Pemberton, Esq., of Birmingham, and has issue,

i. Charles Grosvenor, *b.* July 31, 1800.

ii. James Farmer, *b.* October 11, 1801, *m.* Juliania, daughter of ——— Ormsby, Esq., and has with a daughter, a son, Charles-Arthur, born at Versailles, April 2, 1834.

iii. Owen, *b.* March 31, 1803, *M. A.* in holy orders, curate of Aableside, and Vicar of Langdale, Westmoreland.

iv. Edward, *b.* July 9, 1804, *m.* Mary-Elizabeth, daughter of Plumstead Lloyd, Esq., and had a daughter, who *d.* in infancy.

v. Arthur, *b.* July 17, 1807, *d.* May 18, 1810.

i. Mary-Sophia, *m.* to William Thompson, Esq., of Leamington, and has a daughter, Sarah-Sophia.

ii. Priscilla, *m.* to Charles Romain Millett, of Versailles, and has a daughter, Sophia.

iii. Agatha, *m.* to Ernest Camille du Vallon, captain in the French 8th dragoons, and has issue.

Louisa.

Mr. Charles Lloyd *d.* January 16, 1828, and was *s.* by his eldest son, the present CHARLES LLOYD, Esq.

Arms—Quarterly: 1st and 4th, sa. a he-goat passant arg.; 2d and 3d, az. three cocks arg. armed, &c., or.

Crest—A he-goat.

Motto—Esto vigilans.*

Estates—In the counties of Warwick and Stafford.

* An extended coat of arms, to which the name of Charles Lloyd is attached, was taken from a panel in Dolobran Hall in 1780, and, having been engraved, a copy was sent to Joseph P. Norris, by Francis Lloyd, of Birmingham, England, in 1826: it is as follows:—

FIFTEEN QUARTERINGS.

1. $\frac{1}{4}$ Gu. A chevr. ar. between three cocks.
 2. $\frac{1}{4}$ Sa. A chevr. ar. charged with a talbot's head, and two stars between three lamps.
 3. Sa. Three griffins' heads erased.
 4. Sa. and ar. Charged with a lion rampant.
 5. Ar. A lion passant sa. between three fleurs de lis, two and one.
 6. Gu. A lion ar. passant.
 7. Or. A lion gu. rampant.
 8. Or. A lion sa. rampant.
 9. Gu. A chev. ar. between three cocks.
 10. Gu. Two lions passant, one above the other.
 11. Or. and sa. A lion or. rampant.
 12. Az. A bordure engrailed or. charged with three griffins' heads erased, gu.
 13. Gu. Three bears' heads.
 14. Gu. A lion or. rampant.
 15. Sa. A chevr. ar. between three owls.
 16. Ar. A lion sa. ducally crowned, rampant.
 17. Az. A dagger or. point downwards.
- Crest*—A cock, combed, beaked, and wattled.

* The Hill arms are three lions' heads, with a talbot for a crest.

LLOYDS OF AMERICA.

THOMAS LLOYD, third son of Charles Lloyd, Esq., of Dolobran, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Thomas Stanley, of Knuckyn, in Shropshire, had by his first wife, Mary Jones,

I. Hannah,* *b.* in 1666, *m.* first to J. Delaval, of Philadelphia; and secondly to Richard Hill, Mayor of Philadelphia in 1710, 1715, 1716, 1717; by the latter she had five children who all died unmarried.†

II. Rachel, *b.* in 1667, *m.* Samuel Preston, Mayor of Philadelphia, 1712, and had,

1. Margaret, *b.* 1689, *m.* 1709 to Richard Moore, and had issue,

Samuel Preston, who *m.* Hannah Hill, Thomas, Rachel, Mordecai, who *m.* Elizabeth Coleman, in 1739, and *d.* at Montgomery, in 1800; Thomas, *m.* S. Emlen; Richard, *m.* Mary West; Thomas and Charles, twins, the former *d.* 1799; Charles *m.* Mileah Martha Hill, 1767, *d.* 1801.

2. Hannah, *b.* 1693, *m.* 1711, Samuel Carpenter, and had Samuel, *m.* in Jamaica; Rachael, *d.* unmarried; Preston, who *m.* Hannah Smith, whose third child was Elizabeth, *m.* to Ezra Firth; Hannah, *m.* Samuel Shoemaker, had a son Benjamin, who *m.* Elizabeth Warner, and had a daughter Ann, *m.* first to Robert Morris, son of Robert Morris the Financier, and secondly to John Bloodgood.

The children of Ezra Firth and Elizabeth Carpenter were: Preston Firth, who left three children, Maria West, Hannah Evans, and Lucas; John Firth, who left four children; Thomas, who has issue three sons and one daughter; Samuel, two daughters, Mary and Sarah, both of South Carolina, the former *m.* to Philip Givins, and has three daughters and one son; Hannah, *m.* to Joel Reynolds, and has three sons; and Elizabeth, unmarried. Thomas Firth, unmarried. Hannah Firth, *m.* to Isaac C. Jones; their children are Samuel T., *m.* first to Sarah Thomas, second to Martha M. Thomas; Aquila, unmarried; Lydia, *m.* to Caspar Wistar, M. D.; Franklin C., unmarried; Mary C., *d.* un-

* For the closing moments of their remarkably pious child, Hannah, see Memorials of her in "*Piety Promoted*;" also Thomas Chalkley's *Testimony*, and Griffith Owen's, all published in Part I. p. 149, &c., London, 1740.

† See Testimony of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends, for Hannah Hill; Collection of Memorials, Phila. 1787, *ante*; and John Smith's MSS.

married; William, unmarried; Isaac C., *m.* to Sarah W. Woodruff; and Hannah E., *m.* to Lloyd Pearsall Smith. *See* p. xlv.

iii. Medecai, *b.* 1669, lost at sea, aged twenty-five years.

iv. John, *b.* 1671, *d.* 1692, at Jamaica.

v. Mary, *b.* 1674, *m.* 1694, to Isaac Norris, Speaker of the Assembly, and Mayor of Philadelphia, 1725, and *d.* 1748, and had issue,

1. Mary, *m.* to Thomas Griffitts, and had Isaac, who *m.* Sarah Fitzwater; Mary, who *d.* unmarried; and Hannah, who also *d.* unmarried, aged ninety-one, in 1817.
2. Hannah, *m.* to Richard Harrison, and had Mary, Thomas, who *m.* Francis Scull, and had Amelia, who *m.* R. McClanahan, and Mary, who *m.* Jonathan Mifflin, and Hannah, who *m.* Charles Thomson, Secretary to Congress during the Revolutionary War.
3. Sarah, *d.* an infant.
4. Joseph, *d.* young.
5. Rachel, *d.* an infant.
6. Isaac, *m.* Sarah Logan, and *d.* 1766, leaving a daughter Mary, *m.* to John Dickinson, the author of "Farmers' Letters," and Governor of Delaware, who left two daughters, Sarah Norris and Maria, the latter *m.* Albanus Logan.
7. Elizabeth, *d.* 1779, unmarried.
8. Deborah, *b.* 1705, *d.* 1767, unmarried.
9. Thomas, *d.* unmarried.
10. John, *d.* unmarried.
11. Prudence, *d.* young.
12. Charles, *b.* 1712, *m.* first to Margaret Rodman, and secondly to Mary Parker; the latter had issue, Isaac, who *d.* 1802, unmarried; Deborah, *b.* 1761, *m.* Dr. George Logan, in 1781, had three sons, Albanus, Gustavus, *d.* aged fourteen, and Algernon Sidney, *d.*; Joseph Parker, *m.* to Elizabeth Hill Fox; and Charles, who *m.* Eunice Gardner, whose children were Mary, *m.* — Schrack, Debby L. *d.* unmarried, and Hepsy, who *m.* — Wells.
13. Margaret, *d.* young.
14. Samuel, *d.* unmarried, aged thirty-two.

Joseph P. Norris's children are: Mary P. Norris, *m.* William F. Eulen; Charles, *m.* Dorothea Clapier; Joseph P., *m.* C. Thomson; Samuel; Elizabeth F. *m.* E. Spencer Sergeant; Debby, *m.* William Brown; Isaac, *m.* Mary Pepper; Thomas Lloyd, *d.* unmarried; Hannah; George W. *m.* Mary P. Fisher; Ellen; Henry; Sarah, *m.* Henry Pepper; Emily.

vi. Thomas, *b.* 1675, *m.* Sarah Young, and had issue,

1. Peter, who *m.* Mary Masters, and had a son Thomas, who *m.* first Mary Lawrence, and had a son, Peter Zachary, *d.* unmarried. By his second wife, Thomas, lost at sea; and Charles, *d.* unmarried; Peter Lloyd had also a daughter, Sarah.
2. Mary, *d.* unmarried.

3. Thomas, *m.* Susanna Owen, and had Sarah, *m.* to William Moore, whose children were Thomas L. Moore, *m.* to S. Stamper, and had a daughter, Mary Moore, *m.* to Richard Willing; Robert Moore, and Elizabeth Moore, *m.* to Barbé Marbois.
Susanna, *m.* to Thomas Wharton, and had Lloyd Wharton, Kearney Wharton, Moore Wharton, and Sally Wharton.
4. John, *d.* unmarried.
5. Mordecai, *m.* Hannah Fishbourne, and had a daughter Hannah, who *m.* James Pemberton, and was mother of Rachel Pemberton, who *m.* Thomas Parke, M. D., and had two sons and a daughter, viz., Thomas, James P. and Hannah; Hannah and James Pemberton had three other children, Phineas, who *d.* unmarried, Hannah, who *m.* R. Morton, and Sarah, who *d.* unmarried.
6. Anne, *m.* — Matthews.
7. Charles, *d.* unmarried.
- VII. Elizabeth, *m.* Daniel Zachary, whose son Dr. Lloyd *d.* unmarried.
- VIII. Margaret, *d.* young.
- IX. Deborah, *b.* March 1, 1682, *m.* Mordecai Moore, and had issue,
 1. Deborah, *m.* to Dr. Richard Hill. *See* below.
 2. Hannah, *d.* an infant.
 3. Mary, *b.* 1708, *d.* 1760, unmarried.
 4. Hester.
 5. Elizabeth, *d.* young.
 6. Rachel, *b.* January 18, 1714, *d.* July 16, 1796.
- X. Samuel, *b.* in Pennsylvania, *d.* young.

Family of RICHARD HILL, M.D., and DEBORAH MOORE, granddaughter of Governor Thomas Lloyd.

The oldest daughter of Mordecai Moore who *m.* Deborah Lloyd, was Deborah, *b.* June 2, 1705, *m.* Richard Hill, M. D., February 2, 172 $\frac{1}{2}$, at South River, Maryland, *d.* December 17, 1757, at Madeira, and had issue,

- I. Richard, *b.* in 172 $\frac{1}{2}$, *d.* unmarried, 1754, in Madeira.
- II. Hannah, *b.* in 172 $\frac{3}{4}$, *m.* 1739, Samuel Preston Moore, M. D., *d.* 1799, no issue.
- III. Mary, *b.* in 1725, *m.* to Thomas Lamar, 1748 (he died 1792), *d.* in London, 1799, no issue.
- IV. Deborah, *b.* in 1726, *d.* young.
- V. Deborah, *b.* in 1728, *m.* to Robert Bisset, in Madeira (he died in London, 1802), *d.* in Madeira, 1763, had issue, Mary Hill, who *m.* Major William Davis, of the English Army, no issue. Richard Lamar, *d.* 1833; Henrietta *m.* Dr. Edward Walsby, no issue, *d.* 1815.
- VI. Harriet, *b.* in 1729, *m.* to John Scott, in Madeira, 1755 (he died in London, 1775), *d.* at Bath, England, 1795. Had issue, Mary, *d.* young, John, *d.* unmarried, 1795.

- vii. Rachel, *b.* in 1731, *d.* same year.
- viii. Henry, *b.* in 1732, *m.* to Ann Meredith, 1770 (she died, 1787, *d.* in 1798, had two daughters, who *d.* in infancy.
- ix. Rachel, *b.* in 1735, *m.* Richard Wells, son of Dr. Gideon Wells of England, 1758 (he died 1801), *d.* 1796. Had issue, of whom presently.
- x. Margaret, *b.* 1737, *m.* 1758, to William Morris, son of John Morris (he died April 14, 1766), *d.* October 10, 1816. Had issue, of whom see page xliii.
- xi. Sarah, *b.* February 14, 1738, *m.* George Dillwyn, 1759 (he died June 28, 1820), *d.* November 30, 1826, no issue.
- xii. Mileah Martha, *b.* in Madeira, September 29, 1740, *m.* to Charles Moore, M. D., 1767 (he died 1801), *d.* August 24, 1829, no issue.

Family of RACHEL WELLS, daughter of Deborah Moore and Dr. Richard Hill.

- i. Richard, *d.* in infancy.
- ii. Samuel.
- iii. Mary, *b.* 1761, *m.* November 14, 1785, to Benjamin W. Morris (he died 1825), *d.* 1819. Had issue as follows:—
 - 1. Samuel W., *b.* September, 1786, *m.* Anna Ellis, *d.* April 25, 1847. His children are William Ellis, Mary Wells, Sarah Ellis, Susan Marriott, Benjamin Wistar, Rachel Wells, Ellen, Charles Ellis, Anna Ellis, Louisa, Samuel Wells.
 - 2. Sarah M., *m.* Jacob S. Waln, August 5, 1804 (he died April 4, 1850). Her children are Richard W., S. Morris, Henry H., Edward, Mary, Elizabeth, Sally, Ellen, Anne.
 - 3. Rebecca, *b.* 1790, *m.* William C. Ellis. Their children are, Mary Morris, William, Richard, Mercy, Sarah Ellis, B. Morris, Anna M., J. Alder.
 - 4. Richard, died young.
- iv. Gideon Hill, *b.* September 25, 1765, *m.* 1790, Hannah Waln, *d.* March 26, 1837. His descendants are
 - 1. Richard Waln, *b.* September 23, 1792, *m.* April 3, 1817, Abigail Griffiths, *d.* December 25, 1852. His children are Richard, deceased, Samuel Griffiths, Robert Francis, Mary Griffiths, Arthur, Emily, and William.
 - 2. Robert Waln, *b.* October 9, 1794, *d.* January 11, 1847, unmarried.
 - 3. Charles Moore, *b.* June 18, 1797, *d.* unmarried.
 - 4. Rebecca Waln, *b.* 1799, *m.* December 13, 1821, to Redwood Fisher, *d.* March 24, 1843. Her children are Lamar Wells, Anna Wells, Francis Wells, Marian Wells, and Redwood, *d.*
 - 5. Lamar G., unmarried.
 - 6. Lloyd W., *m.* in Boston, Fanny Bumstead, issue, Lloyd, *d.* an infant, August 7, 1848.
 - 7. Mary H., unmarried.
 - 8. Ann M., *b.* October 26, 1814, *d.* October 1, 1817.

- v. Henry.
- vi. Hannah Hill, *d.* June 29, 1796, unmarried.
- vii. Richard, *d.* in infancy.
- viii. and ix. Richard and Robert, twins.
- x. Rachel Hill, *d.* February 15, 1842, unmarried, aged seventy-two.
- xi. William Hill, *m.* Elizabeth Dagworthy. His children are—
 - 1. Rachel Hill, *m.* Col. William D. Waples, two children died young.
 - 2. John Dagworthy, *m.* January 26, 1832, Ann Lehman. His children are Elizabeth D. and William Lehman.
 - 3. Henry Hill, *m.* Mrs. Mary Putnam, issue, William Hill and R. Jones.
 - 4. Theodore Lloyd, *d.* young.
 - 5. Edward Lloyd, *m.* 1st. Margaret Tripp, 2d. Julia A. Copes, 3d. Sallie W. Jacobs; issue, William Hill, Edmond Holmes, Mary Dagworthy, all deceased; now living, Julia Elizabeth, Rachel Hill, Mary D., Edward Henry, Henrietta, and Laura.
 - 6. Mary Dagworthy, *d.* aged twenty-nine years.
 - 7. Paulina, *d.* in infancy.
 - 8. Louisa Caroline, *d.* in infancy.
 - 9. Alfred, *m.* Catharine Ratcliff, issue, Henry Ratcliff, William Hill, Mary, Franklin, Catharine, Frederic.
- xii. George, *d.* an infant.

Family of MARGARET MORRIS, daughter of Deborah Moore and Dr. Richard Hill.

- i. and ii. Richard and John, twins, *b.* September 28, 1759. The former died September 29, 1760. John, M. D., *m.* October 16, 1783, Abigail Dorsey (she died September 16, 1793), *d.* September 8, 1793, both of yellow fever. His children were—
 - 1. Sarah, *b.* August 29, 1784, *d.* January 23, 1794.
 - 2. William Stanton, *b.* November 24, 1785, *d.* 1819, unmarried.
 - 3. Benedict, *b.* March 24, 1787, *d.* November 13, 1790.
 - 4. Martha Milcah, *b.* August 24, 1788, *m.* first, October 12, 1809, to Thomas Lawrie, who died March 6, 1816; and, secondly, to Jacob B. Clarke, by whom she had three children who died in infancy; *d.* January 26, 1826.
 - 5. Mary, *b.* August 7, 1790, *d.* 1798.
 - 6. Margaret, *b.* August 18, 1792, *m.* October 4, 1810, to Isaac Collins, Jr., *d.* April 22, 1832. Her children are, William Morris, Martha Lawrie, Gulielma Maria, Henry Hill, *d.* 1840, unmarried, Alfred, Frederick, Isaac, Theodore, *d.* an infant, Margaret Morris, and Percival.
- iii. Deborah, *b.* November 29, 1760, *m.* first, November 11, 1789, to Benjamin Smith (he died November, 1793); and secondly, to Isaac Collins, November, 1809, *d.* March 15, 1822. Deborah and Benjamin Smith's children are—
 - 1. Margaret Morris.

2. Daniel B., *b.* July 14, 1792, *m.* June 13, 1824, to Esther Morton. Their children are, Benjamin R., John Morton, *d.* young, and Mary Morton.
- iv. Richard Hill, *b.* September 5, 1762, *m.* first, March 17, 1786, to Mary Mifflin, who died 1789, leaving no children; and secondly, October 25, 1798, to Mary Smith (she died January 15, 1848); he died December 6, 1841. Their children are—
 1. William Henry, *b.* October 20, 1799, *m.* June 14, 1825, to Margaret E. Maris, *d.* at Havre de Grace, Md., March 21, 1846. Their children are, Martha Moore, *m.* William Gummere, Elizabeth Maris, *m.* Dillwyn Smith, Jane Maris, Mary Jane, *d.* an infant.
 2. Richard Smith, *b.* October 27, 1801, *d.* April 16, 1817.
 3. Edmund, *b.* August 28, 1804, *m.* December 29, 1827, Mary P. Jenks. Their children are, Anna Margaretta, *m.* Rev. Marcus F. Hyde, Ellen Amelia, Richard Hill, *d.*, Charles Jenks, *d.*, Richard Hill, *d.*, Mary Ann, Edmund, *d.*, Henry Burling, Emma Elizabeth, *d.*; five died in infancy.
 4. Charles Moore, *b.* March 4, 1810, *m.* October 12, 1831, to Ann Jenks. Their children are, William Jenks and Mary Anna.
 5. Anna Margaretta, *b.* October 4, 1812, *m.* July 31, 1833, to Joseph Sloan, *d.* November 26, 1833.
- v. Mary, *b.* June 19, 1764, *d.* February 14, 1765.
- vi. Gulielma Maria, *b.* August 18, 1766, *m.* April 8, 1784, to John Smith, son of John Smith and Hannah Logan (he died April 18, 1803), *d.* September 9, 1826. Their descendants are—
 1. Henry Hill, *b.* January 12, 1785, *d.* November 5, 1785.
 2. Margaret Hill, *m.* October 31, 1821, to Samuel Hilles. Their children are, Gulielma M., William S., and John S.
 3. Richard M., *b.* June 27, 1788, *m.* September 20, 1810, to Susanna Collins, *d.* February 11, 1826. Their children are, Gulielma Maria, Rachael C., and Dillwyn.
 4. Rachel, *b.* May 26, 1792, *m.* June 28, 1826, to George Stewardson, *d.* October 7, 1839. Their children are, Thomas, John, Gulielma Maria, *d.* young, Margaret, George, *d.* young.
 5. Milcah Martha, *b.* May 5, 1795, *d.* December 27, 1802.
 6. John Jay, *b.* June 16, 1798, *m.* in New York, April 12, 1821, to Rachel C. Pearsall. Their children are, Lloyd Pearsall, Albanus, *d.* 1842, Elizabeth P., Robert Pearsall, Gulielma Maria, *d.* young, Horace John, Margaret Hill, *d.* in infancy.
 7. Morris, *b.* August 29, 1801, *m.* June 22, 1825, to Caroline Smith, *d.* March 28, 1832. Their children, Richard Morris, Morris, *d.* young, Elizabeth Bacon, *d.* young.

* * * The compiler of this table has been unable to include in it all the descendants of Thomas Lloyd in America, some of whom have settled

in the Western States, and in many cases has omitted the children of persons now living. From the data here given, however, each branch may continue their line; and as curious a table as that from *Burke's Landed Gentry*, with which we begin, may, in the lapse of time, result, each family tracing back to the first settlers of Pennsylvania. I can but hope that this will be done by some of these descendants, and thus a pleasant bond may sometimes result when forming connections, or even acquaintances.

LETTERS. ,

LETTERS

OF THE

HILL FAMILY.

SECTION I.

A reverence for the past, and a desire to establish a connection between it and self, are instinctive in human nature; and if instinctive, then, rightly directed, they must be ennobling principles.

LORD LINDSAY.

THE RESIDENCE IN MADEIRA.

PREVIOUSLY to introducing the Letters of the Hill Family, it is proper to preface them with the following highly characteristic memorandum, written by my grandmother, MARGARET MORRIS. It was found attached to the bundle of letters from her parents, and is marked by the beautiful traits of her mind.

“On reading a number of letters from my beloved parents, long since removed from this vale of sin and sorrow, my heart has been humbled in comparing myself with them, and I feel myself unworthy of being called their daughter! How many difficulties they had to encounter—obliged to leave their native land, and seek their bread in a foreign country, among an idolatrous people; leaving behind them a family of children in an infant state. Yet, it appears from their letters, that no murmuring thoughts were indulged by them against Providence, who had so appointed their portion; but, a patient submission, and humble reliance on His goodness, was their support through a long season of adverse fortune; and, when He was pleased to

open His hand and bless them with a competency, and the long hoped for time was arrived, when they were to return and embrace their children—lo! the awful Messenger of Death summoned our idolized mother to the grave! Yet, even on this most afflicting occasion, my dear aged father bowed in humble submission to the sacred will, nor ever breathed a sigh of murmur. Oh! may I be instructed by these pious examples, and learn resignation to the Divine will! My dear parents, being dead, yet speak to me in language the most forcible and persuasive! Let me not turn a deaf ear—but hear, and profit by the lessons they still give.”

Sarah Dillwyn, one of the younger daughters, was also indulged with the perusal of these letters; her estimation of them will be seen by the following extracts from a letter, without date, to her husband.

SARAH DILLWYN TO GEORGE DILLWYN.

Remember me affectionately to our dear good brother Moore, and tell our kind sister she has highly gratified us in the perusal of the family letters, and shall be still more gratified when she sends the remainder. We should be glad to have the children's letters, and little pieces, too. I have burnt a great many, but cannot bear to destroy them all. I shall not attempt to describe my sensations on reading my indulgent—best of parents' letters! My heart overflows with humble gratitude to the Author of all our blessings, for making up our great loss—for such, indeed, it might have proved, though we were too young to be sensible of it; but our precious brother and sister Moore have amply supplied the place of our indulgent, careful parents.

If we might be allowed to suppose an addition could be made to the happiness of departed spirits, *that* of our dear “heavenly parents” would certainly be increased by their seeing the harmony and disinterested love which reigns among their beloved offspring. But I find I must drop this subject; my eyes are almost dimmed by too eagerly perusing this *our feast*. Sister Morris has been more prudent than myself. She has not half finished, yet; but I perused them in two nights and part of two days.

THE LETTERS.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, Jan. 18, 1740.

MY DEAR DICKEY:—

I wrote thee a few lines or rather words by Captain Beck, the 26th ult., O. S., and promised to write fully via N. York, but have been so busy I cannot say half what I intended.

We sailed in company with a Guinea ship, the 3d November, and arrived here the 3d December, had a dismal passage, tho' short; one storm, which lasted near forty-eight hours, was as bad as Captain Beck ever was in; the seas frequently broke over our stern and quarters, and filled the vessel to the top of the ship. We did not kill one of our geese, ducks, &c., all being drowned, and most of our hogs suffered the same fate, or were so bruised we could not eat them. I have and am like to have much practice here among the Portuguese, but I shall have more trouble than profit with it.

'Tis so very expensive supporting a family here, that I must of necessity be more solicitous with my acquaintance than I intended for their consignments, and I must desire thee to use all the civil, modest means to promote consignments from Philadelphia. Thou'lt know how to do it without being too pressing or unseasonable. Pray send a particular account how everything is with thee; I am exceedingly anxious for thee. My dear child, have great regard to thy conduct; be virtuous, honest, and study prudence. None of the effect of my misfortunes gives me so much trouble as parting with thee so young, and leaving thee expos'd to all the snares and temptations of youth. But I trust the promising signs thou hast shown, will be succeeded by good fruits.

Don't take the man on thee too soon; don't flatter thyself with the greatness of thy fortune; it's not large, and if it was, it might soon be sunk by extravagance, imprudence, or by misfortune; and should any of these be the case, remember that thy father nor any other of thy friends are able to help thee. Let the dreadful conflict I have undergone warn thee in time to be frugal and prudent.

Besides the family of our relations, I recommend thee to the acquaintance of Israel Pemberton, and Thomas Lawrence, and their families—I have a just grounded esteem for them.

This packet comes under cover to Wm. Allen for safety, and I've wrote to him that I've desired thee to pay the postage, which I would have thee offer to do, but not persist in it, if he refuses. I am under great obligations to him, and would have thee get his friendship if thou canst; he is a very worthy, honest, good natur'd man. I think it possible for thee to keep clear of parties, and I beg thee to do it, but without disobliging either side, if that be possible, as I hope; never carry stories from one side to t'other, nor ever be guilty of a dishonorable act: be cautious of running too hastily into trade, and never, when thou gets thy fortune, without the advice of some honest experienced friend; be slow to take offence, and more slow to give. Remember me kindly to all friends. I've wrote to most of those I expect consignments from. I would fain have done the same to some others, but had not time to take that pleasure which should submit to business. Don't omit writing often, and take time enough for it, that thou mayst not forget anything. Thy mother, aunt, sister, &c., join in dear love to thee, with

My dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I desire thee to deliver these letters with thy own hand. My best respects to all our relations, and Jas. Logan's family.

OR RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, July 31, 1740.

DEAR CHILD:—

The enclosed, is a copy of what I wrote thee a few days ago via Jamaica, wherein I have desired thee to acquaint my friends in Philadelphia with the price of wheat and other commodities here. But, as I have now an opportunity of writing by a vessel bound to the West Indies and Amboy, I have wrote to all or most of my friends in your town, and to thee the same, so that, if thou receives that, which the enclosed is a

copy of, before this, thou need say nothing to them from me, but if this comes first to hand, take suitable opportunity to acquaint them with the market.

Thy mother is considerably better of the pain in her side, and sister Molly's fever this morning intermitted, and I've given her the bark, which I hope will soon relieve her; she's reduced to almost as low a condition as she was with the pain in her head in Philadelphia, as she thinks; indeed, I think her very little stronger than poor sister Rachel was after her severe fever; here's no news worth acquainting thee with, and having wrote largely in the enclosed, I conclude with dear love to thee, our relations and friends who may enquire for us.

My dear child,

Thy loving father,

RICHARD HILL.

P. S. I don't know what terms thou art on with R. Meredith, but I would advise thee not to desire anything of him but what he thinks proper, nor would I have thee be in haste to leave him, for it may be an advantage to thee (as well as to him) to continue some time in business; it will be a good while before thou'll be acquainted with all the business of a merchant, and thou has neither money enough nor experience to do much business for thyself yet, and if it happens that thou should have a little money to spare (which I much question, as the trustees will not care to supply more than sufficient for a handsome maintenance), thou may'st send a venture, as well while thou lives with him, as if thou wert for thyself or anywhere else, and in that case I would choose to have thee send it here in wheat, not for the little profit I should have by it, but because I would make it answer thy end better than any other trade would. If Reese's business will admit, I would gladly have thee take a ride with some very reputable person or company to New York and Amboy, and there make thyself known to the trading gentlemen, and endeavour to influence them to consign to me. Thou'll be able to judge who will be proper to go with, and when thou does, if thou could add the interest of thy acquaintance to thy own address, it might be of service; cousin Isaac Norris, Wm. Allen, and some others, might give thee some letters of recommendation, if thou wert to acquaint them

with thy design of promoting my interest, and Thos. Lawrence, who has an interest in New York, might do the same; all this according to thy discretion, but don't leave Reese's business to his prejudice; thou may'st at proper times use with him the freedom of a friend, and it will not at others be unbecoming thee to consider him as a master.

In thy application to gentlemen at New York or elsewhere, be not pressing with such as have settled correspondents here, who use them well, but even to such thou may'st say, that if it should ever be convenient to them, thou should be very much obliged by their favouring me with their business, or a part of it: on such occasions, 'twill not be improper to let them know that I have been a considerable trader, and have sustained great losses at sea, as well as suffered much by giving great credit in my dealings in the country, and among other misfortunes, that of parting with my family is none of the smallest. Cousin Peter Lloyd has a great deal of good nature, has a pretty good address, and if he should not have much business on his hands, would probably go with thee to New York and Amboy, where I believe he's very well acquainted. Thou may'st consult and consider whether it will not be proper to let them know that thy chief business to York, &c., is to offer my service to them. I assure thee, I think if I had a beginning with them, I should be able to encourage them to continue their correspondence.

Thy aunt is now on recovery, but is still very weak. I wish thou could send me half a dozen pounds good chocolate; here's none to be bought; also half a bushel of oat meal, and make an account of them with the other things.

I suppose the privateers have made chocolate cheap with you, for we've heard that they've all been successful.

I am, dear Diekey,

Thy loving father,

RICHARD HILL.

Let me hear from thee via New York or Amboy, when no direct opportunity from Philadelphia, and if my long letters tire thee, I give thee leave to tire me with thine.

Time goes on, and we find the father still anxious and perplexed. Food was becoming extremely scarce in the Island, and his friends in America were supine in sending consignments.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, Jan. 27, 1741.

MY DEAR CHILD:—

I should scarce write to thee so roundabout a way as this comes, by Boston, but that I am uncertain whether my former letters have reached thee, and am quite out of patience at not hearing from thee, and my other friends, who, I am afraid, should some of my former have miscarried, may think me negligent of advising them of the markets here; I therefore desire thee to acquaint them from me, that here's not a bushel of wheat, corn, peas or beans to sell, nor much flour or rice, no beef, butter, pork, candles, or pipe staves, and all very much wanted; wheat would sell for 600 reis an alqr., &c. * * * * Thy mother and all the family are pretty well, and join in dear love to thee and our relations, &c.

I am, dear Dickey,

Thy loving father,

RICHARD HILL.

A note from Robert Scott, a merchant of Funchall, Madeira, with Richard Hill's indignant comments on it, has been preserved; it is here copied, to show the situation this afterwards wealthy man was placed in on his arrival at the Island. It is an affecting exhibition of his poverty and debt:—

ROBERT SCOTT TO RICH'D HILL.

FUNCHALL, 9br 10, 1740.

SIR:—

I need not assure you of my esteem for you and your family, nor of my concern for the distress it is in at present; am confident you have proofs and are well satisfied of both, but I can't be expected to go greater lengths in your service. I am already largely in advance for you since you came here, besides what you were due us before your arrival. However, I have

now sent you the two moidores you desir'd, which, I hope, with what you are already due, you'll for the future think of diminishing and not increasing, and I always am,

Sir, your humble servant,

ROBT SCOTT.

DR. RICHARD HILL'S COMMENTS.

N. B.—I owed the Scotts 300 millreis before I came here (being what they overshipped me), and was obliged to have recourse to them for money and provisions since my arrival; but my amount of monies as well as I can judge 'twill amount to within \$30 or 40, *i. e.* what I've had since I came here, so that allowing the difference to be \$40, my debt is increased but £11 sterling.

How many thousand bushels of wheat have I consigned them? and how many correspondents have I recommended to them? but all former obligations are forgot when fortune frowns; and how long a courteous, respectful behaviour on my part, may keep off a peremptory demand of the whole balance, I don't know, but had I a vessel or two, I should not care how soon 'twas made.

R. H.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, March 4, 1741, N. S.

DEAR CHILD:—

I am unwilling to omit any opportunity of writing to thee, altho' I have little to say, but complain of thy long silence, which I am very much surprised at, as everybody here is.

I have good reason to believe that the people here think I have neither son, friend, or relation that cares for me—others have letters from Maryland and Phila. as late as 20th of December, and as few or no letters come here, but what are delivered to an officer for the persons they are directed to, everybody may easily know who have letters; I assure thee great notice has been taken, and some remarks made that thou and Sammy would not care to hear, when letters have come from others in your parts, and none from you. I have had but one small consignment, since I came here, which was 500 bushels

of corn from Col. Lewis, of Virginia; if some more don't come soon, of some sort or other, I must inevitably go in debt, if I can get credit for the ordinary necessities of life. 'Tis hard when I have not a single friend to consign to me, when the market is so encouraging, and that all my friends and relations have not interest enough (or don't use it) to prevail on somebody. If I had but a small consignment, I could support my family by it, but they must be large ones to enable me to return to my dear children.

Thy mother is so affected with our disappointments that she is kept in a very poor state of health, and her melancholy reflections have brought on the pain of her side again; it's not so bad as to prevent her going about the house, but I dread the consequence of its continuing.

When the food is expended, with the wheat expected to be made here next harvest (which is not usually more than sufficient for three mos.), I don't know what this miserable people will do for bread, nor can I tell how I shall provide it for my own family. My dear child, I wish thee better success than

Thy unfortunate loving father,

R. HILL.

A vessel is just now arrived from Lisbon, and I have no letter from thee or Sammy, altho' it's not long since a letter came there from Phila., and another from New York. Dear Dickey, let me hear from thee, and, if possible, procure some consignments for me.

FROM DEBORAH HILL.—(WITHOUT DATE.)

MY DEAR SISTER AND DAUGHTERS:—

Yesterday we received your affectionate letters dated 12 months since, which were the first we have had. I read them over with tears of joy and thankfulness that it has pleased the Almighty to spare my dear family, although death has been so busy around you, and even at your door. Your fond letters were to me like a friendly hand to a drowning man, for my concern for my dear sister and children joined to the many disappointments and hardships I have met with, that at times made me very dull, and all the consolatory reflections I could make

and all the indulgence of a tender husband, were hardly sufficient to keep me tolerably cheerful; but a patient resignation is our duty, and what I earnestly recommend to you; and, although our afflictions are great, and mine are in particular, yet the hand that afflicts is able to support, and will, I don't doubt, if we have a steady reliance on Him. My dear sister, let not thy tenderness for us be injurious to thyself; thy weak frame will not bear much discomposure of mind; resign us to the will of Providence, whose care we are. Let not the fear of future ills embitter the present good; keep thy mind calm, and endeavour to be cheerful. My dear sister, thy immoderate concern can be of no service to us, on the contrary, in all probability, it will shorten thy days, or at best may entail such disorders on thee, that may make all thy life very unhappy. Consider how much the thoughts of thy laying so much to heart our sufferings and separation must affect me. I can truly say, the fears I have been under for thee, have damp't more than anything I have met with, since I parted with you, for if thou should die, I must despair. There would be no room left to hope of recalling thee from the grave, but with our present circumstances it's quite otherwise, for if thy brother gets consignments, there's no doubt but he will soon surmount all his difficulties.

Since the above, I've received yours per Beech, with the many acceptable presents. I have not time to say more than we are all well, and that his coming hath given us a new stock of spirits. I conclude with dear love to all, and by Captain Dick shall write.

I am yours, very affectionately,

D. HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HER SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, April 25, 1741.

MY DEAR SON:—

The ill state of health both myself and my aunt have been in for a long time, with many interruptions, have prevented my writing so often as otherwise I should. I have had several severe illnesses, and thy aunt was reduced to a condition little better than despair, with a nervous fever, but since her

recovery, she is better than for many years past—I have still some remains of my illness, which was a constant slow pain and soreness in my side, and across my breast, and a slow fever, which keeps me very weak. I've had the misfortune to fall under the hands of an unskillful Portuguese midwife, and by her mismanagement, narrowly escaped with my life, and at that juncture thy aunt's weak condition, with the loss of Moll, who died a little before, laid me under many hardships, tho' I have no reason to complain of the want of civilities from the English gentlewomen here, who were always striving to assist me every way they could, but I've endeavoured as much as possible to conceal my necessities, which are very great, and which you can't but expect, when you consider the small stock we brought, the time we have been here, and how inconsiderable the practice of physic is amongst the Portuguese. I hope it is not want of affection that is the cause of this long silence, but really people here make their remarks very freely on you. Pray find some way to let us know the cause of this death-like silence; it occasions my making many dull reflections, which have a very ill effect on my weak constitution; it's a very melancholy time in this Island; we are daily in fear of a famine. We have with great difficulty got some ship biscuit, and two bushels of corn, which we use very sparingly, not knowing when we shall get any more.

You, in America, are strangers to the distresses the people are in here, and many other places, for want of bread.

Thy little sister is a fine thriving child; but our cramped circumstances obliged me to discharge her nurse at six months, which is very young to wean the poor babe; but necessity hath no law. My dear child, don't let plenty, and ease, and the diversions of the place thou art in, make thee neglect thy parents, whose afflictions have almost brought us to the grave. My dear Dickey, find some way to let me hear from thee; for I cannot, by all the consolatory reflections I can make, keep myself tolerably cheerful. I have a constant damp on my spirits, occasioned by the concern for you whom I've left behind, and the hardships we meet with here. I hope it's unnecessary to remind thee to do all thou can to get some business for thy father. Send me thy picture, that I may sometimes please myself with thy shadow, though it's likely I shall never see thee

again. Mine I'll send thee, if I have an opportunity of getting it drawn, as I promised thee; but sickness and sorrow will make so great an alteration, that it's likely thou wilt not know it to be thy mother's. Send half a piece of dark-colored India damask, and half a piece of dark taffety, and the price. I would have sent thee a box of citron, but I have not the money—we are drove to the greatest straits to get sufficient to support the family, for here, everything must be paid for before it's eaten: and, altho' we live in the most frugal manner, and on what's very mean, we find it very difficult to get what's sufficient to keep us alive. May thou, my dear child, never know the heart-breaking sorrows thy parents do, are the earnest wishes of thy afflicted, affectionate mother,

DEBORAH HILL.

Give my respects to Reese Meredith and his wife, and all other friends and relations that enquire after me.

Fale, D. H.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, Sep. 22, 1741.

DEAR SAMMY:—

The time drawing nigh when my uncle's estate will be delivered up to Dickey, I think it proper to offer you my paternal advice separately. Accordingly, I entreat thee, my dear child, to avoid all occasions of misunderstanding in the division of the estate and management of your affairs; act considerately and coolly; and let reason and justice always govern thee in that affair above all others, as no disputes are so disreputable as those between relations. Interest makes things appear different to different persons; in which case it may sometimes be necessary to give way to each other, for a while at least, till cool reflection sets you both right, which it will if you are willing.

It's no very good sign in the eyes of the world for a young man, just come to an estate, to sell lands and houses immediately, nor should I be fond of selling much; yet, as you are both circumstanced, you may think it necessary to sell some, and I think it may. But of that you can best judge when you come to consult. But act cautiously, and don't begin too soon

(nor undersell, which discovers want; on the other hand, it shows a man's interest too near him, to overvalue what he wants to sell), least it should hurt my poor Dickey's designs. As for thee, it's quite different; thou art married, art already in trade, and will be supposed to have experience and prudence, which will protect thee from censure, and, if not, thou need not value it. But it might be so represented by his enemies as to spoil his fortune, were he to sell lands, and put the money into trade at this precarious time; wherefore I should wish him to talk in another strain, of keeping his lands and trading little at present.

But, if it be found necessary for thee to sell, it would be best to make a division of part of the estate (if you don't proceed to divide the whole), and then do as thou thinks proper with thy part. I don't think selling will affect thee, for the reasons above mentioned, but might frustrate him in a concern of the greatest moment to him; and, therefore, if he should also incline to sell some part, in order to put a little money into trade, thou might screen him from censure by selling part of thy dividend, and supplying him with a little of the money, which he may account to thee for.

I am sure thou wilt not think me less tender of thy reputation or interest than his, by writing in this manner; I can rely on thy good sense and knowledge of my disposition to thee, who art so dear to me, as if thou wert my own son.

I must refer to my wife's and sister's letters, and desire thee to excuse me to sister Moore and all my brothers, sisters and children, for I have so many letters of business to write, that I am forced to make what's more agreeable to me submit to it.

My respects Gov'r Allen; thank him for his magazine of news, and desire him to continue his correspondence with me, as I shall with him, but can't write now.

I am thy loving father,

RICH'D HILL.

I should be glad that you'd let Wm. Allen have the bank house, for which he pays rent to the estate, because it's so convenient to him, and he spoke to me about it.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

APRIL 3, 1742.

DEAR SON:—

I omitted to tell thee that I had three pieces of black cloth of Capt. Purdue, for which I give him three pipes of fine wine (and have most of the cloth by me yet).

Having no money in Engl'd nor thy aunt, or but very little, I have taken the liberty to put thy wine into my frd Reese's bill of lading, in order to be insur'd as his own, he having directed me to write to his friend in Bristol to insure for him. So that I w'd have thee pay him the premium and policy, as I've wrote thou should, and told him the wines were to pay what I owe thee and Hannah, and that I could illy bear the loss at this time. Thy mother sends thee a tub of flowers everlasting, a basket with a Japan rose-tree, another with a fine carnation, and four roots of the Guernsey lily. Our lemons are so ripe, I fear they won't keep; they're all gathered by hand. We expect another basket with some varieties from Dowlin, the gardener; what, I don't know, and fear will not come in time.

I am, dear child,

Thy loving father,

R. HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, Sept. 14, 1742.

DEAR SON:—

I take very affectionately thy designing to York, Boston, and Virginia, to promote my interest, and hope thy journeys will be attended with success. I wish thou may'st not expose thyself to any danger in such long journeys, and crossing such large rivers. I hope I shall hear from thee from each place. Thy designing us a visit is another instance of thy filial affection; and if it pleases Providence to permit thee to arrive safe here, will give us inexpressible satisfaction; we are all in high spirits on the occasion, and expect by thy next to know when we may look out for thee. I suppose thou can'st not come

away before thou art of age, and then, probably, the winter may keep thee till the last of February or later, which will be a safe time of year. I would not have thee straiten thyself or stake thy credit, to bring too large a cargo, at a time when the prospect of advantage is not very great, and I believe if it should suit thee as well to divide what thou intends here, and send a part before thou comes, it will do better than coming all at once, but in this let thy own conveniency govern thee. * * *

I hope thou'll come in a good vessel, not very old, and not overloaded, and that thou'll have a constant care of the fire on board, and not expose thyself in the way of anything that may injure thee, or endanger thy falling or being struck overboard. Many such accidents have happened when least expected; these precautions may not be unuseful to thee, who need not put thy hands to anything but in case of extremity. Many have been lost by wantonly or otherwise throwing the lead, &c.

I desire thee to bring me four boxes of candles, and let the bottoms and sides be securely nailed, and the boxes first packed half full of hard soap, and some brown paper laid between it and the candles. There will be no danger here of the vessels coming to any damage. I also want a frying pan, and about 20 lbs. of hops.

I write now to the persons who sent me goods in the Brig Carpenter, but few others. I therefore desire thee to apologize to Charles Willing, Captain Wilcox, and others of my friends, and let them know I directed thee to acquaint them with the state of the markets. * * * (Here follow directions about Virginia customers.)

In thy next let me know what vessel thou designs to come in, the quality and quantity of the cargo, and when thou designs to set out. And I desire thee as soon as thou comes near enough to the Island, that thou'll have a Jack hoisted at the main top-mast head—keeping it up till she is in the port—then taking it down—and I shall not only know the vessel, but will send boats off to tow her in, if there should be occasion, as there often is, through calms and the current setting to the eastward. * * * We all join in dear love to thee, and respects to our relations and friends.

Thy loving father,

RICHARD HILL.

If H. L. be out of thy mind, or thou hast not an agreeable place in hers, let me advise thee to think cautiously of any other, and not without great deliberation; things which, once done, can not be undone or mended, require all a man's prudence to determine him, especially when it is to last for life, and our happiness depends on it, as in the case before us.

HENRY HILL TO HIS PARENTS, IN HIS 10TH YEAR.

Dec. 11, 1742.

HONOURED PARENTS:—

Now the Schooner is going, and every body is writing letters, I am very glad that I can write one myself to you, and I believe you'll be pleased to receive one of my writing. I am reading the Bible, and begin to cypher a little. I love my books, and hope I shall strive to learn such things as you think proper for me. My brother Moore tells me I must mind my books, that I may be a doctor, and I am willing, and would go to Scotland to school, or anywhere else where I may know how to be a doctor like my papa. I hear people say you are coming: I wish it may be true: I am sure I shall be as glad to see you as anybody. Pray remember my dear love to Aunt Molly, Sister, Thomas Lamar, and Betty Hicks and Valentine.

I am your dutiful and affectionate child,

HENRY HILL, JR.

DEBORAH HILL TO HER SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, May 16, 1743.

MY DEAR SON:—

It's with much pleasure we hear, by Anderson, thou art well, and art likely to succeed in thy affair with H. L., whom we so much approve of. May thou long enjoy the blessing and comforts which are likely to attend so prudent a choice. I have very impatiently wished to see thee this summer, and had projected several little journeys and voyages, to divert and amuse thee; and as this place differs so vastly from anything thou hast ever seen, I made no doubt thou would be agreeably entertained with the many romantic prospects, whimsical houses, pleasant cool gardens, and amazing precipices, &c. to which I

was to be thy guide and constant companion; and a thousand other things, which were to contribute to the making this summer pleasant to thee, and the most desirable part of all my life; and as I was so full of the pleasing expectations of seeing thee, nothing but the hopes of thy succeeding, by thy staying, could make my disappointment sit tolerably easy on me.

The hams, &c. we received, which were very acceptable; particularly the candles, which are dear. I am much obliged for the garden seeds, and should be glad of a few slips of raspberry, gooseberry, currants, and tansy, or their seeds, and a few of any sort of flower seeds. I have taken a great deal of pains to get thee some flowers, and have bought all that were not bespoken at the nunneries. I have had some linen and cambric several months given out to the nuns, to be made into flowers for thee against thou came; but they have not yet begun them, neither can they, till they get isinglass and dyes from Lisbon; there not being any in the Island, makes flowers scarcer than ever I have known them. I have sent thee ten baskets, two open and eight with covers; I have not been able to get better or more variety. I had four canary-birds, which I intended for thee, and three partridges, but they all died except one of each sort, and they got loose. At this time of year canary-birds are seldom to be had except seasoned birds, and they are generally a moidore a piece; but I can't find that here are now any to be sold at any price.

I send thee a basket with a very fine carnation in flower; in the same are some striped lilies and two dragon's blood-trees, some striped jasmine, myrtle, and jonquilles, and a tub of perpetuals. Dowling has promised me some Guernsey lilies, &c. but as they are not yet come, I cannot tell thee what they are.

I am much grieved at not having my dear Hannah's picture, and the rest also, as some of you wrote they were to be drawn; but as thou mentions only hers, suppose they are not. Pray write very long letters, to make up for thy not coming, for I do not now expect to see thee here, but shall comfort myself with the cause of thy staying. Make my respects acceptable to all that family, and to all friends and relations that inquire after me. I desire, if it's convenient, thou wilt send half a piece of dark colored gogram, and a half piece of dark India damask, and a piece of white or lead-coloured taffety, by first opt'y.

I shall not say much of the present situation of our affairs, which are far from being easy or desirable, but I still hope they will at last mend. I am, my dear son, with the greatest tenderness, thy very affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

Pray send me 3 lbs. of cottonwick and 1 lb. of cruels.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD IN PHILADELPHIA.

MADEIRA, July 4, 1743.

DEAR DICKEY:—

The urgency of the affair I have so often lately hinted to thee, makes me take so many ways to desire thy speedy execution, if possible, of what I have requested. This day one of my creditors applied for a process against me, but having notice of it, I have stopped it for a few days, and am in hopes some way or other to satisfy him; but it's what I cannot do with all, and dread the consequence. I have already been forced to lower my goods (as others have), in order to raise money, by which I lose considerably, and when all are sold shall not have enough to pay, which is no wonder, for thou knows I came here empty handed, and having debts to pay here, as well as my family to support, and very little business; it was impossible I should clear more than would do it in three of the worst years ever known for the factors of this place.

The experience I have had convinces I could do very well, if my friends would but assure me of a little constant business, otherwise I should be inclined to give over all hopes and seek an asylum somewhere else, or content myself with my present exile and the common necessaries of life. * *

I am fearful thou wilt hardly be able to make us a visit if thou succeeds in a certain affair, which is the only one that could make us amends for the disappointment. I think if Sammy knew the importance of the affair I have so often written to thee about, he would exert himself to prevent the fatal consequences which seem impending. It is absolutely necessary for one in this business to have a little money in Lisbon or London, which is often better than ready money here. The orders I had this year to ship a few pipes on bills, were of infi-

nite service to me, and I must, when we meet, concert some method of lodging a little money in Lisbon, as well as some other things which will be of mutual advantage to us, and cannot so well be concerted at this distance. Thou may'st depend that nothing but absolute necessity should make me so pressing with thee as I now am, and thou may'st be assured, I shall even avoid putting thee on anything for my own advantage, which has not a prospect of as much or more for thee.

If I had but £200 in Lisbon now, it would enable me to keep up till the fall, when surely I shall have some vessels from Virginia and Maryland, &c. I hope to see a vessel from thee in December for the reasons above mentioned. Thy mother, aunt, sisters, and T. L. join in dear love to thee, &c. &c.

The next letter preserved, is dated eleven months later than the above; it is addressed to Richard Hill's son-in-law, S. P. Moore—alludes to their having had smallpox in the family, wishing that "Hannah and my other poor girls were as well over the disease," and so forth. Accompanying the above is a postscript, saying, "Consult Reese Meredith on what I've wrote about consigning to R. H. & Co. in case of my death."

In September, 1744, his distance from his children in America, and the anxieties of the tender father and physician are strikingly illustrated. The oldest son, Richard, had gone to England with his younger brother Henry, who was placed by him at his own charge, at school in Scotland.

Commissions were now flowing in, and we have no more allusions to poverty; but, in place thereof, he speaks of paying his just debts.

The medical part of the following letter is preserved, to exhibit the writer in his character of physician, no less than to show the practice of the day.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, Sept. 15, 1744.

DEAR SON:—

Upon receiving a letter from R. Meredith, of the 26th of July, mentioning my dear Hannah being so ill as to prevent thy removal till the next spring, I was, and am still, very much affected, fearing her case may be dangerous; and not having received a line from thee since that by Dickey, I could not help thinking such long neglect of writing very unkind, and was about to write thee a letter full of complaints, when a vessel appeared from Virginia, and brought me thine of Feb. 20th. But it's so that I am still in suspense what ails my dear daughter, who only mentions to her mother that she is nearly always unwell. I believe I have no occasion to desire all the care and tenderness imaginable may be used to comfort and recover her, for I cannot suspect anything wanting in thy power; but, in order to support her, I can now, upon good grounds, give thee room to encourage her to expect to see us all in Philadelphia sooner than she has apprehended. For I think I shall be able, on her brother's return, to empower him to come to an immediate composition with my creditors; and, as soon as that is done, I shall hasten over with my family, and do something for my younger children if I live, and even to provide for them if I die, by one of my family succeeding to a part of the profits after me; this scheme is so concerted, that by being suddenly taken away would not hinder its being put in execution.

No profit, whatever, could give any satisfaction compared to what I expect in being with my little flock, among whom none so sensibly afflict me by their absence as my dear Hannah, who is in so bad a state of health, and perhaps much owing to her concern for us. I believe her disorders are chiefly hysterical, and I can, from abundance of experience, recommend divine laudanum in all exigencies of that kind as the best remedy, and to be used occasionally, with great freedom, to relieve present symptoms, with, or without nervous and hysteric medicines; but, for cure and prevention, a steady course of gentle exercise, temperance, moderately cheerful company, with bitters—but, above all others, the Peruvian bark—and, sometimes, the

slightest preparations of steel. The bark (in infusion, best for tender constitutions) is, alone, one of the best remedies in nervous and hysteric cases, and, in almost all the latter, nothing is to be done without opiates; witness sister Rachel's violent hiccup, my wife's, and sister Molly's frequent disorders, as well as violent, relieved by it. Indeed, I hardly know in what case it is not proper in some stage or other, let it look never so quackish. Sydenham used it more freely than any before or after him, and with me, his single authority outweighs all other authors together; and my own opinion confirms all he says of it, in the smallpox, colic, &c. But, were a practicing physician to talk thus, his enemies and the ignorant would soon mark him for his quieting draughts, and impute the frequent use of them to his ignorance of what other medicines should be used; therefore the opiates are often to be disguised, and people deceived to their advantage.

I can have no satisfaction till I hear how my dear child does, although I hope this will contribute to her recovery. Let her avoid all kinds of excess, or what but borders upon it; and, altho' I recommend exercise, let her not use it unseasonably, or too much.

My wife and sister are very little better than usual, but would have been worse had not business flowed so fast this year, and the continuance of it expected, from advices of the general satisfaction I have given everywhere, except in one or two instances—of which I am yet unadvised, but believe I shall have no disagreeable accounts when they come.

I have, in the twelve months last past, had eleven vessels, besides small and some considerable consignments in others—hence I have, in that time, drawn commissions on above \$30,000 for sales, and near as much for returns; and scarce a vessel from Virginia but I have something from a new or unknown friend, by means of Parks, the Nelsons, Harmer and King, Major Tucker, and several other persons of distinction, who make it their business to recommend me. At Philadelphia, R. M. and C. Willing are equally kind; and, at New York, I have got footing by my son's means, and by the intercession of one Josias Jeffery, an old Maryland acquaintance.

I have also some interest in London, Liverpool, and Boston, which I have honestly cultivated, without detracting or under-

mining anybody, at the expence of writing almost a cart-load of letters, yet I find time to write to thee six letters for one which I receive from thee; notwithstanding I have so often informed thee of vessels coming almost all the year from New York and Philadelphia. * * *

The *cin-chipéin*, or an electuary of them, is extraordinary in hectic, so is the Peruvian bark; but the last, in that case, is to be given slowly, and in small doses, and so, is perhaps, second to nothing, but will not answer given so fast as is usual for intermittents. I cannot tell what better to advise, without knowing my poor Hannah's complaints.

In lingering nervous or hysteric disorders, alteratives, such as *anti-hectic poteri*, &c., are very proper; but, in hectic, beware of athiops and preparations of steel, except the astringent ones, such as the *crocus-martis* and tincture of antephlixia, which is made with salt, &c. One general caution may be necessary to all practitioners—namely, not to give too much medicine, especially till the indications are certainly known, till when, nothing, or only neutrals (to keep the patient from complaining of neglect), such as mild juleps and the testaceous powders, and, I must own, I have often found advantage, at least no damage, in such cases, from the moderate use of paregories.

Had I a share of the Maryland business (when they send here), I should require no more, unless it were the shipping some West India wines, which I should be glad to do, at the expense of lessening the number I ship to other places; for the small wines I am forced to buy in parcels with others, are a great burden and, sometimes, loss to me.

I made no scruple to open thy letter to Dickey; I think his going to London will be expensive, but, perhaps, less so than at any time hereafter, when he might have the command of more money; now, the want of it may make him frugal (I don't fear his ever being too much so); yet, I cannot say I should be satisfied with his being obliged to support himself there on letters of credit. If that should be the case, as probably it may, I have written him several times not to stay very long, but have not had a line since he got to London; nor has there been any opportunity since he wrote me on his way thither from Falmouth and Exeter.

I believe his principal motives were, the care and settlement

of his brother Henry, and making an interest for me; he is very tender of his brother, who, I think, is a fine boy. My design of being soon with you is by no means to be divulged, nor so much as insinuated out of the family; because it would make the composition more difficult, and perhaps above my reach. I can afterwards consider such creditors, whose demands are just, according to my ability; but I don't look on multiplied suits and executions, attended with such exorbitant charges and carried on with violence, without mercy or compassion, to be just, and these demands I would be glad to curtail much.

We are glad to hear dear sister Rachel is so well and fat, and our little ones so well inclined; our dear loves are to them and you all, as if mentioned by name. Colonel Gale* died in London. I wish that report may have been misunderstood which occasioned that regarding brother Gale; but fear, like bad news, it's too true, altho' thou mentions it as not confirmed. I pity my poor sister in that lonely place, and had much rather unhappy Prisey had been a widow in her room.

That sorry fellow Spencer, by dint of impudence and lying, procures business for his partner here; but I believe all will not be long of any great value to him. This, to thyself. We have no privateers since the war.

I am, thine, &c.

HENRY HILL (AT SCHOOL) TO HIS BROTHER RICHARD.

DALKEITH, SCOTLAND, NOV. 18, 1744.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

Mr. Allison spoke to me about writing to my papa, Aunt Moore, and brother Moore, which I have done according to your desire; he informed me you were very well, which gives me no small joy; it would give me much more if I could see you, as I hope I shall in a few weeks. Somebody has broke one of my steel buckles, for which I am very sorry. I express a great desire to see you. Mistress Love designs to write to you. Mr. Love desires to be remembered to you. Please remember my love to Mr. Mortimore.

I still remain your very affectionate brother,

HENRY HILL.

* Ancestor of the Messrs. Gales, of the National Intelligencer.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD IN LONDON.

MADEIRA, Sept. 28. 1745.

DEAR SON:—

Having wrote thee largely, via Lisbon, this is chiefly to desire thee to take the first opportunity to return here, and particularly to recommend thy coming in a Dutch vessel, if any such offers, and if none, then to come in some fleet which has a good convoy of men of war.

I would by no means have thee to go to Holland for their goods, which come here so extravagantly charged. I'm pretty certain thou'll have no remittances from Sammy, as he wrote me he expected thee to come away from London long ago, as indeed he might, from what I several times wrote him before I knew of thy staying longer. I am quite impatient to know how thou hast done for money, as thou hast been disappointed of remittances from Philadelphia; for my part I'm not able to raise bills of exchange here, but could at a day's warning pay any quantity of wine. John Hanbury is much my friend, and, perhaps, if there be occasion, would advance what's necessary, though I don't choose to ask it of him, but have writ what may be a sufficient inducement if thou should apply to him.

Thy mother and aunt continue in bad states of health; I believe thy coming would contribute to their recovery. They, thy sisters, and Sen'r Andrea, join in kind love to thee, and my dear Harry—(when thou writes mention it). Thy mother, supposing thee to be short of money, desires thee to omit the rest of the things she desired, except the shoes.

I am, my dear child, &c.

The only letter preserved of 1746, is the following:—

HENRY HILL TO HIS BROTHER RICHARD.

DALKEITH, Oct. 31, 1746.

DEAR BROTHER:—

As there is a vessel soon to sail for Philadelphia from London, I take the opportunity of writing to you by it, and I hope this will find you safe arrived at Philadelphia, after

all your travels. I expected to have had the pleasure of seeing you here before you returned to Philadelphia, for now I despair of seeing you more until I have done with the schools here, and repassed all those seas, which I once passed with you. I almost envied your happiness when I thought you was got home among all your friends. But I must lay my account to be deprived of that happiness for some years. I don't doubt it would be a great pleasure to you to see me come home well educated, but I don't desire to see you unless I shall answer your expectations, after all the expense and pains that have been taken upon me. I got a letter from my father about two months ago, and answered it, and I hope I shall have the pleasure of receiving one from you the first opportunity, for I am always overjoyed when I receive a letter from you. I wrote to brother Moore at the same time, who will give you an account of what I am learning and what progress I have made in the lessons. I can't help mentioning Mr. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Macvear, and Mr. Love's kindness to me, for they could not have showed more regard for me if I had been a near relation. Please give my love to all my sisters and relations, and to Tommy Hackey and to Mrs. Reede. I have nothing more to say,

Only your very affectionate brother,

HENRY HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON, DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, Oct. 6, 1747.

DEAR SAMMY:—

Thy first, of the 24th May, came to hand, and the copy of it, with that of the 25th July, by Capt. Jones. As to the first part of the former relating to thy intentions, and the whole concern between thee, Richard and the estate, I am perfectly satisfied, and sorry I said anything on that head to give thee uneasiness; but if thou examines carefully thy own letter, thou'lt find I put no forced constructions thereon, nor judged unkindly; my thoughts naturally resulted from the contents of thy letter, and were such as I should not otherwise have had. I shall ever esteem thee as the husband of my dearest daughter, to whom thou hast given such proofs of affection and tenderness,

as will ever endear thee to me or mine, and your having no children or never having, will make no alteration in my regard to thee, should'st thou and I survive her; had I the disposal of affairs, I would anticipate the proof of this.

Thou must certainly account to thy aunts for their parts of the schooner and her cargo, when thou makes a settlement of the account, or at least something more than they advanced for her. As to the part which concerns me, let it lie to be discounted out of what I rec'd of Hannah, spent of the profits of my uncle's estate.

I showed sister Molly what thou wrote concerning her, and she desires thou wilt, as soon as thou can'st, remit her something on that acct, either in good wheat, or beeswax, or the best new hams. She is at a very great loss for want of knowing the state of her affairs in England; she can neither draw nor send for clothes for her own wear; it would be easy to keep her advised what tobacco is shipped, to whom, what it clears, and whether any fund in England for her to draw a small matter on or to send for apparel; but before she can do so, you should advise the merchant in London, that he may comply with her orders, which will be very inconsiderable, as she only wants clothes.

I send thee a quarter cask of fine wine, or rather of fine green malnsey, a sort of wine, which when old and the sweetness worn off, is very fine table wine; it is scarce and dear, and, therefore, I would not choose to have it known with thee by its name, because some might undervalue it, and others might order it when it's not to be got. And a box of citron for my dear Hannah, to whom and all my dear girls, give my dear love. Tell them their mother, aunt, and sisters, narrowly escaped being burnt to death a little time ago. As sister M. passed by a chafing dish of coals with a tea-kettle on it, her calico gown took fire and flamed to her head before 'twas discovered; Molly's and Harriet's hands were much burnt, in vain attempts to put it out, when my wife, running to her back, clasped her, all flaming, so close to her breast that she smothered the upper part; when she and the girls, wrapping my wife's petticoats, &c. round my sister, extinguished the rest. My sister's gown and quilted coat were burnt to the waist, or near it, and my wife's apron to

tinder, and her petticoat all the forepart scorched. Advise my little flock to make a proper use of this, and be careful of fire. My wife has for a long time been sick. She is at present pretty well, but is generally not so. I wish my affairs could be compounded in Maryland, that I might carry her back alive to Philadelphia, where being with our children, might contribute to her recovery.

When thou writes to Maryland, remember me affectionately to sister Moore, sister Rachel, thy brothers, and cousin Betty, and I hope Rachel will not have J. Galloway after what has passed; she need not marry for a livelihood.

I am, dear Sammy,

Thy affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, May 9, 1748.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I received thine by Captain Peele, and have had him to dine with us a few times; and should have been glad to have had more of his company, but thy father has been so hurried with writing to several places, and almost all his time not spent in writing has been taken up in attending the providore and lawyers, in hopes of preventing a schooner being made a prize of, that came to him and was taken very near the port by a Spanish privateer—so that we have had less of his company than otherwise we should. I observe what thou sayest of the Association, &c., and thou hast acted the prudent part in keeping thyself out of the question. But I must own I think it was a very good thing on many accounts, and first, as, by this means, you are not looked on as disaffected subjects, and are not obliged to maintain a parcel of soldiers from England, that would have subjected you to many inconveniences, and introduced many disorderly practices among you, and perhaps had the government taken out of your hands—but these are small evils compared to having your town sacked. A lively picture is in one of your papers, in two letters translated into English, which I shall send, lest it may have escaped thee. You, that have

always lived under English laws in peace and plenty, don't think how great the difference is in arbitrary kingdoms. I have seen so much of it, that makes me dread more than ever popery getting the upper hand in England. Were all as peaceably inclined as ourselves, it would do well; but, at present, I think our peaceable principles not at all calculated for the times, and makes us unfit to be at the helm—but these are my private opinions, which I don't intend shall offend anybody, but leave each to act as they think best.

I wrote thee very fully by Drason, but fear, as Captain Peele goes much sooner than I heard he would, I shall not have time to copy it, which I intended to do. As I had desired thee to do what thou couldst to get thy husband to pay thy aunts what's due to them out of sister Moore's effects soon—they have laid out of it a long time; and I am very desirous, before I leave this place, to have that little put on such a footing as may in time be considerable. I am full of grief and compassion for my dear sister. I hope she will always have in my children affectionate, tender relations.

Thou art desirous to know when we think of returning; all obstacles seem now to be removed, as Mary Hill and T. Lamar are very soon to be married, and to take our place; otherwise we could not leave our business. He is a very valuable young man, and is one of the best tempers I ever knew—he has long had a great regard for her; thy father has an extraordinary opinion of him, and thinks his daughter well bestowed. I should esteem myself very happy in having the rest so well disposed of. We expect to leave Madeira in the spring; but don't be too impatient, my dear Hannah—but let us patiently submit to the will of God, and be satisfied that he knows what's best for us. I am much as usual; thy aunt is, at this time, much disordered with a cold, that has fallen on her arm and shoulder, which prevents her from writing; she gives her dear love to you. I desire the children may be taught to write and cypher well. Captain Peele has just come to tell me he goes this afternoon, so shall not have time to send some little things that I intended. I sent some olives and pickles by Drason—let me know how they prove if they get safe.

I have not yet wrote a line to my sister or Richard, so that I



W. P. & Co. engr.

W. S. Duval & Co. lith. Phila.

MARY TAMAR.

shall omit many things that I intended to write, and must conclude, with dear love to you all,

My dear daughter,

Thy very affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.—(WITHOUT DATE.)

DEAR SON:—

Enclosed thou hast a bill of loading for a pipe of old wine (towards the payment of my goods), for which I charge thee £38, on board—iron hoops, and all charges, included. Should it be lost, I shall give thee credit for it and send another, as it would be unreasonable for thee to run the risk. This wine is two years old, and may be called good Philadelphia wine, but not the finest. I am impatient to hear how the wines I shipped by Purdue proved. I am afraid of some of them not being good enough for your market, but I could not get better at any price—the rich merchants, here, having bought up all they could, as they always do in scarce years. I am not yet able to do so, and, till I am, I must be content to do as best I can; and, if I lose ground before that time, I shall endeavour to retrieve it afterwards. I received thine of the 30th July, via Amboy, with the news of Berk's arrival, which I was heartily glad of. I am in no fear about his cargo, which, I am sure, was very good. The negro boy, Jemmy, has run away; and his master, being apprehensive of his getting off in a vessel bound to New York, has sent thee a power to apprehend and sell him, and desires me to direct the proceeds, after paying thyself commission and charges, to be remitted to him in wheat, corn, and flour, consigned to himself; let the bill of loading, in an open letter to him, come under cover to me. Direct to him thus: (To Senor Padre Jose Alvs. Abren, in Funchal, Madeira.)

If thy wine by Purdue got safe, thou mayst be able conveniently to ship me the following things; if not, don't straighten thyself. I wrote to J. Adams to insure £50 on it, as I advised thee by Captain Redmond. My pumps and shoes fit me very well—I have worn one pair, which prove very good; when I want I shall have them from the same man—let him take care of the last. I must refer thee to much wrote by various oppor-

tunities lately. Shall be glad to hear of the arrival of Purdue, and Harner, and King's Brigg. My dear child, we are very anxious for thee on account of the yellow fever, but hope Providence will protect thee: thy resignation is a satisfaction to us, as it's not only our interest, but duty to submit to what pleases the great Disposer of all things.

I hope, as the winter advances, that dreadful distemper, which, I think, has chiefly, if not altogether, before been confined to hot countries, will vanish in yours.

I cannot think of anything which could so fortunately have happened to thee as being entrusted with Charles Willing's business, provided thy care and diligence are suitable to the trust; as to thy honesty, I have not the least concern about it, because I am sure thou hast a soul above doing a mean or dishonest act.

Thy mother, aunt, and sisters intend to write, but believe they'll not have time. I wrote to most of my friends by Captain Redmond (who, being in a ship of —, I hope will escape the Spaniards), and therefore I don't trouble them with copies.

I have got off most of my wax; but with some loss, as the greater part of it will be exported. I expect it may answer pretty well next year. Irish beef, butter, and candles are plenty. I desire thee to forward my letters for Virginia and Maryland the first post.

Thy mother, aunt, and I, join in dear love.

Thy loving father,

RICHARD HILL.

July 7, 1748.

Richard Hill writes to his son Richard a long letter regarding his father's lands in Maryland, to which false claims had been set up in his absence, adding:—

“Till Henry is of age, Darridge cannot pretend to get the land, and before that time I hope to be at home.”

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, NOV. 27, 1748.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I have very often intended to write to thee; but it has always happened that, when I have had opportunities, I have been so hurried that I could never spare time, unless it was to write a very short letter, which has obliged me to content myself with desiring thy mother to remember my dear love to thee.

Indeed, at this time I am far from having leisure; but my continued affection and tenderness for thee, and the assurance of thy loving, dutiful disposition to thy parents, are motives too powerful to suffer me longer to delay acquainting thee, with my own hand, how happy I think myself in thee on many accounts.

It is an inexpressible satisfaction to me that thy marriage has proved so happy to thee; that having been the principal view which induced me to part with thee, and consent to thy entering so young into that state; thy husband's tenderness to thee, and particularly in thy late illness, has made him dearer to me than ever.

Thy care of, and good example to thy sisters affords me no less pleasure; and fills me with humble gratitude to the Divine Being, who hath been pleased to make one of my dearest children instrumental to removing the most afflicting anxiety I ever laboured under—which was the consideration of my dear girls being left, without parents, exposed to the many snares and temptations their age and sex necessarily subjected them to. On the contrary, I now comfort myself with hoping that their virtuous education under so kind a sister (whose love and practice enforces her precepts) will make impressions so deep, that they'll be indelible when that sister and their parents may be removed from them. This strain, to or from another might seem to savour of flattery; but in me it arises from satisfaction of heart.

I am very much pleased that my dear Debby is so solid and considerate; I wish it was in my power to procure her any relief—I would not value the cost. I am of opinion the Bath

would help, if not quite cure her, and shall write to S. M. R. Meredith and Richard, to consult about sending her to Bristol, in order to her going from thence to Bath. On this occasion, it will be proper for thee to lay before her not only the real dangers she will be in among seducing strangers, who have arts she knows nothing of, but also to caution her in the most earnest manner against even the smallest appearance of evil. For the slightest occasion will be sufficient for ill-minded people to insinuate things of the worst kind, to the ruin of a young woman's character, although she may be innocent.

Most of our friends in America differ from thee in regard to our coming back, for they would have me stay here a good while longer; and I must own it would be an advantage to my affairs, although T. Lamar is very capable to carry on the business. But I am (with thy mother) desirous to return as soon as we conveniently can, that we may not be disappointed of our expected satisfaction in passing some of our last time with our dear children. And, to tell thee what I would not have everybody know, I am determined, if I possibly can, to remove in two years, or less.

I should be glad to receive letters from all my dear girls, and would find time to answer them, as I have now another assistant to copy my letters, which Mileah can do pretty well. She wonders her little sisters did not write to her. They must make her amends hereafter; short letters will serve her. I am, with affectionate love to you all,

My dear child,

Thy affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

Remember me kindly to Sarah, and the other servants from Maryland.

MADEIRA, August 5, 1749.

DEAR CHILD:—

The foregoing is a copy of what I wrote thee by Captain Green. I lately wrote thee a few lines at the bottom of thy mother's letter, by Captain Pitts, to prevent thee despairing of our coming home because we had sent for thy sister, and expected thy aunt and brother to come with her.

If thy brother should continue here till Henry comes from Scotland, we can with less inconvenience leave the business than we could now do to T. Lamar alone—it being proper always to have two persons in a house—so that I still flatter myself that we shall not stay here much longer. I refer thee to thy mother's letters for what relates to Debby; and, with dear love to thee, thy husband, and the children,

I am, my dear Hannah,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

A letter of business dated April 30, 1749, respecting bills of exchange, flour, wine, shipments, &c., addressed to Richard at Philadelphia, concludes thus:—

“My family are as well as usual, and about to remove to the country for the summer. The demand for wine from England seems to be pretty well over for this year, and I presume we shall not have many to ship to America till the fall, so that the price will probably continue as at present, notwithstanding the shortness of the last vintage.

I am, dear son,

Thy affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

The allusion in the next communication from Deborah Hill, to a sister, relates to her own sister Rachel Moore, left in America, who, it was proposed, should join the family in Madeira. I believe she never went. The mother's encouragement to the daughter to expect her return, was, alas! never realized.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, July 25, 1749.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I received thine by Sage, and that by Pitts, with the currants, which are very acceptable. I used a bottle of the last year's a few days ago, which were as good as at first. I mention it, that thou may know they keep very well the way thou doest them. I am anxiously waiting to hear my dear sister is

returned to Philadelphia, where I am satisfied she will find a kind reception from thy husband and thee. But I fear the frequently seeing those that have so basely used her, will put it out of your power to do her much service, as I believe her present frightful disorder is owing to dejection of mind. Poor, dear creature! she hath had severe trials—some of which she might have escaped, had she come with me to Madeira. I very often blame myself for leaving her: but that cannot be otherwise helped now than getting her over to me with Richard and Debby. I hope she will be able to come with them, that I may have the satisfaction of healing the wound my absence in a great measure hath caused.

I earnestly desire son Moore will put their affairs in the best order he can, and that she may have something with her to turn into trade. I hope what is due to my sister Molly will not be deferred longer than till Richard comes, if Sammy can make it convenient to himself. My dear child, I am much affected at thy being in so poor a state of health. For all our sakes, my dear Hannah, keep thy spirits from sinking; consider how much better it is now with thy father than he could reasonably expect.

All, or most of the vessels thou mentioned are arrived, and some Richard did not know of, and daily look for several more we have advice of. Let us be comforted with what blessings we have, and don't repine at not having all we desire. I may be as likely to return to thee as if I was more healthy—we see many weakly people linger out to old age. Hope, my dear, for the best, as I do; and do not let anything prey on thee, now we are joyfully preparing to return to thee as soon as is consistent with common prudence. We have been long trying to get a mule ass, but could not accomplish it till this spring. Now have an opportunity of getting two; one we keep for my sister and myself, the other we intend to send thee by Sage, under J. Gray's care. I also send some medicine, which we find very serviceable in coughs; also a pot of preserved apricots, which, if either grow hard and candy, thou should put a little water to them and set the pots in a kettle of water, and so boil till the candy is dissolved. I shall put them under Dick's charge. Hughs, his passenger, is such a bold, presuming fellow, I will

not put them under his care, as I would not give him a pretence to intrude his company on thee.

I desire thou will not think thyself obliged to receive the visits of all that are entertained at thy father's house; when thou meets with such as thou doth not like, turn them over to thy husband—thy being indisposed is sufficient for not seeing them often. Sage's two passengers, Laycox and Gray, are both very modest young men. Laycox has a good deal of the gentleman; they both lodge at our house—the other only dines ashore. These hints are only to thyself.

I will do as the widow Steel desires; but she must let me know what quantity of figs and raisins she would have in a year, and I will get them as I have an opportunity—for they are not cured here, or no quantity, and those are not good. Her wine goes by Sage, and, I believe, a box of citron, but cannot be sure, as I am in the country, and I know thy father is much hurried at this time.

Thy quilt looks very well, and is near finished. It's admired by everybody that sees it; I cannot get it done in time to go by Sage, but expect I shall by the next vessel to Philadelphia. I cannot get empty bottles here—they are very scarce; and it will not do to send Philadelphia beer in casks; it always turns sour. Do not trouble thyself about it; for I cannot drink malt beer without mixing two bottles of water with one of beer, and sugar to sweeten it, which makes it brisk if kept about a week. We make very good syrup beer now, and put a little malt in it, which we all like better than malt beer alone.

I have been so interrupted, and out of order together, that I cannot write to Richard or Debby, but I shall by Sage in a few days; but tell Richard he must bring no lace, fringes, Bristol-stone, or paste-buttons, or buckles, Dresden-work, nor embroidery—he may wear plain gold or silver buckles or buttons, but not wrought. Debby must have no silk, flowered or striped—not even a pair of ribbon sleeve-strings; very severe penalties are inflicted if they are in the house after a set time, but all are getting rid of what is prohibited as fast as they can. I have only a pair of Bristol buttons, which shall go by Sage. Flowered calico or linen, or striped Holland, are allowed. I must

break off, or my letter will be left, but shall write more fully by Sage.

My dear child,

I am thy tenderly attached mother,

D. HILL.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

Take civil notice of Hughs, but there is no occasion for his becoming intimate in the family; that is what thy mother means. I have not time, my dearest Hannah, to write thee now as I intended, having had an unexpected hinderance, but will do it by Sage; till when, thou and sister Rachel must excuse me,

Who am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

My dear child.—Don't think, by our wanting sister Rachel and Debby to come over, that we shall stay much the longer from thee: for we are determined on the contrary, and to come over as soon as the house and its affairs can be well settled.

DEBORAH HILL TO SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, August 25, 1749.

DEAR SON:—

As Debby's leg is so much worse in winter than summer, we are desirous she try what this warm climate will do, and have wrote to Richard to bring her with him, as he hath a mind to leave his unkind mistress; which I shall not be sorry for, if he does it with honour, for I think people of their disposition would ill suit with our family.

I very gratefully acknowledge thy care and tenderness of them all, and Debby in particular, which she seems to have a just sense of, and I hope all the rest will in time. Indeed, I have ever been perfectly easy in their being under thy care, whom I have always looked on in a different light from common brothers-in-law. As my dear sister is like to fall into a nervous disorder, I suppose through uneasiness of mind from the hard usage of those unworthy of her, I have encouraged her to come over with Richard. I hope our company, and

change of place may be a means to settle her mind, and may do more than medicine without it. I entreat thy care of their affairs. My sister Molly is still very weakly; we are both trying what the country air and asses' milk will do for us. One we send you, which is a very good one—I hope she will get safe to Philadelphia.

I wish my dear Hannah may not be too much affected at parting with her relations; I know her tenderness for them will endanger her health, if she suffers her fears for them to take a great hold of her. But I will hope she'll be so prudent as to make herself easy, when she doth the best she can for her friends.

I have often deferred writing to thee because I would not do it in a hurry, but am forced to write now in a very great one or not at all, which I desire thou'll excuse. Our family all join in dear love to thee and cousin Moore's. I tenderly salute thee; and am

Thy very affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, December 2, 1749.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

As the weather is like to prove bad, the vessel this is intended by will go sooner than was expected, which obliges me to write in a hurry by candlelight, that my letter may be sent off early in the morning.

A few days since, we received yours by S. Galloway's schooner, also those by Capt. Nelson. It gave me much comfort to find my dear Hannah was like to part willingly with her relations, and could prudently consider the necessity there is for it. I expect before this they have left you; thou as well as I must resign them, and not terrify ourselves with the worst that may happen; the number of real afflictions most have, are sufficient to cause a heavy heart without the addition of imaginary evils. Let us, my dear child, with humility and patience bear our lot, and not look long on the most gloomy side of things, but hope for the best; and when we are disappointed, let us remember the all-wise Disposer best knows what is fit for us. It was an

omission in me not to say what quantity of cambric and lawn I would have had the widow Steel send; which if she hath not yet done, I would choose a piece of each, provided she can send fine at a moderate price, otherwise not.

I am very glad thou got the ass and her colt; I hope thou wilt be the better for her milk; the other that I kept, and which gave me very little milk at first, is now become pretty good by being well fed.

Thy aunt and I seldom miss taking half a pint in a morning; and whether it's owing to that or not I can't tell, but we are certainly better of some disorders, though still often ailing. I hope Sarah will not forfeit our good opinion of her; but if she should, we shall sell her here. It happens very lucky thou art like to get rid of Josey so handsomely, as thou art suspicious of his bad inclinations. Philadelphia is very well for girls, but, in my opinion, there are few worse places to bring up boys in. My cousins R. T. M. desire my sister would send her claim on the estate. She left the bond with sister Rachel, who, I suppose, will leave it with some friend. By that they will see the exact sum due from their father's estate, and, I think, about twelve pounds from sister Moore, for a piece of black gogram. I suppose son Moore may know each sum. My sister would have wrote now, but did not know of the vessel's going so soon, and is too much out of order at this time to write in a hurry. Our family are as well as usual, except poor Harriet, who hath a violent cough, and for a day or two past hath spit up some blood, which makes us fearful she may fall into a consumption, if she is not relieved soon. She hath been subject to it, on taking cold, ever since the winter Richard went to Philadelphia. Both she and Patsy then had a whooping-cough, which held them almost a year. Patsy hath quite got over it, but Harriet hath had a return every winter since, but not so bad as now; it hath not weakened her much yet, or made her thin or pale, and though it is often bad, she very soon recovers her strength; but, let it be as it may, I hope I shall submit as I ought. It will be a very sore trial to part with my dear cheerful Harriet, if I should have the grief to see her go before me; but her case is far from being desperate yet, and I hope I shall be able to tell thee in my next she is clear of this cough. I wish thou would send me some dried elecampane root, and some growing; also

a root or two of Seneca rattlesnake root. I believe cousin Lloyd hath both in his garden. The family all join in dear love to you. It's now late, therefore must break off, and conclude, my dearest child,

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 6, 1750.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I received thine, by Drayson, with much joy; for, as we saw the vessel the best part of the day, and knew it to be Drayson, I was apprehensive, as he made no signal, either sickness or death in our family had prevented their coming with him, and was fortifying myself as well as I could against what might happen; but thy affectionate letter cleared my doubts, and made me bear the disappointment very patiently, as by it I found you were all alive and well.

It is an inexpressible satisfaction to me to find my dear sister's mind calmly fixed on that foundation that can, and I hope will bear her over all the changes she has or may meet with—my anxiety for her welfare has been the same my dear mother's would have been for her. I am sorry I could not sooner inform thee what was prohibited here, that thou might not have been at the trouble and charge of twice clothing Debby for this place. I now begin to think I shall not see my children in Madeira, as their voyage is thus put off from time to time; but I hope, whether they come or not, it will be for the best. It will be a great trouble to me if Richard should be prevailed on to repose more confidence in a stranger than in his near relations—time, I am persuaded, will convince him of his error; but, I expect what thy father writes him now will make him agree to the dividing the estate amicably, and put him on examining things in a different light from what the busy, mischievous people he may look on as friends may have done. I know you have a great affection for each other, and thy prudence will exert itself, I don't doubt, to moderate things on each side, if occasion; but I hope your affairs will be settled without any disturbances to

thee, my dear Hamah. I am much concerned Josey* is so dull a boy, and of so bad inclinations, and heartily wish he was to go to Scotland; but his father thinks he cannot afford it, and proposes to send for him home in a year or two, but is very earnest to have him with thee while he stays in Philadelphia.

Thy motherly care and tenderness shows itself whenever thou mentions thy sisters. It's not to be described the comfort and satisfaction I had at reading the description of thy dear little girls' innocence, modesty, and good capacities—how happy do I think myself in having them trained up so carefully by their sister in the paths of virtue and piety! I hope they will prove comforts to you, and grateful for your trouble and care of them. I am much pleased my lovely Rachel is so little vain of her person; and, if you would keep her so, arm her against flattery. I assure thee I think they are so well tutored, that I would willingly send Patsy if I had a suitable opportunity.

I am obliged to Benezet for his good wishes; but necessity, not choice, drove us, and keeps us here. We were shunned and neglected on every side when needy; but it's no new thing for poverty and contempt to go hand in hand. My country's harsh treatment has made too deep an impression on me to run the risque of being so used again, and therefore I shall be desirous to stay till we have wherewithal to support us elsewhere; but don't let this afflict thee, my dearest child, for I hope thy father will find, on making up his affairs, he is able to return soon, to comfort thee for our long absence.

I received the roots for Harriet; her cough is still bad. The shells came safe, and were as thy father chose to have them, but you must not let it be known out of the family. Let me know if Jemima's girl or Parthena's are like to prove fit for the house, and, if they are not, if thou can think of any other; I am very desirous to have one taught to sew, and wash, and iron well for Molly, as I intend to keep Sarah, for I am now too old to take that trouble. I would fain have a good-tempered, handy maid for her. Let me know thy thoughts.

I send a box of citron, and one of Lisbon oranges.

I told thy father how much thou wert comforted with a line or two from him, and, in answer to it, he said he would strive

* Joseph Gillis.

very hard to write a letter by Drayson to his dear Hannah. Remember me affectionately to son Moore and thy brother—give my dear little girls a kiss; I am pleased to see they write so pleasantly and prettily.

I am, my dear child,
Thy tenderly attached mother,

D. HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 8, 1750.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

As I am desirous to contribute all I can to thy satisfaction, and know nothing can give thee more than an assurance of my intention to shorten my stay here as much as I possibly can with conveniency, I take this opportunity to inform thee that with this view I have ordered thy brother Henry to leave Scotland next spring, at farthest; and I design, as soon as I can, after Richard's arrival, to settle my affairs, and gradually prepare to return home with thy mother, &c. What time all this may take I cannot tell, but I hope it may be accomplished, at the very longest, by next spring come twelve months. This, thou'll say, is almost two years—a long time to look forward; and so I think, too, when I consider thy impatience and anxiety, which greatly increases my own, and makes me determined to contract my affairs as fast as I can, that I may leave the young people the better capacitated to carry on the business of the house, which is now so well established, and T. Lamar so experienced, that I think they may do very well without me.

I have wrote both to Sammy and Richard about dividing the estate, if they or either of them should incline to it, and have earnestly recommended to them the doing it amicably, and hope they'll neither of them insist on the most advantageous conditions, which they might reasonably claim, but rather abate a little. If they mutually go about it with such resolutions, I doubt not 'twill be done to their satisfaction; and if either of them lose a little by it, 'twill not be worth their concern when they consider to whom they give the advantage. I have not the least doubt of thy good intentions to promote such a disposition

in them as will produce these good effects. It would give me more concern to have them differ, than to lose all they can differ about; and I know it would be equally afflicting to thee. But, I hope, if it should so happen, thou'll consider that much greater differences than they can have have been made up after people have coolly reflected.* I desire thee, in the most affectionate manner, to assure my little dear girls of my love and concern for them, and that I am very much pleased with the good account thou gives of them.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, July 4, 1750.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I just now received thine by the sloop, which I am to answer, together with thine by Cox, who sails this night. I did not expect he would go till the last of next week; so shall not have time to say much, as I am in the country, and must send this to town before night. Thou cannot wish more earnestly to see thy poor, declining mother than she does. Oh, my dear Hannah! I have a thousand tender things to say to thee, that I cannot write, and should I have the joy of seeing thee before I die, how contentedly could I leave the world; but, if it is otherwise determined by Providence, let us submit the best we can.

Tell my dear sister we received hers, and will write if Cox stays still to-morrow, but fear we cannot if he goes to-night. My dear sister desires to be kindly remembered to you all. She kindly acknowledges thine, but I fear she cannot answer it by Cox. She is very indifferent with a fever, but is able to keep about. Harriet is very bad at times with her cough. * *

* In the above beautiful advice, my children will recognize a similarity of views, though differently expressed, with those of Richard Smith, No. 4, your great great grandfather (who was also the ancestor of many of Margaret Morris's descendants), contained in the paper to his children, found with his last will. It is copied in the MS. book of the Smith Family, page 13. The recommendations of both your ancestors are so excellent, that I cannot refrain from calling your attention to them.

It's now dark, and I fear I shall lose this opportunity; so must conclude,

With dear love to you all,
Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

Not a large number of business letters have been preserved; as these, however, exhibit the nature of the interchange kept up, and the business of the house, the following short communication may properly find a place here. It is from Dr. Richard Hill to his son Richard.

MADEIRA, July 11, 1750.

DEAR SON:—

I have just received thine by Captain Leonard, which I've not half an hour to answer. 'Tis very short; mentions nothing of S. Galloway's schooner; nor is it accompanied by the salt of amber, spirits of lavender, spirit nitri dule., or spirits of harts-horn.

The first I would give £5 for an ounce of it, being the only remedy that relieves thy mother and poor weakly aunt.

I am like to be sadly straitened for bills, for want of remittances of about £700 from Matthison, and several sums from others I am in advance for, some of whose bills are protested; particularly James Miles for £55 sterling, and sundry others, larger and smaller. Colonel Bernard Moore has not remitted a farthing, nor wrote a line for his two pipes of fine wine sent him last year. Almost all the Virginia orders have been repeated this year, but they go a very little way towards making the sum I want. If thou write to Miles and Moore, say nothing of their bills above mentioned. I yet expect one vessel more from Virginia; perhaps she may bring them, as she's the same that carried their wines.

I shall look for thee next month. I shall be for sending Captain Crump to Calais or Malaga, where wheat is still in demand and like to continue so, notwithstanding so many hundred ship-loads have gone from England. Yet, if Captain Crump should choose to leave his proceeds, or take but a small part, I believe it may do well, taking new wine in the fall; for the neglect of this market for that in Spain and the South of France will make

wheat bear a good price here next fall, winter, and spring, till when his will probably keep—flour is much better, at least for one-third or one-half of a cargo, as it keeps longer.

Captain Stephen German, jun., arrived this morning from Calais with a small quantity of salt, and valued on us, takes a few pipes of wine for Maryland, and, if tobacco be scarce, may buy wheat and come back here. If this finds thee in Philadelphia, don't forget to use all the precautions I gave thee for security, as strong, well-secured stanchions, and shifting-boards, &c. &c.

I never was more particular in this respect than to that idle fellow Loyal; yet, when he came down to Hampton, he regretted his having neglected them, which cost him his life and me some hundred pounds. Cox's hurrying away with a man-of-war, as he has no Mediterranean pass, two or three days sooner than I expected or he intended, makes me write in such a hurry that I have not time to read over what I've wrote.

I am, with dear love to you all, dear son,
Thy affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, August 15, 1750.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I received thine by Class, with all the things thou mentions, except the stuff, which he tells me he was fearful of bringing, and therefore returned it; but he might very safely, as they are not strict here. I believe Debby may wear the striped some time hence, but we are expecting orders daily from Lisbon for every body to appear in black; and as I cannot tell what the dress must be for the King of Portugal's death, she had best bring a piece of black mantua with her. I have a black dress-gown, which I shall make serve me in the house, as no notice is taken of what is worn at home, and I very seldom go abroad. I think thou sells thy wine at a very high price. My son Moore goes above the top of the market, and thou must make him amends in thy next sale, or thou'll lose thy customer, if he should do as others do—buy where they can better, and cheaper also.

Thy sister Lamar will tell thee how well pleased she is with

thy choice. Thou sent thy aunt and myself what we much wanted, and is doubly acceptable, as they and the thimbles came from my dear Hannah; the two penknives were no less acceptable to thy father and brother Lamar, to whom I gave them in thy name.

We have been some time in the country, but I have had very little leisure; yet as our acquaintance have been so often dropping in, which hath occasioned my writing shorter to thee now than I intended, and cannot say anything but to thyself, which you must all excuse. I shall write in a short time, by Capt. Dowers, with whom I have passed some time in a most agreeable manner, talking of my dear family. I am much pleased to hear from him thee wears so well. Everybody that mentions thy sister Lamar and thee, says thou looks much younger; and yet she has a very youthful countenance, from which I flatter myself thou enjoys better health than in Maryland. I was much comforted to hear him say what a fine woman my dear sister was, and how well she looked. He seems the most charmed with Rachel of anybody I have met with; but that has not made him blind to the others, whom he thinks very amiable. I am very happy in you, my dear family, but not so happy but a silent tear will drop, when I think what a wide sea is between us; however, that I may get to thee, my dearest child, I strive with all my might not to let any rub that falls in the way affect me over much, if, at any time, I am taken unguarded—for troubles of some sort all must have, and I have mine, which would be harder to bear if my heart was not so wrapped up in thee; for now I comfort myself with the hopes of passing my last days with thee, and therefore I very carefully guard against everything that may sink my spirits, lest any trouble should take too fast hold of me and deprive me of seeing you, and thee in particular, which I so ardently desire. Do thou take the same course, and do not be overmuch affected at any trouble that falls in thy way; thy tender constitution will not bear much disturbance of mind.

I am much pleased with Henry's letter, and would send one of his to thy father of a late date, but 'tis in town, where I would fain be at this time, that I might send some trifles to thee; but thy kind father, whose tenderness, I think, increases with my years, will not agree to my going to town as the weather is so

hot, and I am apt to be disordered with the heat, so I must defer it till Dowers goes.

I have been alarmed lately with Richard's being soon to be married some say to one of William Plumstead's daughters, to the widow Hamilton; but I give little credit to these reports as none of you mention it, though I must own I suspect something of this sort is in view, as his voyage is put off.

Remember me tenderly to him; it's long since I wrote to him, for, till lately, I expected he would be come away. But I now give over expecting to see them in Madeira.

I have sent the widow Steel's account to thy father, and desired him to settle it. I expect he will write to some of you about it. I shall not say much about our family, as thy aunt and sisters write. I am much better since I came to the country, but thy poor aunt has been sadly harassed with her fever, but is now better.

Thy father keeps his health very well, and is fuller in the face than usual. Patsy is very well, but cannot write till Dowers goes; I intended thee some nonpareil and golden-pippins, grafted on some paradise-stocks—they were a present from a gentleman that called here lately—they are now very thriving, and in blossom. I have ordered some olives for thee; I hope they will not be forgot. Harriet intends to send a guinea to buy some trifles with; but I advise her not, as thy father will send some wine to the widow Steel, out of which her things may be bought. Remember me in the most tender manner to my dear sister, and tell her I shall write her by Dowers. Give my dear little girls a kiss; I hope they are as good out of sight as they appear to be before strangers. Give my affectionate love to my dear son Moore, and accept a very large share thyself,

From thy tender mother,

D. HILL.

MADEIRA, August 23, 1750.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I received thine, with all the things, by Class; but cannot write thee so fully now as I intended, having been so interrupted every day that I had set apart to write, but shall take time to tell thee thy father hath never seemed so intent on re-

turning soon, as now. He thinks the business here may be very well carried on by R. H. and T. L., and talks warmly of going home the spring after this. I shall leave it entirely to him; for I have ever determined not to have anything to charge myself with, in respect to hurrying him away before he thinks he can support himself elsewhere, but shall soon be ready when he thinks fit to remove, for I own my impatience is very great in secret to be with my dear Hannah.

I must approve of thy not sending my dear little girls to school, but having them taught at home under thy own eye—the instruction Eligood will give them will ground them in a good hand, which they may keep if they write a copy or two a day.

Thou art very indulgent to them in letting them be employed as their fancy leads; I think these pieces of needlework may not be amiss between whiles—they will serve to keep the mind innocently engaged.

I find I am like to have more time than I expected when I began this letter, so shall tell thee more particularly how we all are. I wrote thee some time ago Harriet was bad with a cough and spitting of blood. She hath had it all this winter and best part of the summer; at times, nothing seems to have the least effect.

She hath taken a great quantity of medicines, particularly spermaceti, of which I am now out of, therefore desire thou send a pound. Thy aunt is weakly, but much better this winter than several past; and I am not near so bad with that wasting disorder for six months past, than any time since the family had the smallpox. Thy father enjoys a very good state of health; is as active as ever, and, I think, looks as well as when we left you; and has no sign of old age creeping on him, but that his sight is impaired so much that he is obliged to use spectacles for about a year past. Thy sister Lamar is often troubled with a pain in her head; it would give thee a great deal of pleasure to see what a prudent wife she makes, and what an obliging, tender husband he is.

Patsy is very well; but she is so busy copying for her father, that she will not have time to send a letter to her sisters now. I wrote to Henry, by way of Virginia, yesterday, for we can seldom send directly to London. I believe I mentioned in my

last to thee that we had a letter from him, dated in November and that he was well, and cousin C. M. also.

Give my dear love to my sister, Richard, and Debby, if this reaches thee before they come away, for I cannot write to them now—let the children learn to make pens.

I am, with dear love to all,
Thy tenderly attached mother,

D. HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, August 26, 1750.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I wrote thee lately by Drayson, Cox, and Class, to which I must refer, as I find I cannot now say much. I acquainted thee, by Class, that all the things thou sent came safe, and that thy father intended to send the widow Steel's account. He now sends her a hogshead of wine, which, I believe, he writes thee about receiving the money of her, to be laid out in some things which I shall set down at foot. By Captain Dowers I send the grafts of golden pippins and nonpareils, which he promises to take care of. Let me know if they get well over, because I have kept one of each lest these should die.

Thy aunt is in a poor state of health; but, as she intends to write, I shall leave her to tell thee herself how she is. Thy sister Lamar writes thee now; she has made her chintz up, and likes it very much, as does Harriet the calico. My sister and Harriet are in the country; the latter is strangely mended by being there—her cough, that was so bad, hath left her for near two months, which is longer than for above a year past.

I have put under Dowers's care a pot of marmalade of apricots, four jars of olives, a barrel of onions, and keg of walnuts. I wish I could send anything more acceptable. Thy father desires two of the jars may be presented to Reese Meredith.

Tell Debby not to be disheartened about her disappointment; if she cannot get here, we may find a way to send her to Bath. Give my love to all that ask after me, concludes

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

But two more letters have been preserved from the doating mother, who died in Madeira, December 1751.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, May 23, 1751.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I was more than ordinarily rejoiced to hear, by Captain Sibbald, you were all alive and well, and could not forbear reflecting what affliction I should have been under at hearing the smallpox was in your family, if you had not had it.

I am a good deal out of order at times, with a fever and faintness, as I always am if I stay in town till the weather grows hot; I intend to remove into the country very soon after these vessels go.

A son of John Love (Henry's Latin master) has been several weeks at our house, and sailed a few days ago to Virginia; he gave us a very pleasing account of Henry, and a very advantageous character of cousin C. Moore; I find they both have made great improvements. Henry has orders to come here this summer—we expect to see him in eight or ten weeks; and should I have the comfort of my dear Debby and Richard at the same time, I should think myself very happy—but I hope it will be for the best, come or not.

Debby should have a capuchin, if they are to be bought with you, a suit and night-gown, one of blue, green, or straw-colour, of some good silk, as tabby, plain, or watered. In this place she will be very singular in dark colours. Do not, my dear, be over-affected at parting with them; I hope we shall soon be with thee, to comfort thee for our long absence, and make you some amends for your care of our dear little helpless family.

I intended to acknowledge my dear son Moore's affection and trouble he hath had with my poor lame girl, but I have not time, nor, indeed, ability now, having just got over a bad spell of fever, but shall in a short time write by New York.

Thy father was thinking to propose taking one of sister Gillis's sons. I am really unwilling to have a stranger in the house, to reap the profits of what hath cost thy poor father so much pains. What thou says of Jose I shall not take notice of, without I hear his father is informed of it.

The book thou sent on Baptism was what I sent for, but thy father wrote for another; the title of which, as well as I can remember, was: "A Small Treatise on Baptism and the Supper, by William Bill."

I conclude with a heart overflowing with affectionate tenderness, my dearest daughter. May the Almighty preserve thee, and permit us to see thee again, is the fervent prayer

Of thy very affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, September 30, 1751.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I have now the satisfaction of telling thee my dear Henry is safe with us, and that he seems to deserve the character we have had of him, viz. a modest, sober, well-accomplished youth, untainted with any vice, which is an inexpressible comfort to us all; he has much the same countenance as he had, only more inclined to fat; I believe he'll be no taller than his father; however, he is neither clumsy nor ill-shaped. Captain Stephens and Henry are nearly of a size, and have some resemblance in their persons. I shall refer thee to Captain Stephens for farther particulars, who can satisfy thee in many things about Henry, as they were shipmates. I understand cousin C. M.* wrote to you about the time Henry came away, or I would send his letter to thy father. I find by Henry he studies so closely, that I fear he will hurt himself.

How freely would I contribute something towards his fitting himself for the painful employment he has fixed on, if I had it in my power.

We had a very sickly family this summer, with the measles and the disorders which preceded it. T. Lamar, Harriet, and Mileah, all at this time, are but just able to go about; a very little irregularity in anything throws them into violent bilious colics; however, I hope the worst is now over.

The anxiety I have been under for them has almost overset

* Afterwards Dr. Charles Moore, who married the youngest daughter Mileah. See much respecting them hereafter.

me; I have been much disordered for several days past with colic, but better to-day, and in hopes it will go off.

I was disappointed in sending the walnuts, but have given orders to put them under Captain Stephens's care, with a little bundle directed to thyself, in which is a locket of my sister's hair and mine, which I desire my dear Rachel's acceptance of, and that she will excuse our not writing this time. My sister Molly is but indifferent, and not very able to write, and I have all the care of the sick family on me.

I also send three acorns in the same bundle to my dear Rachel, Peggy, and Sally, in two of which is a little bit of gold.

Remember me affectionately to son Moore, my sister, and children, &c., in which my sister Molly joins.

I am, my dear child,

Thy tenderly attached and affectionate mother,

D. HILL.

The earthly career of Deborah Hill was soon afterwards closed forever, without the accomplishment of the fondly expected meeting with her children in America.

The next two letters refer to her death; but that of her husband, on first announcing to his bereaved family the sad event, has not been found. Mary Moore (the sister Molly) who indites the succeeding epistle but two, writes with great beauty regarding her beloved departed friend and sister.

RICHARD HILL TO HIS SON RICHARD.

MADEIRA, October 27, 1751.

DEAR SON:—

Thy mother, aunt, and Milcah design to take the first good opportunity in the spring for Philadelphia, and thy mother, at least, intends to return here next fall. If thou shouldst not be able to get away before the spring, I advise thee to stay till thy mother arrives, by whom I shall write thee fully, and perhaps desire thee to accompany her back, unless Henry should go with her. If he should, he may come back with her; or, if thou

shouldst come, he must stay for another opportunity, for I cannot trust you both in one vessel.

The vintage is shorter than it was thought to be, but it's expected wine will be something cheaper than of late. We all join in dear love to you all, as if named particularly.

Thy affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

HENRY HILL TO HIS BROTHER RICHARD.

MADEIRA, February 24, 1752.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I can in some measure judge how affecting the irreparable loss of our dear, tender, indulgent mother will be to you and my dear sisters, from what we have experienced here; and really the thoughts of being deprived entirely of one of the greatest endearments of life would embitter the future possession of it, could we not hope for more lasting happiness than this sublunary fabric affords; and of this my dear mother was so well assured, that she left us no room to doubt, if we pursued the footsteps of our dear parents, we should quit the world without regret, and meet with the reward of a well-spent life.

My poor father is most sensible of her inestimable worth, and I observe he has let you know a part of what he suffers.

I pray my love to my dear sisters, brother, and aunt Moore.

I am,

Your most affectionate brother, &c.,

HENRY HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO DEBORAH HILL.—(WITHOUT DATE.)

MY DEAR DEBBY:—

I received thy affectionate, dutiful letter of April 9, and am very much comforted to find that thou and the rest of my dear children have been enabled to resign to the dispensation of Providence in the removal of your dear mother. It was a most severe trial to me, and what I never could sufficiently fortify myself against, though her long illness gave me much time. Religion is the only sure resource in such deep afflictions; and it's a great consolation to me that from thence my dear children have been enabled to draw relief. I have been under continual

apprehensions for them, and particularly my dear Hannah, who I was afraid would have been suddenly surprised, and would not have been able to overcome or support herself under the shock.

Now, I endeavour to say with resignation, the Lord's will be done; and turning all my temporal views to my children, shall endeavour to give them, and receive from them, all the happiness I am capable of.

Thy dear aunt goes in a state of poor health, but is as well as she has been for a long time past, and I am in hopes the sea and change of air may be of some service to her. I am sure she will have a most kind reception from my children, and I doubt not their being as dutiful and affectionate to her as she can desire. She is a very affectionate and deserving relation; and I shall ever consider her as much the object of my love and care as if she was my own sister and daughter, both for her own merit and for the sake of thy dear mother, with whom she lived in the most perfect love and disinterested friendship that mortals are capable of.

I hope thy brother will be ready to come with Sibbald or Bolitho next voyage, and bring thee with him. I shall anxiously expect you; and wishing and praying for your safe arrival,

I remain, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

MARY MOORE TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, February 27, 1752.

MY DEAR NIECE:—

The affliction I am in, and the indisposition of body I am under, makes me almost incapable of giving thee the sorrowful satisfaction of a letter by Captain Dowers, with whom I had thoughts of returning and accepting thy affectionate invitation to spend the remainder of my days with you; but want of ability prevents it now—for, oh! my dear, my tender Hannah, I am like one that has the dearest half torn from me—in a strange land I am left alone. The Lord has taken my dear, my much loved, worthy, pious sister to receive the reward of all her patient sufferings and good works here, for oh! she was all

purity and goodness: the Lord had sanctified her to Himself through affliction, for she was resigned to His will in everything. May we be able to follow her example in giving up all that was so very dear to her on earth, and by it arrived at the highest attainment here. She was raised above all that's earthly—and had a foretaste of those unspeakable joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

But, notwithstanding these considerations, so weak is flesh and blood, that we of ourselves are ready to sink under these visitations of God's love, by which He brings us more intimately acquainted with Himself; and turning our minds inward, we there experience the Comforter that will abide with us forever. The Lord will draw us into the secret tabernacle of His presence—He will be our hiding-place in time of trouble. Let us seek strength from the Lord—let us seek it in a still frame of mind; and then we shall receive bread from Heaven to support us under this irreparable loss. I know well what thy tender heart feels on this occasion, by sympathy of a near sort—I know it by my own heart.

Thy dear father will write you, to whom I refer. I have not ability to be more particular now, but am preparing to come to you soon, if I am permitted. I pray God to support thee, my dear niece, dearer now to me than ever, if possible, as I shall always see thy worthy mother in the disposition of so pious and dutiful a daughter; her blessing is on thee, and the Lord will bless thee—thou wert all that she wished to see.

My dear love to thy spouse.

I am, my dear Hannah,

Thy tenderly affectionate and most afflicted aunt,

MARY MOORE.

My dear love to all the children.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, March 15, 1752.

MY DEAREST HANNAH:—

When I last wrote to thee by Dowers, I was, and had long been, so hurried, that my head was in a strange disordered condition, which made me write in an unusual manner, and obliged

me to conclude with a very short letter referring thee to two written some time before. Upon taking some spirits of lavender and lying down I recovered, and wrote a long letter to Sammy and another to Richard, which I hope convinced thee of my being better, and prevented thy having any extraordinary trouble about my case at that time.

Nothing under my present circumstances would contribute so much to my consolation as to know that thou, my dear child, hast, with the resignation becoming a Christian, got over the first transports of surprise and grief for our common loss; which, great as it is, is attended with all the circumstances that can afford consolation to a reasonable mind religiously disposed. Oh, my dear child! address thyself in humility to the Divine Author of all the mercies we enjoy, and submit to his will with entire confidence that he will protect and afford us whatever is best for us, and don't repine or murmur at his dispensations. Our happiness in this world is but comparative and transitory; and the most we can make of it is the earnest it gives us of that which we hope to possess hereafter.

This, thy dear mother had in an extraordinary manner; we all know it, and we know on what foundation she placed it, and we should compare our present affliction to that of many others of our acquaintance, by which it will appear (as a correspondent lately wrote me from Lisbon) that our case in comparison with theirs is happiness.

He gives an instance of it in one of his neighbors, who had an affectionate, beloved wife, and when they were invited to an entertainment, she was in the height of jollity taken with a fit, and never spoke afterwards. She left two or three young children, who, having no relation in Lisbon, their father proposed to send to the nearest he had in England; but they answered that the children were too young for them to take the care of. Our friend says: your case is happy compared to this man's, whose grief was increased by the thoughts of his wife's sudden death, which allowed her no time to prepare for it; and his children being in danger of being exposed to the abuses, snares, and vices of the world.

My case in this last respect is very different; my eldest daughter has extended the effects of the virtuous education she received from her dear mother to my younger daughters, who,

though at a distance from their parents, have given them great comfort. Consider thy dear mother as now enjoying the endless reward of her well-spent life; consider thyself as in her place, acting a mother's part to her dearly beloved girls; for whose sakes, for thy tender husband's, and for mine, let me prevail on thee to bear thy affliction with a Christian resignation—so will thou comfort thy afflicted father.

I expect Captain Lisle will be here in three weeks, and thy aunt, brother, and my dear little Mileah may be ready in eight or ten days after. I write to Debby, and hope her coming here with her brother will be agreeable both to thee and her. I conclude, with dear love to you all,

My dear Hannah,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, April 6, 1752.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

Having written thee several letters lately, this serves chiefly to refer thee to them, and to acquaint thee Captain Lisle is not yet returned from Calais. Thy aunt has recruited a little for some time past, and, I am in hopes, will be able to undertake the voyage without much hazard. We have begun to make preparations for her, thy brother, and sister Milcah, who will accompany her, that they may be ready when Captain Lisle arrives: but his coming is uncertain. I cannot tell when thou mayst expect them; and would not have thee uneasy if they should not arrive so soon as thou hast hitherto imagined they might.

My dear child, I am very anxious to hear of thy having received the account of our great loss as becomes a resigned Christian. For my own part, the consideration of the necessity of the case, thy dear mother's age, and my own, which could give me no hopes of our continuing long together—I say these and other reflections have a little abated the severity of my affliction, and make me now think more earnestly of settling my affairs here in such a manner as that the house may be kept up for the advantage of my family, when I can be of no further

use to them, all which I hope to accomplish soon after Richard's arrival here; and then thou mayst be assured I will hasten to my dear family in Philadelphia, where I hope I shall be in about a year or fifteen months, till when, my dear child, keep up thy spirits for my sake, and for the sakes of thy young sisters. Consider with how much resignation thy mother gave up all that was dear to her in this world, with an assurance of going to enjoy the endless happiness of the other; and with what confidence she committed her children to the protection of Providence, pleasing herself with the hopes of meeting them where they would never part again. How infinitely preferable will that meeting be to the transient one she and all of us had so long and so earnestly desired; which, how satisfactory soever it might have been, would have been attended with continual apprehensions of a final parting here, and many other anxieties which our frail natures are subject to.

This disposition of mind in my dearest creature was not a sudden start, but the result of her calmest reflections a long time before she left us. Follow so bright an example, my dear Hannah, and compose thy mind without regarding too much thy having lost the tenderest of mothers without being indulged with the interview so much desired.

The same Divine Power which enabled her to give up such tender pledges will enable us to follow her example, if we apply ourselves in the same manner and rely on its assistance, which is always extended to those who, with sincerity of heart, humbly seek it.

As it will be necessary to send Betty Hicks* to take care of my sister at sea, and she does not seem to incline to return here, thy sister Lamar desires thee to look out for a good cook-maid in her room. She would have one that will be willing to do a good many things in the kitchen, as well as direct those under her. She will have a tolerably easy berth, as we don't constantly entertain much company, and have all our great-clothes washed abroad, and have never less than three good assistants in the house.

As to wages, I am willing to give her from ten to fifteen

* An old servant, who, with her descendants, continued faithful to the fortunes of the family.

pounds a-year (though the cheaper the better), and pay her passage here and back again, if she should choose to return back directly after she leaves our service.

With dear loves from all my family to you all,

My dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 15, 1752.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I received thy affectionate letters, and am much comforted by thy religious resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Indeed, the only thing which could afford me any satisfaction in my present case, is my dear children's well-being, and particularly their having their minds so seasoned with religion as to draw from it support in afflictions, which otherwise would be insupportable—may none of you ever want this resource.

Thy aunt, brother, and sister are to embark in two days; Captain Sibbald being so kind as to stay so long for Patsey (Mileah) to recover a little strength after a fever and sore throat of two or three days, that had like to have prevented her accompanying her aunt, who I think in as good a state of health as she has been for several months, and I hope will pass her voyage pretty easily. They are exceedingly well provided with provisions and necessaries, and it's a fine, safe time of year.

My dear child, don't be anxious about me; I have brought myself at last to resign my dearest worldly treasure, and now my happiness relying chiefly on the welfare of my dear children—all my views centering in them, they cannot give me so much satisfaction by any other means, as by persevering in the same religious course of life they have hitherto practised, which in my present affliction has been a great consolation to me.

If I should not write by thy aunt, &c., I must refer thee to them. I shall always be glad to receive a letter from thee by every vessel from Philadelphia, and sometimes, when none are coming, via New York; but I must insist thou wilt not hurry thyself or write too late at night, as thou sometimes hast done; rather let a short letter serve than endanger thy health, or dis-

turbance of mind. Or else write at leisure, and keep it till an opportunity occurs, when anything new may be added.

Don't be concerned any more at faults in thy letters—they are not so to me; I look at thy mind—thy dutiful and affectionate sentiments. The greatest correctness between such friends is not necessary, nor should such fear their letters being criticized.

My dear love to sister Rachel, Sammy, and all the children; to whom I will write particularly as soon as I have time, if not by Sibbald.

I am, my dear child,
Thy most affectionate father,
RICHARD HILL.

A duplicate of the foregoing will be found among the letters, with the following additions.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

The foregoing is a copy of what I wrote thee by Captain Bolitho. This coming with thy dear aunt, brother, and sister, I am desirous to say something of each of them; although in regard to my dear sister, I am sure it is unnecessary to desire thy constant and steady care of her. She is in a very poor state of health, and I am afraid will never have much better, unless the sea should produce some extraordinary effect. I would have Dr. Zachary and Dr. Bond consulted about her whenever Sammy thinks it necessary; and I desire she may be prevailed on to use frequent exercise in a chaise, which her modesty may make her backward to do, on account of the trouble or charge it may put her friends to; but I am persuaded they would not regard any charge that would contribute to the health of so valuable a relative.

I hope Patty, from her sister's example, will treat her aunts with as much respect and deference as they should a parent; but, as she is young, she may, like others of her age, be remiss in that and other respects, unless timely admonished and re-proved for what she does amiss. These cautions to thee would be needless, if there were not some danger from thy affectionate, indulgent disposition of her taking too great liberties, al-

though I must own she has a very good temper as well as a good capacity.

Henry is one of the most courteous, obliging, good-tempered youths I ever knew, and is not addicted to any one vice. I am satisfied he will have great regard to thine and his brother Moore's advice, which I hope will keep him from falling into the snares which his going into young company in a large, populous city may often expose him to.

Thou wilt best know how to time and season thy admonitions. Few people, young or old, bear reproof well; but I think he can—and I am sure he will from thee, for whom, and all his relations, he has a tender affection. He has made great improvements in literature considering his age, and the time he was in Scotland, and he is not vain or fond of showing it. But his confinement to his studies makes him quite a stranger to business and many ordinary things, which he will easily acquire if he can spare the time from his books, being very fond of reading.

I am afraid, my dear child, that this addition to your family will increase thy trouble as well as expenses, and I am doubtful whether your house will not be too much crowded. If it should, I would have Sammy add some small back-building to his house, if it can be conveniently done.* As to the charge of it, desire him not to mind it—I will give him some assistance if he wants it.

I am desirous Henry should make a visit to his relations in Maryland, as I don't care to risk both my sons in one vessel coming back, and would have him return to Philadelphia to pass the winter; or else stay with his uncle Joseph, and return here in the spring. But, till I see and consult Richard, I don't know well what to determine on, for I would have one of them here: and I'm resolved, if the other stays in Philadelphia, to settle him in some business. If either of them should marry, I presume he must be fixed in Philadelphia, unless he should get a wife with a small fortune, and then it may be proper to come here to increase it by succeeding me in the house, which I have

* Dr. Samuel Preston Moore's house was in North Third Street, below Arch. It had a deep garden, and was, in my time, a large, handsome, old house. The ground, and new house thereon, belong to John Wister.

so established that, if the same means are pursued to keep it up, my successors may make tolerable fortunes, although my disappointments have prevented my doing it. I believe Henry's inclination at present would lead him to spend almost all his time with his relations and his brother; but I would have him use some recreations for health's sake, and hope he will not fall into such as have a tendency to corrupt his morals, or lessen him in the opinions of sober people. I am under some concern about his clothing and deportment, which, perhaps, may give offence. I wish he could conform in these points to what Friends approve of—which, except a very few foibles, must be allowed by all sober, sensible men to be most agreeable to the principles of the Christian religion, reason, and prudence. I, and my family, have had a much harder task to perform here; being necessitated to appear much otherwise than we chose to do. But we have kept our consciences clear, and not conformed to the vices of the people our lot has cast us amongst. I presume our friends will not be too severe in their censures on a young man whose morals are uncorrupted, and one who, for the sake of his education, has been brought up in a place where he scarce had opportunity to know much of Friends, or their principles. I have not been wanting in my letters to inculcate to him what I could, and have, as far as I thought prudent, used my endeavours since he came here with the same view. The rest must be left to the all-wise Disposer. I have given Richard a hint not to influence or prejudice him in the least against Friends, or their principles, and I hope he will not do it—indeed, I flatter myself Richard's principles are the same.

Now, my dear child, I must put an end to this long letter, and conclude, with a heart full of paternal tenderness,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

Thy dear mother had sent to London for some trifling tokens to have bestowed on her children, &c., and I have sent thee one of them.

MR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS DAUGHTERS RACHEL, MARGARET,
AND SARAH.

MADEIRA, June 16, 1752.

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS, RACHEL, PEGGY, AND SALLY:—

I fully intended to write a separate letter to each of you, but have been, and still am so hurried I have not time. I desire you will, however, write separately to me by your sister Debby. I am still greatly afflicted for the loss of your dear mother, although she had an assurance of eternal happiness: and her well-spent life and cheerful resignation leave no room to doubt its being well grounded.

She had for several years, indeed ever since she parted from you, so earnest a desire to see you once more, that I would have given anything that she could have accomplished it, both for your sakes and her own satisfaction. But the Lord, who knows what is best for us, was graciously pleased to enable her to overcome her inclination, and to commit you to his protection. I was very much surprised when she told me so, about five or six weeks before I lost her; for I hardly thought it possible for such a tender, affectionate mother to resign her dear children, when she had been flattering herself with the hopes of seeing them in a few weeks. Your loss, my dear girls, in such a mother is very great, and would be much greater if you had not such kind, good aunts, and so affectionate and good a sister. They will continue to perform a mother's part to you, and I earnestly desire you will be as dutiful to them as to a mother. Follow their example—take their advice, and do not be uneasy at their restraints. They are more experienced than you—know better than you yet can what's proper for you, and will never impose hardships of any kind on you but for your own advantage.

Your dear mother and I used to think ourselves very happy in the accounts we had of you from your aunt, brothers, and sister Moore. Now, my happiness in everything is much lessened, as your dear mother sharing with me made it the greater—yet I shall always think myself happy when my children are so, and while they continue to improve in piety, which will make them live in love and unity with each other. I send

your little sister to live with you, and I hope you, as her elders, will set her good examples. She is good-tempered; and will not wilfully give, nor be very ready to take offence.

I hope your mutual good dispositions will strengthen and confirm each others, and that you may live as your dear mother and aunt did, in perfect love and disinterested friendship, which will be a great comfort to,

My dear children,

Your tenderly affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 16, 1752.

DEAR SON:—

I received thy affectionate, consolatory letter of April 6, and am very much comforted to find that my dear family have been able to draw consolation from religion under the sore affliction which it pleased the Lord to permit to fall on us. No other source could so effectually, if at all, support us under such trials; I know it by experience, and must own it was long before I could bring myself to say as I ought—the Lord's will be done.

I had so set my heart on gratifying thy dear mother in her earnest, laudable desire of once more seeing her sister* and children, that I have often thought if I could but restore her to them for a few months, I should have been willing to have compounded with the loss of her, had it been the Divine will, or to have left her and her dear children in the possession of each other. But Providence, through His unbounded mercy, enabled her, as I have before wrote, entirely to overcome her desire of seeing her family, which was a great consolation to me; and now my dear children's religious submission affords me new comfort. I always dreaded to hear how they received and bore the shock.

My dear sister, Henry, and Patsey are coming to increase the number of thy family, and experience, as well as my dear girls long have, the kind effects of thy affection and benevolence. I

* Rachel Moore, of whom a valued portrait is extant.

don't intend they shall enhance thy family expenses, but will from time to time contribute to the expense as I have opportunities. My business, and the circumstances of my affairs, with so much money out that will take time to get in, and some that's lost, prevents, as hitherto, my doing anything considerable at once, but I hope 'twill not long be so. I sent thee a pipe of fine wine by Bolitho. I have had no opportunity to send the wine I designed to Maryland, to pay the remnant of Bennet's debt.

I am, my dear son,
Thy most affectionate father,
RICHARD HILL.

After the foregoing letters, the next in date is from Mary Moore to Richard Hill, from Philadelphia, at the conclusion of the voyage.

MARY MOORE TO RICHARD HILL IN MADEIRA.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1752.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

This is intended by dear Richard and Debby, whom the Lord preserve safe through the dangers of the sea, and grant you joyful meeting. I must refer thee to the bearers for particulars, being unable to write much now, or at any time since I came here. I have not sat up a whole day, being confined to my room; I have the same complaints as before I left you, but am quite satisfied now in my sickness, as I have the comfort of my dear sister Rachel's company. I find I can bear the uneasiness of body, though 'tis very great, much better with a sister than alone. I have all the consolation I could wish in my dear Hannah's tenderness—she treats me as if I was her mother's friend, and looks on me as a kind of parent, and by her example all her sisters do the same.

I am much comforted to see the great harmony there is amongst them towards one another. They are very affectionate to their aunt; Rachel, Peggy, and Sally call her mammy, and are dutiful and very fond of her. 'Tis an inexpressible satisfaction to me to see them what their dear mother would have wished them to be. I hope it will be a lasting advantage

to Patsy the good examples she has from her sisters here, of love, complaisance, and condescension to one another.

Debby is a valuable young woman; she has been so prudent in her conduct here as to gain the love of all that are acquainted with her—everybody seems fond of her, which I can't help remarking with pleasure, as the world is more apt to slight than show compassion to one in her circumstances.* She is of a cheerful, even disposition, very conversible, and will, I believe, be a great comfort to thee, and help to amuse some of thy leisure hours very agreeably. Her brother Moore is very fond of her, and always treats her with the greatest good manner; and my sister Rachel tells me he has ever done so, both to her and all his wife's sisters, and they all love him affectionately. My sister gives a most amiable character of him in prudent, steady conduct, and the great regard he has to decency and delicacy in words and actions.

Since his mother's death he has taken a very religious turn; he is very much esteemed amongst Friends here—I think he is a little hipped sometimes, and he thinks so himself; he seems to have the same sort of uneasiness in his stomach that thou art troubled with, which is relieved by eating. He looks very badly I observe with concern, and that his voice falters much in speaking as one exceedingly low-spirited. I think he is in a bad way—worse than he thinks himself. He has been brought very low with this disorder; he endeavours to appear cheerful, but I see 'tis forced. Perhaps thou may be able to recommend something that may be serviceable. I really am very uneasy about him; I think his death would make a sad change here; he is a very valuable and affectionate relation, and a very upright man—we have more to value him for than I can tell thee now; he is what thou would esteem and be much pleased with. I can't now say what I desire about our affairs, but when 'tis a proper time to buy wheat, shall send the quantity thou advised to. Richard tells me he shall take care to pay all little debts, that they will leave this place with credit. I'm much affected at the hard necessity of his going under such circumstances, when I think the first step he took towards being in debt was his tenderness for his little brother's education, and his fatherly care of him; and

* She was slightly lame.

since, his unavoidable expense in endeavouring to promote thy interest in these parts, which could not be done without the appearance of a gentleman; my heart overflows with tenderness to him, but I've been so weak ever since we met, that I've not been able to talk but very little with him. My heart has been so full of his dear mother when we have been together, that I've been more affected than I could well bear up against, which has often kept me silent when I would have given him the consolation, tho' a sorrowful one, of knowing how largely he shared in his dear mother's affection, and how much the satisfaction she had in finding Henry so promising was owing to his brother's happily placing him, as he did, among so worthy a set of people in Scotland.

I hope everything will turn out for the best at last; pray, my dear brother, don't blame him for having laid out so much money, as he has done it with credit. He is a fine young man; he has a greatness of soul that will always keep him above a base or wicked action. He has always been a dutiful and affectionate child, and he is to his sisters like a tender father; and to us, his aunts, he has been an engaging relation. When I compare him with any one of the young men of our relations here, the difference is so much in his favour, that I can't help congratulating thee upon having such sons. I assure thee thou hast cause to be comforted in thy children above most men. * * *

The remainder of the letter is missing.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, August 29, 1752.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I have received thy affectionate letters of the 1st and 3d of June, and am very much comforted with thy resignation to the dispensations of Providence. I am very thankful that thou hast been able to seek consolation from the only source that can effectually give it. I always hoped that thy religious disposition, and the assistance thou wouldst have from so many good friends, would enable thee to submit to the Divine will; yet I was so anxious for thee till I received thy letters, that

when I sometimes flattered myself I was in the way of patient resignation, my concern for thee would succeed and renew my grief, and greatly depress my mind.

I am so desirous to see thee, my dear child, and my other dear children, that I have determined to make you a visit very soon after one of thy brothers arrives here. If either of them should come this fall, I think nothing shall hinder me from going in the spring, between the first of March and the middle of June, if a good, safe vessel offers to Philadelphia, New York, or Virginia, but I shall prefer one to Philadelphia. My family here don't expect me to leave them so soon, nor do I think it proper yet to let them know my resolution.

When I wrote thee about six years ago that I hoped to leave Madeira in two years, I did not willingly tantalize thee; but I was prevented by several unexpected losses soon after. I lost thirty pipes of wine by one merchant breaking in Antigua, thirty-two by another in the same place; about a thousand pounds by another in Jamaica; twenty pipes shipped by poor Captain Green; about five hundred pounds by sundry Portuguese; and had about £1500 due to us by others, which we could not get in, nor have yet. I would, however, have prosecuted my design, and gone over to have gratified thy dear mother, had she not, according to her accustomed prudence, cheerfully consented to stay till our debts could be got in and part of our losses made up, that the end of our coming here (the providing for our dear little girls) might be answered. These losses never touched our hearts, only concerning us as it kept us from our dear children.

Our business is now so considerable, that I cannot leave it till one of thy brothers comes, because it would be more than Thomas Lamar could manage alone, and in case of his death or sickness the house might fall, which I am earnestly concerned to prevent, as it may be a support to some, perhaps many, of my family for many years to come.

I told thee that I would not have thee send Sarah here, which I now confirm, and must insist that thou wilt keep her. I also mentioned thy apprehensions of my having but a short time to stay after thy dear mother as ill grounded; for, although it pleased the Lord to grant her what she so much desired, viz. that I should survive her, thou canst have no room to fear from

thence my time's being shortened. I am in as good a state of health as ever I was, being much less troubled with the pain of my stomach after tasting wine than I used to be; wherefore, my dear child, do not afflict thyself with needless fears. I hope Providence will indulge us with a short time of stay together, before I go off the stage.

Perhaps it may be necessary for me to return here again, before I settle for the last time in Philadelphia; but of this more when I am with thee.

I am, my dear daughter,
Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS UNMARRIED DAUGHTERS IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, Sept. 2, 1752.

MY DEAR RACHEL, PEGGY, AND SALLY:—

I received your letters of June 3, and am very much pleased with the dutiful and affectionate concern you express for me. The accounts I have often received from your aunt, sister, and brothers of your good dispositions have always been very satisfactory, and contributed to the making so long a separation from you more tolerable than it otherwise would have been, as it gave me room to think that their tender care and good examples had made amends for the want of parents, by seasoning your minds with the principles of religion; which, steadily cherished and practised, will not only lay a foundation for your eternal welfare, but will contribute more to your happiness in this life than all the transitory enjoyments of it. For in the greatest prosperity you will find no satisfaction equal to that of a good conscience; this, accompanied with an humble reliance on the Divine Author of our being, and submission to his will, will enable you to be contented with a moderate share of the things of this world, and teach you to make proper use of them.

I design to settle my affairs here as soon as I can, in order to make a visit to my children, which I should have done much sooner had I not made my inclination submit to their advantage; for, as I came here for the sakes of my younger daughters, it would have frustrated my design had I thrown myself

out of good business before I had made provision for them—I do not mean great fortunes, but sufficient to enable them to live independently, that when they come to be women they might not be under the necessity of throwing themselves away, for the sake of a maintenance, on worthless fellows—which is a much worse circumstance than being obliged to work for a living. Nothing so much requires mature deliberation and the advice of true friends as marriage—persons who too hastily enter into that state, must suffer the bad consequences of a mistaken choice as long as they live.

My dear children—I desire you will live in love and mutual affection for each other. Apply yourselves to the improvement of your minds, by reading good and instructive books; always having regard in your conversation and deportment to the decency and delicacy so becoming your sex, not neglecting any opportunity of learning such commendable works as are suitable to it. Your letters will always be very acceptable to me and your sisters; your writing frequently, with care, will improve your hands, and if you look into a spelling-book or dictionary when you are at a loss to spell any words, you will soon get over that difficulty. My dear Sally need not fear her nose being out of joint in my opinion; for, although I love my children equally, she has one advantage of them all, if her picture* does not flatter her, in being the most like her dear mother.

I am, my dear children,

Your most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, Sept. 25, 1752.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I wrote to thee, by Captain Spafforth, the 29th ultimo, and sent a copy of the greatest part of that letter by way of New York, with some additions about the 2d instant, to which I refer. I have since received thy acceptable letter of apology of April 29, *via* Virginia; and July 25, by Captain Bolitho, with the joyful account of the arrival of my dear sister and children.

* This portrait is unknown to the present generation.

I have carefully observed the contents of thy two letters above mentioned, and shall now answer some of the particulars they contain. As thou the more cheerfully parts with Debby for my sake, thou probably may be uneasy on her account, when thou finds that I shall soon go over to Philadelphia and leave her here. But I desire thee to consider that her staying here some time may be of service to her lameness, and she and her sister Lamar will be mutual comforts to each other. Besides, I promise myself a good deal of satisfaction from her prudence and solidity, which may be of great service to all others in the house while I may be absent from them, and prevent their seeking unedifying company abroad. And whenever Debby is desirous to return to Philadelphia, I shall be willing to it; for my chief care is to make my children as happy as I can, and I shall never value trouble or whatever expense may be necessary to that end. I have under my consideration a scheme of passing the remainder of my days part in Philadelphia and part here; at least, not to settle finally in Philadelphia without making another visit to, and staying a short time with my family in Madeira. But, at present, I am only resolved on going soon to Philadelphia, where I propose to consult and determine on the next step.

Thy request concerning thy letters I shall readily comply with. But the greatest part of them thy dear mother had sealed up, and wrote on them how she would have them disposed of, which I presume my dear sister has acquainted thee with. It gives me great pleasure to find thee so happy in the company of thy aunt, brother, and little sister. I doubt not thy tender care of thy aunt; but I am very fearful, her constitution is so impaired, that she will continue to decline, unless the change of climate should happily contribute to her recovery.

Henry is, indeed, a promising youth, and shows both the goodness of his capacity and his diligence in having acquired so much learning in so short a time, and making himself so good a judge of polite literature; but what pleases me more is his good temper, his humility, and his uncorrupted morals. It is absolutely necessary for him or Richard to be here when I leave this place, but I am not able to determine which till I have consulted Richard; for I would have them both settle to their satisfaction, and I have recommended to Henry the taking

thy advice concerning marrying, if he should have an inclination to any young woman in your part of the world. It is needless to repeat to thee the cautions I gave him in that most important affair; thy own sagacity will suggest the same things I have inculcated to him. Yet I cannot avoid saying that virtue, good sense, good temper, and an agreeable person of a good family are so essential, that scarce any one of them must be wanting. As to money, it's only to be considered as a good contingent, and by no means as a principal motive; and, altho' I should advise always to have regard to family, yet it will not make amends for the want of any one of the qualities mentioned before it; and although they should be allowed to make up for the want of family, yet I should advise a person not to be too quick in choosing till he had fully satisfied himself of the person, and could find no other equally agreeable and meritorious of a better family. But great care should be taken that, while we are pleased with the family or some personal qualification, we do not suffer ourselves to be so blinded by them as to overlook defects of equal consequence. Thus I have, contrary to my intention, run into particulars, after telling thee 'twas needless.

I did not intend to put Henry on marrying suddenly, but to give him some necessary cautions, and let him know it would be agreeable to me to have him make a happy choice, whenever he should have it in his power.

I am in hopes, as Richard may be here next month, I shall be able to leave this place early in the spring, or beginning of next summer, perhaps with Bolitho, Sibbald, or some other good vessel. I am not willing thou shouldst send Sarah here, as thou cannot well be without her, and she is not such an one as we want. If a good cook-maid cannot be readily got, we must make a shift with the servants we have, which will be less inconvenient to Molly than having a bad one. We are not fond of entertaining much company, and a plain dinner is sufficient for such as we usually have.

I shall not show thy letters—however unfit thou mayst reckon them to be seen by others, they are my constant companions, one serving me to read over and over again, till I get another; but, my dear child, don't put thyself to the trouble of writing long letters by night, or when thou art straitened for

time, which, I believe, is often the case. It will be enough to inform me (or sometimes let the children do it) by every opportunity, how you all do.

I saw cousin Coleman's apologizing letter, which, I perceive, was not agreeable to his friends; however, as he had a right to please himself, I would not have his friends entirely withdraw their notice of him, but continue to do him any friendly office occasionally. He seems to be a well-meaning lad, with more of the dove than serpent, and may be happy in his own choice, which I heartily wish, and desire to be kindly remembered to him.

I have not heard from cousin Charles Moore or Alexander Scott since Henry went away; but, by a letter from one of Henry's acquaintance, I understand cousin Charles was well, and about to take a doctor's degree.

My dear child, don't be so anxious about me. I am, through mercy, in a good state of health, and subject to no particular disorder but the old pain in my stomach, which my temperate way of living keeps under, except now and then it's brought on by tasting wine; but never continues long, and at worst admits of relief—indeed, soon goes away without taking medicines.

Thy sisters write to thee by this opportunity; which probably will be the last we shall have directly to Philadelphia this fall.

I am, with dear love to you all,

My dear daughter,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO RACHEL HILL, AFTERWARDS WELLS.

MADEIRA, Sept. 25, 1752.

MY DEAR RACHEL:—

I wrote a joint letter the 2d inst., via New York, to thee, thy sister Peggy and Sally, to which I must refer you, not having time to copy it.

I rejoice at the safe arrival of thy dear, weakly aunt, thy brother and sister, and think myself happy in your being mutually so in each other; but I should be much more happy if I was



Engraved by A. Newman

J. S. Duval & Co. Steam Lith. Press. Phila.

MARGARET HILL.

Act. 15.

among you, and hope I shall in a few months, after thy brother Richard arrives.

I am glad to find thou art serviceable to thy sister Moore, by taking some part of the care of the family off her hands. It is a duty thou owes so kind a sister, and will qualify thee for the governing a family of thy own, if thou shouldst ever have one ; wherefore I desire, and do not doubt thou wilt continue to assist her all thou canst, and I hope thou wilt do it cheerfully and without reluctance.

Thy sisters are well, and intend to write by this opportunity.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO MARGARET HILL, AFTERWARDS MORRIS.

MADEIRA, Sept. 25, 1752.

MY DEAR PEGGY:—

I received thine of July 24, by Captain Bolitho, with the joyful news of the arrival of thy dear aunt, brother, and sister, and wish I could augment all your happiness by being with you, which I am earnestly endeavouring to accomplish as soon as I can.

I hope my dear Patsy will continue to behave so as to preserve the esteem and good opinion her sisters all seem to have of her, and that if any childish misunderstandings should happen between you, they will be inconsiderable ones, and will put you on your guard to prevent greater by being cautious of giving offence to each other, and bearing with any one that inadvertently happens to do it.

I wrote thee, thy sister Rachel, and Sally a joint letter, *via* New York, the 2d inst., to which I refer thee, not having time to copy it, or repeat the advice I therein gave you.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS DAUGHTERS IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, Feb. 10, 1753.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, RACHEL, PEGGY, SALLY, AND PATSY:—

I received your acceptable letters by Captains Chancellor and Bolitho, which, if I had time, I would answer separately. But I have so much to write, that it's with difficulty I can accomplish what must necessarily go by Bolitho, who has been detained longer than usual. Wherefore I cannot allow myself now the satisfaction of writing to each of you; it being of more consequence to take care of the business which, for your sakes, I am engaged in, and which I with the greater cheerfulness pursue, as I am in hopes thereby, through the favour of Providence, to make such a competent provision for you, as will, if prudently managed, keep you from being dependent, which is a very disagreeable state.

I am, my dear girls,

Your very affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

HARRIET HILL TO HER SISTERS MARGARET AND SARAH.

MADEIRA, Feb. 13, 1753.

MY DEAR SISTERS, PEGGY AND SALLY:—

I have wrote three or four times since the arrival of my dear sister Debby, but have not had the pleasure to receive one line from either of you. I think my dear Sally never wrote to me in her life; but that does not make me love you the less. I hope my writing so often to you, will make you oblige me oftener with a line, which would be a great pleasure to me.

Captain Bolitho going away a day or two sooner than was expected, and I having several things to get ready that are to go to Philadelphia, obliges me to make this a shorter letter than I intended. I desire your acceptance of a barrel of oranges, marked M. S. M. H.

I am, my dear girls,

Your tenderly affectionate sister,

HARRIET HILL.

RACHEL HILL TO HER FATHER.—(WITHOUT DATE.)

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:—

As I did not write to thee by the last vessels to Madeira, I take this opportunity, with a great deal of pleasure, to let thee know how sorry I am that we are not yet to see our dear papa; who, although I have no remembrance of, I love very dearly, and when we have the satisfaction of seeing thee, we shall strive who can love thee best.

I am greatly obliged for the petticoat thou sent me, which I shall value more as it was drawn by my dear mamma's direction. Our fond, indulgent sister Moore seems every day striving to lessen our loss of a tender mamma, by supplying the place of one herself.

My dear aunt Molly still continues very weak; she is now in the country, where she has her health much better than in town, which is very hot and sickly—but we have none of us been sick this summer.

Sister Peggy and myself beg thy acceptance of some damask, for winter caps.

I am, my dear papa,

Thy dutiful and very affectionate child,

RACHEL HILL.

MARY LAMAR TO HER SISTERS IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, Feb. 15, 1753.

MY DEAR SISTERS, RACHEL, PEGGY, SALLY, AND PATSY:—

Your brother Lamar has not time to write to you as he intended, about your adventure, which goes by Bolitho, therefore has desired me to inclose this bill of loading, by which you may see that he has sent you a beginning. He says you had better send the proceeds back directly in best fine middling new flour. I have not time to add but that I wish you good success; and am, with great love, in which your brother Lamar joins,

Your most affectionate sister,

M. LAMAR.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, March 2, 1753.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

My last was by Captain Bolitho, to which I refer. This goes *via* New York, and must be short, as he says he will sail to-night, and I was assured he would stay till to-morrow. I am, and have been too much hurried to write to any of the rest of my children, or to my sister, to whom excuse me.

I am now dispatching the last vessel we have in the port; and T. Lamar having been indisposed for about a week, has obliged me to do a good part of the business he used to take to his share, and which thy brother yet cannot do for want of knowing the Portuguese, their language, and the state of their accounts with us, which is the reason I have had so little time to write.

T. L.'s disorder was, I believe, occasioned by his close application, and the variety of business he lately had on his head and hands. He was taken with a giddiness, which was succeeded by a pain in his head, and he has since had a slight chilliness and something of a fever. I did not bleed him, because I was apprehensive that, from long intense thought and constant application, he was in danger of a nervous fever, in which evacuations are prejudicial; he walks about the house, and declines business of any sort, and I hope, as he is better, he will soon get well. Richard will, in a short time, be able to be very helpful to us, and we have a very diligent, capable clerk, who is pretty well acquainted with our business, and they will soon be able to make it much lighter on T. L. and myself, who have, indeed, for a long time been too much oppressed by it.

I wrote to my dear Henry to come over in the spring with Sibbald or Bolitho: I prefer the first, as he is a better tempered man, and more polite. Desire Henry to be ready, and not leave much to do to the last, that he may not be hurried or omit anything.

I received his letters from Virginia and Maryland. I told him and wrote him that, if he should be inclined to marry any particular person entirely to his satisfaction, he might defer or

decline coming here till I go over, which I yet don't despair of accomplishing in the spring or summer; and, if I should not be able then, I shall endeavour it early in the fall, and at longest, if I live, thou mayst depend on seeing me the spring following—that is, next June twelve-months; not that I yet have any design of putting my voyage off so long, but I mention it lest thou shouldst depend too much on my going over this spring, and anything should hinder it.

My dearest child, don't let thy concern for me or anything else afflict thee with anxiety; keep thy mind calm, and submit all to the disposal of the Divine will, and be assured that, howsoever He disposes of us, it will be for our advantage.

I am, my dear child, with dear love to you all,
Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 19, 1753.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I received thy acceptable letters of the 15th and 30th of April, which I cannot answer so particularly as I would do, and wish I may have time to do it by Sibbald.

My dear Henry and cousin Joseph Gillis had a fine passage, and are, with the rest of the family, very well. I used all my endeavours to get my affairs in a condition to leave this spring, and was in hopes I should have been ready to have gone with Sibbald and Bolitho till about the time I last wrote to thee by way of New York, when I found it impracticable, having had such constant employ with vessels, and some trouble—some affairs here with the Portuguese.

But, my dear child, thou mayst depend, if Providence spares me till the spring, I will take the first good opportunity to go to Philadelphia, Virginia, or New York; but I shall prefer Philadelphia, if any good vessel offers between March and June.

I am extremely concerned to hear my dear sister continues so weakly, and do not know what to advise for her; yet I think it might not be amiss sometimes, when her spirits are so very low, to roll her limbs with linen rollers—if I am not mistaken,

she tried it here with some advantage. I shall write her a few lines by this, and every other opportunity. I am in hopes she does not make herself uneasy at anything that has happened in her affairs, or from apprehensions of anything which may either to her herself or sister Rachel.

I am glad to hear cousin Zachary is so much better, and hope he may long live without being worse; if he could fall on a method of inviting the gout to his feet next fall, or when he used to have an annual fit, it might prevent a relapse of the palsy, and perhaps give him some relief. I have sent him some valerian, which may be taken freely, and some of it may be taken for my sister. It's one of the best nervous simples that I know, and this that grows here is as good as I ever saw—it is in a basket, directed to thee or him.

It may seem to some people preposterous to give advice at such a distance, when several good physicians are at hand, and probably more capable; but this is the effect of my affection and esteem for my dear sister and kinsman, who, when he lived with me, was a most faithful, diligent assistant and affectionate friend, and I have ever had a great love and esteem for him.

Thy sisters, I believe, all write to thee; to their letters I must refer. Before I conclude, I cannot avoid assuring thee that 'tis not any unwillingness to leave this place that makes me put off my voyage, nor any difficulty in my circumstances; but a great many unsettled affairs, of consequence to my dear children, and my wanting to settle all family concerns, and to see thy brothers a little more acquainted with the business, that the house may suffer no inconvenience when I leave it—so that (let me say it again) thou mayst depend on my going over next spring, if I live. I am, with dear love to my dear children, and Sammy, and sisters,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

HENRY HILL TO HIS SISTERS.

MADEIRA, June 19, 1753.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—

As I believe the news of my safe arrival will be very agreeable to you, I am glad to make it as much so as I can by

writing to you myself, though I am hurried and cannot be very particular. We had pretty good weather, but some much worse than Patsy saw in coming from Madeira, and we were not above half the time at sea that brother and sister Debby were, being but twenty-five days from the Capes. Captain Bolitho will return soon, and you must each write me a letter. I am sure my dear Rachel and Peggy will find time to do it, and I shall be obliged to them; and, unless I am greatly deceived, my dear Sally and Patsy will intend it as sincerely, but may be so taken up with grammar and going to school, that they may forget me.

If cousin Charles is still in Philadelphia, tell him I shall have another opportunity to write to him more at leisure in a few days, and make my compliments to him.

I left some books,* which you will do me the favour to see put up and sent by Bolitho or Sibbald, and, in return, I will send you some. In the meanwhile you will not be at a loss for a living, fine example for your conduct in dear sister Moore, who really seems to have all the tenderness of a parent; for my part, I seldom think of dear mamma but of her at the same time.

I am, my dear Rachel, Peggy, Sally, and Patsy,
Your very affectionate brother,
HENRY HILL.

RICHARD HILL, JR., TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 29, 1753.

DEAREST SISTER:—

All the family have wrote so particularly now, that I shall not repeat what they have said, and therefore shall only offer you a few words.

I thank you, my dear creature, for the ruffles—I value them more than Dresden work, because you sent them.

Pray use everything of mine in your house that will be in the least convenient. I give you the best floor-cloth, and everything else you have an inclination to.

* The books are Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Watts's *Logic*, and *Virgil in Latin*, with my name in it.

I cannot say much more now. Send my standish and ivory compting-house seal. Remember me to R. Steel, and all inquiring relations and friends.

I am, my dear creature,

Your always fond and affectionate brother,

R. HILL, JR.

Our good papa writes you a long letter.

HENRY HILL TO RACHEL HILL.

MADEIRA, October 5, 1753.

MY DEAR SISTER RACHEL:—

I received your agreeable letter by Captain Bolitho, and need not assure you the correspondence will give me as much pleasure, at least, as you propose by it, especially if you observe freedom, and do not show too much complaisance by writing when it is not quite agreeable to yourself. Sometimes I may be obliged to let slip an opportunity, which you must not be surprised at, but suppose I could not conveniently embrace it.

You will have the great satisfaction, I hope, of seeing your most worthy to be loved papa in a few months. He has surpassed rugged difficulties to make our lives easy, and Providence smiles upon his generous endeavours; which, with the mutual tenderness of his children for him, and their innocence, will make him equally happy in being with you.

By the next vessel I will not be so abrupt; excuse it now, and continue to believe me,

My dear Rachel,

Your very affectionate brother,

HENRY HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HIS CHILDREN.

MADEIRA, October 7, 1753.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I received my dear Rachel and Peggy's letters, but none from Sally and Patsy. I intended, however, to have wrote separate letters to you all, had not Captain Calvers, of Virginia, arrived yesterday from Bristol and hurried me very much to dispatch him (as well as Bolitho) to-day.

The damask was very acceptable, but you need never send me anything as tokens of your love, but letters will always be to me more valuable than anything else.

I please myself with the hopes of your continuing to improve in virtue and the most commendable accomplishments of your sex, and hope in the spring to have the pleasure of seeing you, and giving you the satisfaction of knowing,

My dear girls,

Your most affectionate and

Tender father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HIS CHILDREN.

MADEIRA, October 28, 1753.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I wrote a joint letter to you by Captain Bolitho, and now do the same, not having time to write separately to you all. Your letters by Captain Murray were very acceptable, as they always will be, how short or long soever they may be. You need not be ashamed of writing to me, as your sister tells me you were, for I can always find something to please me in my dear children's letters, and if there should be any faults in them, an indulgent father can excuse them and make allowances for your youth and want of experience; faults, if they may be called so, of which you will every day mend.

I am pleased to find you so sensible of the advantages of having such a kind brother and sister, whose steady care and tenderness of you have endeared them to me, and prevented the anxieties I should have been under on your account had you lived with anybody else. I hope you will never forget your obligations to them, but take all opportunities to show them how much you love them and regard their good advice and examples, which will give them more satisfaction than returns of any other kind whether from you or me.

I hope I need not repeat my advice to you to be obliging and dutiful to your aunts and particularly to your poor weakly aunt Molly, whose state of health will not admit of her being discomposed without danger. You should remember that she is not only your dear mamma's sister, but that to bear her com-

pany, she left all the rest of her relations and came over here without any view of advantage to herself; leaving the care of her fortune to the management of others; such instances of sisterly love are not common, and should be as shining examples to all sisters. Their behaviour to each other and all their conduct was a continued scene of mutual tenderness and affection, which gave me an equal share of happiness with them. Keep their example in your memories, and try to live with one another in the same manner, and let me prevail on you, my dear children, to do all you can to make the remainder of your aunt's life pass easily and cheerfully.

It will be a great satisfaction when she is gone, if you survive her; on the contrary, the remembrance of every neglect of her will then give you uneasiness, but I hope you will have no such things to accuse yourselves of. I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and therefore must assure you, it is not owing to any information or suspicion of your misbehavior; so far from it, that your aunt has wrote me very much in your favour.

I am, my dear girls,

Your most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, February 21, 1754.

MY DEAREST CHILD:—

I thought to have wrote thee a long letter by Captain Sibbald, but Bolitho coming in the day he sailed for Antigua, I declined it, thinking the latter would sooner get home.

I received thy letters by both of them, and by Captain Lyon, and have with pleasure often read them, yet I have not time to answer them methodically or particularly, which thou wilt excuse.

I rejoice and am thankful for my dear sister's recovering so good a state of health, which I am persuaded thy affectionate tenderness has contributed not a little to. I fully designed to write to her, but have not time, unless 'twere only a few lines, having had vessels after vessels ever since the 7th of December; sometimes three or four together, and never without one or two

from that time to this. But what prevented my writing at night was the having William Moore at our house for above a week. He is son of William Moore of Moore Hall; he has taken what wines he wanted of us for bills, which are very acceptable, though of no great amount; he seems very much our friend, and has recommended us to his correspondents in England and Ireland. My dear girls I believe begin to be pretty experienced, as they are almost women, and I have sent them by this opportunity three pieces of silk, two of linen, and five of chintz. I should rather say, I send them for thee to dispose of, as thou thinks proper; if the colours of the taffetas are not proper, I presume they may be changed. I also send a quarter cask of wine for the family use, but it's new and not fine, though it will be good in the summer. Our vintage proving ordinary, I don't send as I intended some pipes of the best sort to enable my dear Sammy to raise a little money, and I decline sending at present any more Dutch wine, as it will not sell. I shall ship some to Maryland by S. Galloway's or Dr. Stuart's brig, to pay the balance of Bennet's debt, consigned to my brother or James Dick. I have not time to write to Sammy or cousin Charles Moore, but I should be glad to have the latter know, he cannot oblige me more than by sending a bill, this next spring or summer for what A. Scott advanced for him on our account, which is the more necessary, as I shall in the summer, or I hope spring, leave my young partners under engagements for a great sum of money to be paid in Lisbon next fall, which we have not fully provided for, nor do I know how we shall. I have often been at such a pinch, when some providential relief has come by unexpected bills, and it happened so this last fall.

If neither Sibbald nor Bolitho should be here at a proper time, I believe I shall take any other opportunity; indeed, if Ellegood's little Milcah comes before them, I believe I shall go in her, as she's a good new vessel; but then I may perhaps go first to Virginia and thence up the bay by land or water. I think to take Henry with me. I expect the Milcah here next month, and can keep her a month or five weeks if necessary. I should send something to pay my sisters' expenses, as they are increased, I suppose, by their being at their nephew's, but I must do it more at leisure.

My dear Debby has not been indisposed, nor has she lost much of her flesh, as I can perceive. I believe she is easy in her mind, and I think all the rest of the family are so; I would do anything in my power to contribute to it, if I found occasion. Hereafter if thou writes to me, enclose thy letters to Debby, or either of thy sisters, or to Richard, as I shall probably be gone before any letters get here.

I must now leave off and finish my letters of business, which I find a much easier task than it used to be, by thy brother's assistance.

I am, my dear Hannah, with dear love to you all as if named particularly,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

Our market is very low, and like to continue so till next fall.

Thou'll excuse me to Sammy, my sister, Dr. Zachary, and all the children. I really cannot write to them now, though I fain would.

RICHARD HILL TO HIS CHILDREN.

MADEIRA, May 9, 1754.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

I with great satisfaction received your pretty affectionate letters by Captain Murray, and was sorry my dear Rachel could not write me at the same time.

I have little more to say to you now, not having time, than to tell you that I shall be ready to go with Captain Sibbald or the first other good opportunity that offers after the last of this month, and I hope I shall have the happiness of seeing you all some time in July. I commit you to the protection of Providence, and am with dear love,

My dear girls,

Your most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL, JR., TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 21, 1754.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—

(Don't communicate the contents of this letter as you read it.) I know you will excuse my sending you such a scrawl as I did by Captain Murray, and therefore shall not offer an apology for it. Since then I have had the satisfaction of hearing you were all well by Captain Noel, who delivered me your affectionate letter of March 31st.

Last night my father and myself returned from a fatiguing voyage and journey to the westernmost part of the island where we had been to see some wines, and this day a vessel from Lisbon is unexpectedly come to us to sail for Philadelphia, and though the warning is short, I could not excuse myself writing a line or two to my ever dear sister. Debby will also send a few lines, but none of the rest I believe can, for they are very busy preparing my father's sea-stores and other necessities, against the arrival of Captain Paul Loyde, who will be here in a few days from Lisbon, in order to take my good father and brother Henry in for Virginia. His vessel is a fine large new one, with excellent accommodations, and the captain a man my father has a great esteem for. Our business is so considerable from Virginia, that my father judges 'tis much the best that he should go thither first, as will undoubtedly be greatly to our advantage. However, he will not stay there above a week or two, and will be provided with a sloop by our very good friend Hunter to carry him up the bay. So, my dear creature, you may, if 'tis the will of Providence, expect to see him about the latter end of August, as he will probably leave this place three weeks hence. But don't be over anxious about him if he does not arrive so soon, for it may be he will not sail from hence till after the time I now suppose. Don't let anybody know that my father does not intend to go to America with Bolitho or Sibbald except our own family, lest the owners of these people's vessels should take it amiss. My father has a good excuse by their not informing us whether they are coming here or not, of which we are in doubt. I write you in haste, which pray overlook. I must tell you that since Sibbald was here

last, we have been but three days without vessels to us. We have already had as many as my father ever had in one whole year—the number is double that of any house here except the Scotts, and is eleven more vessels than they have had. This all to yourself.

I am, with dear love to my brother Moore and all the rest of you,

My dearest sister,

Your always most affectionate brother,

RICHARD HILL, JR.

I write to nobody else now.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

MADEIRA, June 29, 1754.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—

I wrote you a few days ago by one Captain Cower, who touched here on his way from Lisbon to Philadelphia. Since then, I have received your affectionate letters. I cannot easily tell you the joy I have in hearing you are well, but it would not be difficult for you to conceive how great it is, did you only know the anxiety I feel on the arrival of a Philadelphia vessel till I have asked my first question, Are they all well? I am sorry, my dear creature, you have sent me the pineapple. However, as you have I will not return it. But you must accept of just such another, which I shall order to you from Barbadoes by the first opportunity I have of writing thither, which will happen ere long. I refer to my sister Debby for such particulars as relate to our family, and to our good papa for what relates to his intended visit to you, his very dear daughter.

I can't say I write at leisure now, but I think for the future to make my letters more legible when I write in haste than heretofore. I must desire you to send, my dear one, Heap's Perspective Views of Philadelphia, coloured. I have often intended to desire them, and it has by some means as often slipped my memory. I shall by this opportunity only write one letter, beside this, and that will be to Mr. Conyngham in answer to one from him. Captain Callender brought me no letter from any of my old friends at Philadelphia, and I received but very few by Sibbald and Drason. I fancy most of my acquaintances

begin to forget they ever knew me. For what reason, I wonder? for I think I may venture to say I am not altered for the worse—on the contrary I am, I hope, rather better. But I am not the first who has experienced the truth of that trite old saying, out of sight, &c.

* * * * * *

I cannot promise that I shall write my dear little girls by Drason, but I will endeavour to do so. 'Twould give me much pleasure to hear frequently from them. I must conclude without reading this over. Remember me very affectionately to my aunts, my good brother Moore, my girls, and be assured, my dearest creature, I shall, while I live, be

Your most tenderly

Affectionate brother,

RICHARD HILL, JR.

Don't forget me to all you think I should offer my compliments to, particularly Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Alexander Stedman—tell the latter I wrote her by Murray and shall by Sibbald, and send her some onions she ordered.

I never intend my letters to you should be perused by any but your dear selves.

RICHARD HILL, JR., TO HENRY HILL.

MADEIRA, July 10, 1754.

DEAR BROTHER:—

In answer to what S. Galloway has wrote you, concerning the London town house, please to acquaint him he may depend on having it very reasonably, and that I shall empower my father, who will leave this place next week, to treat with him for it. If Mr. Galloway should be near ready to sail for England, when this reaches you, desire him to leave a power with somebody to adjust the matter with my father.

As my father has wrote my good sister by this opportunity of his going from hence, &c. &c., I say nothing of it to you, nor do I write her. Indeed I cannot well do either now.

I heartily wish the affair of the French and Indians, which has lately so much disturbed the Legislature of some of the American Colonies, may not prove a melancholy serious one.

My dear love waits on my dearest sister Moore, my other sisters and my aunts, and I am, with great truth,

Dear brother,

Yours most affectionately,

RICHARD HILL, JR.

In 1754, Richard Hill visited his children in America; the long separation was over. We are left to imagine the meeting between the father and children, there being no occasion for them to correspond, except it might be when he was absent in Virginia or Maryland.

The following little note from him is the first record I find, from his own pen, of his being here.

DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I received thine of the 7th inst., which I did not expect an opportunity to have answered, nor should I, if I had not called to see Dr. Johnson on my return from Lower Marlborough.

I have done almost all my business here, design to lodge at Philip Thomas's to-night, to-morrow night at T. Sprigg's, and the next at London Town or brother Joseph's, from whence I shall begin my journey toward Philadelphia, and without much stay in Baltimore County proceed up. Pray don't be anxious about me, for I take great care of myself for my dear children's sakes.

I am, with dear love to you all,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

From Dr. JOHNSON'S.

RICHARD HILL, JR., TO HIS FATHER IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, August 3, 1754.

MY DEAR HONOURED FATHER:—

Four or five days after we parted from you, Governor Morris arrived here in the Mermaid man-of-war. Captain Shirley, with his lady and a young gentlewoman her companion, we, at the instance of Mr. Morris, had the pleasure of entertaining at our house during their stay. To give Mr. Lamar an opportunity of transmitting you a full account of our transac-

tions since your departure, I've been obliged to attend our guests on visits and at home so constantly, that I am, much against my inclination, forced to write you now more briefly than on any other occasion. You will find Mr. Morris inclined to do you or any of our family whatever kindness is in his power. If Captain Shirley and his lady should visit Philadelphia, you will be pleased to visit them.

I am sure I cannot tell you anything that will be more pleasing to you, than that the affectionate union and harmony among your children is as likely to subsist as ever, and I may venture to assure you there is not even a probability of its being broken; on this as well as other subjects, be indulgent enough to let me refer you to what I write by the first opportunity to Philadelphia.

We daily and hourly, all of us, think and speak of you as you would wish us, and I am satisfied if there were no other motives, we should exert ourselves in endeavouring at a conduct consistent with our characters here, for your sake.

I must confess I am under a great anxiety for your safety, and shall not be without it, till I know of your arrival, but I'm obliged to disguise it for the sakes of my dear sisters, who feel no less for you than I do.

Captain Shirley now waits for this; I am obliged, therefore, to conclude, but with a heart full of affection for you, my dear Henry and sisters.

Your always dutiful child,

RICHARD HILL, JR.

Sad news reached the family in America immediately after the foregoing letter. Richard Hill, Jr., died in Madeira during the absence of his father. The fact is communicated by Thomas Lamar.

THOMAS LAMAR TO RICHARD HILL IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, March 29, 1755.

DEAR SIR:—

If my observations had not supplied me with many instances of your fortitude of mind and your resignation to the

will and dispensations of Providence, I should not know in what manner to acquaint you with the death of my dear brother, which happened the 18th inst. after a return of such a fit as I have already informed you of. I call it a fit, from his being taken in the manner he was when he was so bad the first time, which was with a difficulty of breathing, inflation of the stomach, lowness of pulse, cold sweats and a palpitation of the heart. I shall not dwell longer on this melancholy subject than to acquaint you that when we thought we should have lost him the first time, I prevailed on him, as he was not able to sign his name, in the presence of Mr. Gordon and several others, to make a nuncupative will, which he did, and left his man Joseph an hundred pounds sterling, four or five pipes of wine, which he said were in the hands of Reese Meredith, and all his clothes. His doing this prevented me a great deal of trouble, which I should otherwise have had. He declared in the nuncupative will, he confirmed the will he had made at Philadelphia and left there. I have prevailed on Joe to go to Philadelphia, and shall ship him wine to the amount of £100 sterling. This goes by Mr. Massey's schooner, who carries from us about 40 pipes of wine.

I have sent Mr. Joseph Hill five pipes of wine, two barrels of sugar, one of white and the other of Muscovado, and five boxes of citron, and have desired him to write to you about the disposal of the whole. I have also sent S. Meredith six barrels of lemons, which he will sell. A brigantine from Amboy arrived this day; by her I shall write to you at large, having many letters yet to write to Maryland. I am, with much love to you all,

Your most affectionate son,
THOMAS LAMAR.

The loving sister, Deborah Hill, communicates the melancholy intelligence to Hannah Moore, with an evident wish to suggest considerations calculated to calm her distress.

DEBORAH HILL TO HANNAH MOORE. (A MUCH WORN LETTER.)

March 30, 1755.

Thou hast no need, my dear mamma, of any human assistance, for surely, he that has supported thy sisters under their great late trial in this irreligious island, will certainly enable you to bear the same misfortune; but can it be termed as such? are we not contented to know our dearest brother is happy? Let us consider that there are far greater griefs than the absence of a resigned relation. Remember, my dear sister, how good the Lord was to him. He first brought him to the point of death, and then was so merciful as to permit him to live six weeks, and he had so great a sense of the divine goodness, that he even wished to die, and left the world without the least regret. My dear sister, bear this loss like a Christian. Thou art doubly bound to submit patiently, being the head of a young family, a mother to the motherless; whose example have they to imitate but thine? Be more than a child to thy aged parent. Consider he's deprived of the person who used to bear half his afflictions by submitting to everything that ever happened to her. Do, my dear mamma, let us consider that there are greater troubles, which might make us repent not giving what Providence requires; how common it is for parents and those in the place of parents to say, had my child, or this that I've brought up as my own, died, I should have rejoiced to have followed it to the grave, provided it had gone innocent, but I've lived to see it bring a lasting shame on my family; but what is this, they say, to the loss of my daughter's innocence. Oh! I had rather have given my husband and my father both to the grave, than this greatest of all afflictions should have come upon me. This I address more particularly to thee, my dear and only mamma, and I make no doubt thou will draw a right inference from such reflections, as I here put thee in mind of; it is my love and fear that prompt me to write so freely to an elder sister. I conclude.

Thy ever affectionate child,

DEBORAH HILL.

Please to tell papa some time hence, that Dr. Heberder has behaved in an extraordinary manner; he came immediately to

us and gave us all something to take, and went into the kitchen and ordered broth to be made, and brought it himself and persuaded us to drink some. I certainly should have been sick, had it not been for him, for I had set up six whole nights running, but I've hitherto felt no bad effects from it. My poor sisters have borne the fatigue far better than I could have expected.

Harriet Hill writes to her young brother Henry, in the usual strain of love and affection for their dear father. This is one of the very few letters from Harriet that have been preserved.

HARRIET HILL TO HER BROTHER HENRY.

April 19, 1755.

MY DEAREST BROTHER:—

I would not have wrote to you by this opportunity, had I not expected a letter would find you in New York, and I don't know when you will hear from us again, as all traders here seem to be discouraged from sending, and not without reason. Undoubtedly before you hear this you must have heard of the death of my dear brother Richard, whom it pleased God to deprive us of, the 18th of March, after a lingering sickness of near four months, to our very great grief; there is no need of being very particular here, as we were all so a few days after his death to my dear papa by a vessel to Maryland of Mr. Massey's.

I hope the best of parents will be supported under this severe trial; it was a great shock to us all, and a greater, I fear it has been, to my dear papa; but we are all mortal, and ought to submit with patience to the dispensations of Providence. As our good papa has met such a variety of afflictions, and still been a man, I have great faith he will be enabled to bear this cross, though one of his greatest, with proper resignation.

And now, my dearest brother, is your time to console and comfort an aged parent, almost borne down with affliction; do it, for his, your own, and all our sakes; you may stand in need of a comforter, but oh, how much more does he; and don't forget, my darling brother, that now his happiness is placed in the rest of his children, but more particularly in you, his only son, and

a tender affectionately dutiful one I am sure you will be to the best of parents; such my dear departed brother ever was; some failings he must have had to be mortal; his greatest was his over generosity to those he judged to be of as noble a disposition as himself. I will give you an instance of it; about four years ago, at a tavern in Virginia, he met a gentleman, one Colonel Rere, from London; he was a stranger, and knew nobody there, and was going to Maryland. My dear brother gave him a letter to James Wardrop the day they parted, which was the day after they met, wherein he desires Mr. W. to let him have whatever sum he should stand in need of. This same gentleman arrived here from London the day my poor brother died, and related the above with several other striking circumstances; adding, that he was under greater obligations to him than to any person in the world. Such instances of disinterestedness and generosity are seldom to be met with.

You must not mind what I said in my last letter relating to the Doctor. I was full of spirits at the thoughts of the dear creature's recovering, and had a mind to be a little merry at the Doctor's expense, but indeed I am sorry for it; he took uncommon care of him, more I believe than he would of any other person in the place. Yet give me leave to say I fear he mistook his case. He still says he died of a polypus of the heart; if I am not very much mistaken, I've heard papa say a person could not live many hours with a polypus; but this to you only.

I am afraid Mr. Lamar will have some trouble with Joe. My dear brother left him £100 sterling, five pipes of wine in the hands of R. Meredith, and all his wearing clothes; the £100 was for his wages, and the wine, &c. a gratuity. Somebody has put it into his head that its all a gift, and that he may demand £100 more for his wages, and he is villain enough to do it. Domingo Ofonso sent for him, and told him what was mentioned in the will was a gift, and if there was anything owing him to demand it, and there was enough to see it paid him. Mr. Lamar was advised to consult the best lawyer, who said, as it could not be proved that he was paid anything for his ten years' service, if he demanded it, the law would oblige it to be paid.

My poor brother told sister Debby and me to let him have such and such things, and expressly said I don't mean my gold watch, cane, sword, or buttons, all which he has thought fit to

take; the cane is a new one, Mr. Pringle sent him; it cost £10 10s. I've done what I could to prevent his having that, but he says he shall look on all the rest as nothing without the gold-headed cane. You will be desirous of having that, as belonging to so near a relation, and if I hear nothing from you to the contrary, shall offer him in money what it cost in England; among other things he has also taken your silver watch; I told Mr. Lamar it belonged to you, and he spoke to him about it; he answered that he had let his master have one to present to somebody, and desired to have that in return; whether it was so or not I cannot tell; he is the most untruthful person I ever knew, but to give him his due, he really was exceeding careful and diligent in his master's sickness, and sat up with sister Debby or me, every other night, six whole weeks, and continued faithful to the very last. But the dear creature's eyes were no sooner shut than the mask dropped.

I had so grateful a sense of his care and diligence at so pressing a time, that had he acted the hypocrite a little longer, I would have done all in my power to prevail on you to take him; but now I wish you may never be plagued with such a servant. I have said thus much that you may know how to act if he should offer himself.

If my dear papa should determine on returning to Madeira this summer or fall, he will make him a very useful servant, and be very handy about him in sickness. I don't suppose he would refuse attending papa over here, and have his passage paid for back. However, you will have time enough to think of this; he will go to Philadelphia by first opportunity. I have said a great deal on this melancholy subject, where a little would have done as well, but my heart and head are full of that and my partial papa, whom I long and yet dread to hear from. It is happy for him and for us all that he was not here at the time; there was a most surprising alteration in Richard the day after he died, so great, that you would not have known him.

As it may be some little consolation to my poor dear sister Moore, I inclose you a copy of what the parson preached, a few days after the death of our dear brother, I should say at the conclusion of his sermon, which we all took very kind, as he was an entire stranger to us. He is a gentleman, and has a living in Barbadoes. The English in this place in general be-

haved to him through his whole sickness with the greatest tenderness and affection, each sending into the country to procure the greatest rarities for him, and one or other of them almost every day with him. To know he was so well beloved by everybody, adds some little consolation to the survivors.

If you think anything I've said will in the least comfort my dearest papa, do my dear tell it to him in the tenderest terms.

I have some apprehensions of your settling in America; if my dear papa should desire it of you, let me entreat you, my darling brother, to comply with that or anything else he may request, and consider he will desire nothing of you but what's most for your advantage; though I think if that should be papa's desire I need not fear your not complying, and with pleasure I dare say you will. Although I always proposed to myself great happiness in being with you, I can give up that and all other blessings that will be in the least conducive to my dear papa's satisfaction; and, I believe, in this I speak the sentiments of all his children.

I believe there are few families happier in each other than we are, and yet I think it an unhappiness to be so closely connected to each other as we are, since the loss of one is so hard to bear and opens a wound that was just beginning to close. I cannot help afflicting myself with what may happen, and expect by every vessel to hear of the death of my dearest papa. I am afraid I tire my dearest brother, but I freely give you leave to tire me if you can with long letters; the longer they are the more pleasure I shall have in reading them, and if they must be short I shall be satisfied, and shall never doubt your love being lessened by absence, which greatly increases mine.

We think of passing this summer in the country; we meet something every day to bring melancholy thoughts to our minds. I must conclude with a heart overflowing with tenderness and love, my dearest brother,

Your affectionate sister,

HARRIET HILL.

JOHN SCOTT TO RICHARD HILL IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, May 26, 1755.

DEAR SIR:—

I have both your obliging favours, the 10th November from Virginia, and 30th October from Maryland; they have been too long unanswered; want of opportunity has been the only reason. I am very sorry to observe your native air disagreed so much with your constitution; however, I think it natural enough, after enjoying for many years so fine a climate as Madeira certainly is; but your long journey and many visits may have contributed to the complaint of your stomach, and which I hope is quite removed, and that you have passed your time more agreeably in Philadelphia with your friends and family. * * * I hope you'll command me freely; and if I should ever have the happiness to see you or any of your family there, be assured it would give me very sincere pleasure, and believe I am and ever will be, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient

Humble servant

JOHN SCOTT.

Mr. RICHARD HILL.

HENRY HILL TO THOMAS LAMAR.

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1755.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—

We received your packet which brought the most afflicting account of my poor dear brother's departure. We had great reason to prepare for the worst some time before, which guarded us a little against it. We have the consolation that nothing was omitted for his recovery, that he was graciously favoured with a long warning, and what gives the greatest comfort, that he was resigned, and left the world cheerfully. We should not then repine that he is happier, but oh! my uncle, I cannot help feeling my own loss to the quick, he had so true a heart, and loved his parents and relations so sincerely, was so humane and good a friend.

His modesty and love of me never suffered him to hint at one obligation he conferred on me. When I parted with him at Madeira, he leaned on my shoulder and said, with tears in his eyes: "My Harry, you have not known me long enough; when you think of me, consider me at least as one that desires to be your best friend." And I say it with the tenderest remembrance of him, that I believe I can hardly have a more affectionate or a truer.

My good father knew him best, and I hope the Almighty will support him and my innocent sisters, as he mercifully did, when it pleased Him to take from us my dear, tender, indulgent mother. Our reflections upon losing such near friends would indeed be very gloomy, if there was not a reviving hope of meeting him in a happy hereafter, when the adoration of the great Author of all, and the harmony and good affections that were cherished here must be heightened to an exquisite perfection.

You and my dear aunt have been tried in an eminent manner, and the consolations you have drawn from such reflections, I sincerely hope will enable you to spend your remaining years in cheerfulness.

It is very severe on my poor sister Moore, and I thank God her father is here; she desires you'll excuse her not writing now, being really in no condition to do it. She and all our family join in tenderest love to you both.

Your dutiful,
Affectionate nephew,
HENRY HILL.

JOHN SCOTT TO RICHARD HILL.

MADEIRA, July 14, 1755.

DEAR SIR:—

I had the pleasure to write you some time in May last, when I answered your favours from Virginia and Maryland, and to which please be referred.

I have now to acquaint you with an affair I have for some years past had in my head, and very near my heart, but some

either prudential reasons or scruples of my own, prevented my discovery of, till those reasons or scruples were removed; they are so now, and have been some time. My fortune was scattered and not quite settled till lately, as must be the case with people in our way, till their term of partnership ends and they divide the stock, or at least the greatest part of it; and which was my case; but now fixed and placed in security and independently, and as I have long entertained a very high regard and affection for your daughter, Miss Harriet, and which I make no doubt both she and some of her friends have observed, yet for the above reasons, till lately, I could not with justice to her and myself break to her and them; however, some time ago, I acquainted Mr. and Mrs. Lamar with my intentions, and afterwards by their leave applied to Miss Harriet, who after the usual delays, consulting with her friends and the ceremonies used on these occasions, as they will more minutely acquaint you with, we have agreed the matter, and we are soon to be bound by the indissoluble bonds that end only with life. By the settlement I have made, you will best judge of my disinterested views, and with what sincerity and how heartily I have entered into this alliance. The writings are still in the lawyer's hands, but we shall have them to-night, when they will speedily be executed in the following manner: I have settled eight thousand pounds upon her and to her children after by this marriage, and, failing such succession, to be at her disposal. I can have no doubt your approbation will be very agreeable to her, as it will be no less so to me, and I flatter myself you will on this occasion behave as you have hitherto done, with a true regard and fatherly tenderness for your children; this will make our happiness complete, and I think nothing else can any way disturb it.

I found it very agreeable to her and her friends to engage Captain Sibbald to carry us to England in his Snow; he has agreed to it, and has engaged part of his people. Francisco Theodor readily hired me the Snow, and we hope to be at sea the last of this or first of next month. We shall hope soon to hear from you. I beg leave to refer you to Mr. Lamar with regard to anything farther in this affair, or other occurrences here, and I pray you'll make my best compliments to all your



EMILY SCOTT

family with you, and particularly those I know, and be assured I am, with the greatest truth and respect,

Dear sir,

Your very affectionate and obedient

And humble servant,

JOHN SCOTT.

Mr. RICHARD HILL.

The following and a preceding letter from Harriet possess little merit beyond the fact that they are an index to her character and story. Their insertion seemed necessary to the completeness and full developement of the narrative. That she had not received the benefit of a good education, and had lost her mother at an early age, may be pleaded in excuse for her style, and want of that correct feeling which is so marked in the letters of almost all the other members of the family. She married without the consent of her father, and was not happy in the connection. The early lessons of her parents were forgotten or neglected; her associations were not of a class to give permanent peace, and her career, as painted by her sister Dillwyn in after years, is certainly an unenviable one. The youthful readers of the family story may draw the proper moral from these particulars, by contrasting her character with that of her sisters, who followed more strictly in the footsteps of their pious ancestors.

HARRIET SCOTT TO RICHARD HILL.

LONDON, December 25, 1755.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:—

A few days ago I received thy kind favour of October 7. It was doubly acceptable in my situation. I wished to have a letter of forgiveness from my dear papa, and although I was so well acquainted with thy goodness, it has far surpassed my expectation.

I can never forget thy clemency in so easy overlooking what to thee and all other parents must seem the height of disobedience.

dience, but God knows my heart, and knows I had rather suffer any torture that the body can be afflicted with than give my dear indulgent parent one moment's pain. I had very well weighed the consequences of my marrying Mr. Scott, long before I was his wife. I knew his temper to be very good, and although my family did not know of it, his regard for me was long before I lost my dear mamma. At that time I had no thought of marrying him. I had the strongest motives for making the choice I did, though I own I never expected to be so happy with him or any other man in the married state, as I am. Could my dear papa be sensible of his uncommon affection and tenderness for me, I flatter myself he would possess a larger share of thy esteem. Indeed he merits it. Although he is my husband, I can see the few faults he has, which are much fewer than when thee knew him; and when thee sees him again I dare say his conduct will convince thee thy daughter has not thrown herself away.

If my dear parent had as good an opinion of Mr. Scott as I could wish, thee would not think, as thee seems to hint, that I was guided in my choice by mercenary views. I thought proper, with advice of my friends in Madeira, to accept of the settlement he offered, but indeed I would as readily have married him without any, and would now give it up if he would hear of such a thing. I know it has caused me a good deal of envy and perhaps a little ill-will; but now it is an old story, and does not occasion so much talk as it did when I first arrived. In the main, it has been of no disservice to me; it has made all that I've had any acquaintance with treat me with great respect.

His relations in particular have been very kind to me, more especially Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scott, at whose house we stayed eleven weeks; and when we went to housekeeping, Mrs. Scott was so kind to let her sister go with me, who has acted the part of a disinterested friend by me. She stayed near two months with me, and returned yesterday to Camberwell, where I now am for a few days, at Mr. Robert Scott's. I shall strictly observe all the good advice thou wert pleased to give me, particularly guarding against small occasions of misunderstanding; but if ever we should have any, I am pretty sure it will be my own fault, for it is not in his nature to say an unkind thing to me; and I am convinced he will never allow a relation of his

own to use me ill in any shape; not that I have the least room to think they ever will. I should most cheerfully act the part to Jenny Scott thee advises me, was it in my power, but he assures me she is handsomely provided for, and that I shall never see her. I have endeavoured, both before and since I received thy kind letter, to behave in such a manner as to avoid censure. I know my dear papa, as well as some others, think me in danger of being ruined in this gay place, as it is so much in my power to act the gay, extravagant, foolish part that most of my sex here do, that have it in their power; but I hope to convince all that think so of me, they are mistaken. The virtuous education I had, the many good examples that have so often been repeated before me, my husband now reaps the benefit of, and, while I retain them, I hope I shall also.

It was my inclination to avoid cultivating a large acquaintance, before I knew thy sentiments, especially with great people. I own it was with some difficulty I got off with the latter. Mr. Walsh's family live within a few doors of us, and would be very intimate was I to give the least encouragement; I seldom pass a day without seeing some of them, and I have been but twice to their house since I came to England. And as I shall religiously follow all the advice thee art pleased to give me, I must shun them, or be introduced into most of the great families here. Both times I was there I met five or six ladies of quality, who were more than respectful to me, and were very earnest to prevail on me to play cards with them; but I was on my guard, and have not played once out of our own house or Mr. R. Scott's since I've been in England. Through Mrs. Walsh's means I was to have been introduced at court by my Lord Warwick, son to the Earl of Shaftsbury, with Miss Walsh. Mr. Scott was very willing, but in that case, as in all others, left it to myself; and, instead of going to court, I went to my good cousin Anderson's, and passed that day much happier in her nursery, helping to nurse one of her little girls that was sick. She is like a watchful parent over me, and, I can truly say, acts the part of one by me. My happiest hours are spent in her family. If I was their own child, they could not interest themselves more in what concerns me. My good, indulgent Mr. Scott lets me go there as often as I please, and when they press us to stay a few days with them he never refuses me.

Mrs. Tuite has been four times to visit me, and, though we live very near each other, I have only been once at her house, when I found thirteen ladies at cards, five of whom were ladies of quality, and were very pressing with me to make one at a card-table, and assured me they would not play for more than half a guinea; but I excused myself. As Mr. Tuite is a friend of thine, I am sorry I can't cultivate a friendship with his family, who have treated me with great respect, and have made many proffers of service to me.

I shall now answer that part of thy letter where thee says thee would not have me go too frequently to the fashionable entertainments. I have seen three plays acted since I've been in London, which is now near five months, and have been to no other public places whatever. I have it in my power to go there and to all other public diversions, if I please, but I find more solid satisfaction in my dear cousin Anderson's company and conversation than I can expect to enjoy anywhere else while in England. She is happy without going to such places, and I have no curiosity to satisfy. I know my dear papa will not take it amiss that I write in this unconstrained manner, and I hope will excuse my letter's being so much upon trifles; but as I could not at this time write to my sisters, extend this also to them.

May all blessing attend my dearest and best of parents, is the sincere prayer of thy ever dutiful

II. S.

Please to give my dear love to my aunts, brother and sisters. If they knew how acceptable a letter from them would be, I am sure they would oftener indulge me with one. I have never received one line from Madeira since I left it, which gives me the greatest uneasiness. I have wrote, I believe, a dozen times to them. I don't know what would have become of me if my dear, indulgent papa and sister Moore had used me so too.

With how much pleasure would I comply with my dear papa's kind invitation to go and spend my days in Philadelphia was it in my power. Mr. Scott has promised me to carry me there to make thee and my dear relations a visit, and when there I don't despair of prevailing on him to settle in America, though at present I own I can't say he has any great inclina-

tion for it. My condition will not allow of our doing it immediately, but I hope before a twelvemonth comes about it may be put in execution.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Scott desire their compliments to thee. They have always behaved with great tenderness and affection to me.

Henry Hill writes to his father from Madeira, April 16, 1756, to inform him that Harriet Scott has lost a child baptized Richard, of only two days old. He adds that some rogues had attempted to rob their counting-house, and to carry off the iron chest, containing 1,400,000 *rs.*, but without success. "They scaled the windows at the head of the great stairs, and opened the middle passage by boring holes under the latch. * * We suppose they heard Debby and me retiring, as we sat unusually late that night."

John Scott writes from London to Philadelphia the same month, introducing to the family his neighbour, Mr. Stanton, stating that he is a nephew of the Earl of Warwick, who goes to America to levy men; he also mentions Harriet's recovery.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

NORFOLK, 7th 6th, 1756.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I think myself happy in thy having so disinterested an affection for thy sisters, who I hope will always take thy advice in matters of consequence, and particularly in the bestowing themselves for life, which is one of the greatest. I entreat thee not to afflict thyself about Rachel's affair, as I am sure I can settle all the things thou mentioned to the satisfaction of all concerned. I meet everywhere with unhappy matches, but the most remarkable one on this journey is that of Colonel — and his wife, who have separated after her recovery from a violent distraction, into which she was thought to be thrown by his incontinence, extravagance, and ill usage, though some

say she was not without blame, but they do not charge her with the first crime.

I am

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

HENRY HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, September 29, 1756.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I have the pleasure of yours by Captain Drason, but really cannot answer it so pertinently as I ought to do, having deferred it to the last. One thing I have omitted besides, and am sorry for it, getting a letter of introduction from the rector of the Jesuits for my father; but it shall go by the first opportunity, and indeed would be quite useless if my father could speak French, as they never treat their prisoners ill who can recommend themselves tolerably well.

Pray acquaint my father that in all my observations on Joseph Gillis, he appears to be a very promising youth, and is prodigiously useful. I see no vice nor bad habits about him, and do think he will be, or is a credit to his relations, and he shall have the countenance I can give him while he is so.

My dear sister, I will never show you so much want of manners again, but believe me no brother loves you half so well as

Yours entirely,

HENRY HILL.

The father and family were at this time much interested about the marriage of Rachel. She was addressed by Richard Wells, a young English gentleman, who afterwards became her husband; he was long the principal officer of the Bank of North America.

The father writes thus to the elder sister:—

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

WILLIAMSBURGH, September 26, 1756.

A few days ago I writ to thee in a great hurry from Yorktown, by Doctor Bushel's son, to which I refer, though I fear

thou'll hardly find it intelligible; thou wilt, however, see that I am entirely for my dear Rachel's acting as she judges most conducive to her happiness. If I could suspect R. Wells of want of affection for her, and that his principal views were to his getting a fortune with her, or being taken into partnership, and that without one of the two, he would decline his addresses, I should despise him. But I don't think him so mercenary, and rather believe he has a well-settled affection for her, and therefore I cannot but be surprised that, after he has taken so much pains for her, he should act so unlike most young lovers, who seldom let prudential considerations have too much weight with them. If he does it to try her affection, he is much to be blamed. If he does it in conformity to his parents' advice or commands, and they, though they approve of her, are unwilling he should proceed but on the certainty of her having a large portion with her, or getting into partnership with me, and had rather their son should be disappointed of the person he has placed his affections on (and one with all the qualifications that ought to influence a reasonable man's choice), than marry her without a large fortune, then they are mean, mercenary people, and if he loves her as well as he has always pretended, he cannot think himself bound by his duty to his parents to act on such narrow, ungenerous motives, or coolly desire the affair may be deferred till he tries what success he shall have in business; since, if the success should not be answerable to their desires, they must at last, on the same principles, utterly decline their design, and make themselves unhappy by a final separation.

Can a man who loves a woman entirely, deliberately consent to such a proposal? To me, it appears almost impossible, especially when their circumstances are not so low as to afford them a prospect of supporting themselves in a moderate way. If the woman to whom such a proposal is made should answer thus, viz.: "It is very prudent of thee to consider before we marry how we shall support ourselves and a family, and I should be very sorry to be accessory by marrying thee to the bringing thee under necessitous circumstances; but as thou hast given me convincing proofs of thy affection for me, and I cannot deny my having an equal esteem for thee, I shall be content to live with thee in such a frugal manner as our small

stocks will enable us, and am willing to trust to the blessing of Providence on our honest endeavours to provide for a growing family;" a generous lover would reply: "I was not afraid of hardships on my own account—all my concern was lest the smallness of our fortunes should involve thee in difficulties, and prevent thy being so happy as I earnestly desire to make thee. But as thou art willing to run the risk for my sake, I will not terrify thee or myself any longer with apprehensions of want, since with the dear object of my love, I shall in all circumstances be happy as long as I can make her so."

If, upon a woman making such an answer to the proposal, the man should not reply in a manner something like this, or at least be willing to marry her (without waiting to see the success of his trade or business), she might with just reason suspect his affection, and ought to turn him off. But if it be possible for a man who really loves a woman tenderly, to persist in his proposal of waiting to see the issue of his trading, he must certainly be of a singular turn of mind, and have very preposterous notions of love, marriage, and life; yet this, for anything I know, may be poor R. W.'s case; and if so, he will be his own tormentor till more experience of the world corrects his judgment, which there is a risk in trusting to. But it is a risk she will be willing to run, if she entirely loves him, and from that consideration I am willing she should, as I think he has good principles and an honest heart.

But if I am mistaken in him, and his conduct since his arrival from London should be owing to another cause, which I have not touched on; that is, if his parents have put him on addressing another of greater fortune (whom I need not mention), then my poor girl, when she is fully satisfied of it, should turn him off with contempt; for let a woman love a man ever so well, she cannot be happy with him, unless he loves her preferable to any other.

Here it is necessary to give a caution not to encourage suspicions which are not well grounded. For jealousy, if cherished, is capable of suggesting anything and everything that can enter into the mind, though without the least foundation. After all, Rachel will be the best judge for herself of his sincerity, if she does not suffer her attachment to him to blind and mislead her, which I hope she will not. And if she should find him

really altered in his regard for her, I hope she will neither have him, or give herself any concern at decently parting with him. I leave the affair to be determined by her and thee, and must own I still think favourably of his sincerity, notwithstanding the unaccountableness of his late conduct, which I impute to his relations, or the oddness of his temper. I have already writ to thee, that if they proceed, I will either take him into partnership or give her a thousand pounds currency at one or two payments (perhaps I may do both), which thou mayest suggest to him or to R. St—l, as thou thinks proper. I expected to have been at my brother's about the last of this month, but having several bills to receive of people, who will not be here till the general court, which begins the 10th of next month, I now think I cannot be there till the 15th or 20th. Pray, for my sake, don't let this affair give thee or Rachel too much anxiety or thought. My dear love to my sisters, Sammy, and all the children, &c., as if particularized.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

GOVERNOR JAMES HAMILTON TO RICHARD HILL.

BUSH HILL, November 4, 1756.

DEAR SIR:—

Your kind letter of 27th of September was long in coming to hand, which must apologize for my not having returned you an answer so soon as both the points of civility and my own hearty inclination would have prompted me.

If every day's experience did not afford instances of the same kind, I should have been much surprised at the account you give of the almost total oblivion of our ancestors, and that in a place where, in their day, they were not inconsiderable either for their rank or their virtues. As on the one hand to entertain grateful sentiments for benefits received, and to cherish kind and benevolent affections for the whole human race, are sure indications of a good heart, so, on the other, to be able to forget or only faintly to remember the persons and characters of those whose merits have reflected honour and consideration upon us, must be the genuine marks of either a base disposition, or con-

temptible stupidity. In which of these latter classes to rank the bulk of our present relations I know not, being acquainted with but very few of them. Some we have, and I thank God for it, that appear to emulate the virtues of the ancient stock, of whom I have often heard it remarked that, with regard to the tender offices of duty and affection, they seemed all to be actuated by one soul and one spirit. And with theirs I pray that my soul may rest!

Your Virginian news I had an opportunity of hearing pretty early from Colonel Lee, who has lately passed two months with us for the recovery of his health, and to very good purpose. If you chance to see him in the course of your exile, for such I call this cruel separation from your family, pray make my compliments to him.

You may be assured I should rejoice much at your spending the winter in Philadelphia, if it might be done with safety to yourself, which I fear cannot be the case. The smallpox has raged terribly among us all this summer and autumn, and swept away very great numbers of people; and although it is said to be now somewhat less violent, yet, as the doctors tell me, it still continues to be a very bad sort, nor is there any, the least prospect of the city's being clear of it for the approaching winter, there being great numbers, especially of children, yet to have it.

Under these circumstances, I imagine you will scarcely think it prudent to venture yourself in town, besides that I am confident it would give great uneasiness to your family, however desirous they are of seeing you. The only expedient that occurs to me to remove this difficulty, so far as it is removable, is to come and take your residence at your old quarters, to which I heartily invite you, and promise you as much care as possible shall be taken to make you secure. You know there is house-room enough, and no family to be incommoded. But if my conveniences were less, you would still be equally welcome, so I pray you to make no ceremony. Mr. Allen and Peggy present their compliments and thanks for your kind congratulations on the recovery of their children.

I am, with much respect, dear sir,

Your affectionate kinsman

And most humble servant,

JAMES HAMILTON.

DOCTOR HILL.

About to sail again for Madeira, the affectionate father writes to his daughters to come to Virginia to bid him farewell. The instructions for their comfort on the journey are interestingly minute.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

BROTHER JOSEPH'S, November 11, 1756.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I arrived here the 9th, and have received all thy letters here, except those I had before received in Virginia, and have read them, and all those from others, as carefully as my time would allow me.

I observe thy concern at the thoughts of my going to Madeira, which, I think, as I am circumstanced, scarce anything should tempt me to do but the hopes of preserving my son and daughter, Lamar, whose state of health requires their removing from thence to get some relaxation, which I think he can never obtain in Madeira. I have, besides, a view of bringing my poor Debby away with me from thence as soon as I can possibly leave the place, which, if I go, I shall hope to be able to do in two years, when the young people will undoubtedly be able to carry on the business without me.

These considerations, together with the smallpox continuing in Philadelphia, made me think, while I was in Virginia, that all the time I delayed going was lost, in respect to the main designs of my voyage. The danger of being taken by the enemy has always been a strong objection to my going during the war; but as it's very probable the French privateers will not infest our coast in the winter, that obstacle is in a great measure removed by my taking a winter passage, and the danger of such a one is greatly lessened by my going in a large, fine, strong ship, belonging to Colonel Hutchings, of Norfolk, in Virginia. I therefore hastened from Virginia as soon as I could, with a resolution to send an express to Philadelphia to desire my dear daughters, all, to meet me at Charlestown, on the western shore, or at Fredericktown, on Sassafra, on a certain day, and, after seeing you all, and taking my leave of you, to return to Virginia, to go in the said ship.

I have not declined going in Colonel Hutchings's ship, and,

therefore, send Caesar up with the horse and mare for two of you to come down on, and I hope, if you can all five come, as I hope you will, a chaise and pair, or saddle horses may be got for the others without inconvenience. I don't mean on account of the expense, for that I don't value, and desire you will spare none to accommodate yourselves with surefooted, safe horses, or a couple of good chairs or chaises; I prefer the latter, unless you can be sure of the goodness and surefootedness of your horses. Which way soever you choose, I desire you will not hurry yourselves after you set out, but travel moderately, and never in the night, for there is no safety in doing so, either in carriages or on horseback, as I have experienced on this journey. A day extraordinary will make your journey easy and pleasant; and making too much haste would tire you, and would be attended with danger of many sorts.

Whether you come in carriages or on horseback, I recommend your coming on the eastern shore, and shall write to James Hutelings, who keeps the ferry at Kent Island, to come over the Bay with you in one of his largest sailing boats, and give him necessary cautions, such as staying for a good wind, not to be on the water in the night, or to bring any of the horses in the boat with you, &c. If you determine to come on the western shore, it must be on horseback, for carriages cannot safely come that way. You must then be very careful when you ride down steep hills, and to choose the smoothest part of the road, especially with the little horse, he being apt to stumble when he goes down hill, as he is, in the night; so are most other horses, as they cannot see their way.

You must also be cautious of crossing the large ferries late, or in hard winds. Don't spare any necessary expense on your journey, nor to fit yourselves out with any necessaries that can be speedily got, but don't stay for anything long; the season of the year will not admit of it, nor will my design of going in the ship, as she is now loading, and will be ready to sail by the last of this month.

I am afraid of hurrying thee, and discomposing thy mind; but I entreat thee to be calm, and not be anxious about anything; for I had rather be disappointed of going in the ship, and stay till the spring than hurry thee, or my dear girls, or make you sick, or expose you to any danger.

I am sorry poor Dr. Zachary is in so poor a way—how frail is poor man!

I rejoice to hear the dear friends got safely home. I will send Harriet some hams from here, they being better than any in your neighbourhood. I can say no more about her now, than that I wrote her and Wm. Anderson private letters from Virginia.

I succeeded but badly in Virginia, though I staid by appointment till the general court, when some did not come to it, and others did not pay. But I greatly increased the number of our correspondents, who have sent several cargoes to us since I went down, and are sending two others.

John Smith acts like the man I always took him to be. Sammy may tell him I am sure his father's account stands as I wrote him, and he will certainly find it right when he finds the papers; and though I should be glad to have the balance paid to Sammy, yet if he, J. S., pleases, he may defer it. My kind love to him and his wife, and such others as thou thinks proper.

If you have chaise or chair, it will be convenient to bring a trunk behind it; and then, if there's room, put in my full trimmed coat, ruffled shirts, velvet vests, and breeches, with my banyan, and a marble-papered book containing my transactions and accounts since I came to America, with any loose papers. But keep the double baize gown and cloak, which may be serviceable to Sammy, or some of you. I shall not want them in Madeira, or, if I should, can get others. Send me also my red cloak, and give my new serge frock, and that lined with linen, one to Bob and the other to Jemmy. Pray take care that poor old Sarah wants nothing as long as she lives. She was my well wisher, and anxiously concerned for my success, in the affair of the greatest consequence of my life, and though nothing depended on her interest, I can never forget it or think myself out of her debt. Sarah's mistress could not sell the girl, it being contrary to the laws of Virginia, which makes negroes real estate, and not to be sold till the heir is of age.

With dear love to you all,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

The old gentleman's heart seems to be full of thought about his daughters. The ensuing day he writes again respecting the journey, and Richard Wells's affair, as follows:—

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

November 12, 1756.

DEAR DAUGHTER:—

Being interrupted, I could not finish my letters to-day till late in the afternoon, and have determined to keep Caesar till to-morrow morning. I have said nothing in my other letters about R. W., not knowing what to say more than I have of the main affair. If his affection be sincere and great, he really acts very oddly in running a risk which very few sincere young lovers would, of making his mistress suspect that he wants to marry her for the sake of her money, or what he can get. He must think he has hooked her so very fast that she cannot get loose. It is to me very surprising conduct.

I don't know what to say about his coming down with or after thee and those who do come; whether it be proper for him to come with you I cannot determine, but leave to thee and Sammy, &c. If he has anything to say to me, and especially if he has any proposition to make, and does not come with you, he must be very soon after, or I shall certainly be gone, if I go at all this winter, for I much doubt the ship's staying three weeks at most.

If you come on the western shore, you'll lose time at the ferries, as no boat will carry all the horses at once, and you must stay for one another or part into two companies, as you must, to get a lodging, as you cannot at every proper stage find lodging; wherefore perhaps you had best divide into two companies at first, and one set out a day before the others. At Newtown, Dr. Anderson will be glad to see you and lodge some of you. If you all meet at Kent Island, you may all come over together in one boat, and leave Caesar to come with the horses.

I am, always,

Most affectionately thine,

RICHARD HILL.

A business letter from Madeira is the next in order of date. I quote from it all that can now interest the reader.

HENRY HILL TO RICHARD HILL.

MADEIRA, November 23, 1756.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR:—

The family here are all well, and talk of you daily, and though we are easy, and as happy as mortals generally are, your company here would make us a great deal more so. My brother, I am sorry, has little better health than when you last heard from us, but an agreeable jaunt probably would restore him that vivacity which is the companion of health, and which is so necessary for the delight and satisfaction of our friends.

I made Mr. Bisset an excuse for your not writing to him, as I know he has a great pleasure in being remembered by you, and I have not the least doubt that your esteem of him is deserved, which is a great satisfaction that I could not omit telling you.

My dear sisters and coz, Joe, join me in best affection to you and our relations.

I am,

My dearest father,

Your most dutiful son,

HENRY HILL.

Henry addresses his father again on the 5th of December, 1756, saying, "business goes smoothly enough, except that our old wine is almost all shipped off; however, the new is fit to ship, and, notwithstanding the cry of scarcity, I believe I could count 600 pipes which we may command, and cash will not fail us soon."

He adds a list "of shipping at present addressed to our house," among the items of which is—

Gold and money for the king	£164,900 sterling
Do. do. for the commerce	676,383 "
	<hr/>
	£841,283 "

The proposed interview between the members of this attached family took place. The father writes from Norfolk, December 7, 1756, that the captain had detained the ship eight days for him, that all his luggage is now on board, and that he expects to sail "to-morrow." In the next two letters he gives an account of his being robbed, and of the recovery of the money.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

NORFOLK, December 7, 1756.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I rode down to Colonel Fitzhugh's, at the mouth of Pautuxent, and intended to have crossed the river there to Colonel Barneses, having business with both those gentlemen, and from Colonel Barneses to have crossed Potomac, and to have met Middleton's boat at the mouth of Great Wiccomoco, where I ordered him to stay for me; but when I got to Colonel F.'s, he offered to do my business with Colonel Barnes, wherefore I got a boat at his house and went down by water to the place I had ordered Middleton to meet me, where I arrived on Friday, a little after night, and immediately came down to the mouth of the river, where we anchored till three o'clock in the morning; then we set sail, got into James River, and delivered all my stock and things on board the ship at the mouth of Elizabeth River, a branch of James River that runs up to Norfolk. I then had time to get up to Colonel Tucker's, in that town, before dark. I called and warmed myself, and went to Colonel Hutchinses, the owner of the ship, where I lodged. He had kept the ship eight days for me, and I expect to sail to-morrow, if the wind should be fair, in company with a large ship of John Hanbury's, commanded by Captain Rawlings.

I endured more cold in this voyage down the bay than since I came from Madeira, but I don't find I have got any damage, being quite well. I have written to R. Meredith that I should have delivered his £150 to Andrew Sprowle to purchase a bill, as he desired, had it not been for an accident which prevented, and, therefore, have desired him to charge it to the company's account, *i. e.* to me and my sons. But I have not told him what the accident was, which was a very extraordinary one, and

such as never happened to me before, viz.: When I was putting my things on board the ship, I opened the black trunk, took out of the bundle of papers R. M.'s letter inclosing the money. I counted it, and put it in my coat pocket with Thomas Sprigg's letters. I came ashore, as I have told thee above, staying only a few minutes to warm myself, and went immediately to Colonel Hutchings's, where I lodged, and was in no company, nor did any of the servants in his house come near me. I spread my clothes on the bed, and, being tired, slept almost all night, and waked in the morning before the servant came in to make a fire.

After being up a little while, I put my hand in my pocket to take out R. M.'s money, with a design to use £5 of it, and inclose the remainder to R. Sprowle. But it was gone, and the letter with it. I at first suspected Middleton's people, who saw me take it out of the trunk, and I have had them and the vessel searched for it to no purpose. I am suspicious that Thomas, who also saw me take it out of the trunk, and put it in my pocket, has picked my pocket, because he got ashore last night about 9 or 10 miles from the ship, where I left him to stow away the things, and came to me unexpectedly (though indeed I had told him to come if any boat should pass by that would take him and bring him to Norfolk); and this morning he brought me a shirt before I was up, and when I was changing, asked me if he should brush my clothes, which he did while I was shifting.

I have not told Reese of it, because I had rather lose it than he should think I wanted him to lose it, especially as he sent it purely to serve me; but if he asks thee anything about the accident, thou mayest tell him what it was.

My friends here had provided abundance of good things for me, but my brothers and sisters had furnished me so plentifully that I have no occasion to take anything here, but small things, such as pickled oysters, beef, eggs, sago, barley, oatmeal, and such little things as I cannot well refuse; Madeira wine, and claret, &c.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

LITTLE ENGLAND, December 9, 1756.

DEAR DAUGHTER:—

Since I wrote the inclosed, I have found the money which I therein mentioned to be lost, and have the greatest reason to believe my suspicions of Thomas were well grounded, for he proposed looking into the trunk to see if I had not put it back again into the bundle I took it out of. I told him to do so, and I sat at a table in the cabin, purposely talking loud and cheerfully, to give him an opportunity of slipping the money, if he had it, into the trunk without my seeing him do it; but I had set John Elligood, who was sitting at the table, narrowly to watch his motions, which he did, and saw them such as confirmed him in the opinion of Thomas's having put the money back into the trunk, though he could not positively say he saw him do it. He first brought the bundle of papers to me at the table, and before I could well open it, returned from the trunk a second time and gave me R. M.'s letter with the money, which he said he found lying under the bundle.

I am thus particular to show his artful behaviour, and as a caution to thee against the arts of wicked servants. As I cannot prove the fact, though I am fully satisfied of it, I shall not turn him off, which would ruin him, but take him to Madeira, and there take care of him, till he gets in with some of his countrymen and leaves me, which I presume he soon will. Everything is in good order on board the ship, which only waits for a fair wind. Pray, my dear child, be not too anxious about me; I hope I shall soon send thee a good account of my safe arrival, and be assured I will make as short a stay in Madeira as I can.

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

LITTLE ENGLAND, December 13, 1756.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

By Samuel Middleton I acquainted thee of my arrival here, and that the ship was ready to sail with the first fair wind. But the head of the foremast being discovered to be rotten, it was taken out and a new one made, which I expect will be rigged to-morrow, and that we shall sail next day.

I have made my will, which I send inclosed. Open for thy perusal, after which be pleased to seal and keep it where it may be readily found when wanted, though I intend, as soon as I arrive at Madeira, to make and execute it there, having taken a copy of it. If thee should think of any alteration which thee would like to have made in it, please to advise me of it in Madeira, where I left one that I now do not like, as in it I left my daughters Lamar and Harriet equal with their younger sisters, which now neither of them ought to have, as the first will have sufficient as well as the last, who, besides the settlement made on her by her husband, will be entitled to a share of her brother Richard's estate, unless the deed of gift she made of it to Debby should be valid, which I much doubt, without her husband confirm it. Everybody should keep a will ready made, that they mayn't be surprised and taken off without one, or be forced to make it when the mind should be otherwise employed. Don't let the sight of mine give thee any uncommon concern.

I shall be very much surprised if R. W. should put off his affair upon such weak pretences of going abroad to get business, especially to Carolina, which can never be worth his while, or of waiting to see the success of his trade at home. What he has from his father, and what I shall give her, will enable them to live decently and carry on a moderate trade, which in all probability will add something more to his stock than the annual expense of housekeeping will amount to. And there will be their proportion of what I leave, as well as their share of her brother's estate, some part of which I shall not scruple to give up to them whenever it is necessary, without their waiting till it falls to them, as the will directs, after my decease.

My dear love and good wishes ever attend thee, Sammy, my sisters, and all my children.

I am,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I don't know whether I have called Harriet's negro woman by the right name (I bought her of Peggy Coleman), or whether it is Molly's girl that's named Lucy, but it's not material, as I hope soon to make my will in Madeira.

I have just learned we shall be detained two days more.

The voyage, auspiciously commenced, was unfortunately terminated by a narrow escape from shipwreck, of which I find the following brief account from

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

NORFOLK, December 31, 1756.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I returned hither on the 27th inst. in a New England schooner, which we met with at sea about forty or fifty miles from the capes. Our ship had sprung so great a leak in a hard gale of wind, that two pumps, all we had, could not keep the water from increasing twelve inches in much less than half an hour. In this extremity, there was no remedy in our power but lightening our ship by starting the water which was on the upper deck, and throwing the guns overboard; and yet, so stupid were the master, mate, and men, that it was with the greatest difficulty I prevailed on the captain to consent to it. The weather was so bad, that when they set about it, it was above half an hour before one gun could be got overboard, and what we did was but just done in time to keep the ship from sinking.

I am certain, morally speaking, that had I not been on board, all the ship's company would have perished, unless they had been saved by the immediate interposition of Providence in their favour.

I have not time to be more particular on this affecting subject, nor is it necessary. The best use that can be made of it, is to

keep our minds dependent on the Almighty power, which is in all extremities able to save, and to submit ourselves to his dispensations, which will always be best for us, though to our outward understandings hard things may not appear so.

I think to continue here and at Colonel Hunter's till a brig sails that's going to Madeira, and till Colonel Hunter's Snow arrives from thence, which it is expected she may in ten or twelve days. Then I intend to go to my brother's, to take time to deliberate whether to make another attempt in the spring to go to Madeira, or entirely to decline the voyage, which I am most inclined to.

My dear love to all the family, particularly, as if named, and to all my relations and friends.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

An imperfect letter from Harriet Scott (without a date) on hearing of the accident to her father, is here inserted, to give a little more insight into her character, which certainly does not rise to the standard of that of her sisters, nor does her position in her husband's family appear to be very agreeable.

HARRIET SCOTT TO HANNAH MOORE.

MY DEAREST MAMMA:—

I have had the inexpressible joy to receive two kind letters from thee of January 28 and February 18. I won't attempt to tell thee how acceptable they were, but, oh! my dearest mamma, God only knows what I felt upon hearing of my ever dear papa's miraculous escape. I had not long before received a letter from Mr. Wells, acquainting me with your going down to such a place to take leave of him. I had a good deal of company with me when I got the letter, and my impatience to know how you all did made me break open the letter before them; when, to my great surprise, I read, Your sisters are gone down to take leave of a parent departing this life (I read instead of this continent). I screamed out my papa was dead, and fainted away.

Though there were so many with me, no one had the presence of mind to read the letter and undeceive me, instead of which, each began to comfort me, by telling me it was what I ought to expect, which threw me into strong fits for several hours. Poor Mr. Scott carried me up two pair of stairs to get me put to bed. When I came to myself I promised to be resigned, and begged I might see in what manner he died; when lo!—to regain so suddenly my lost parent had like to have proved fatal to me. It has frightened Mr. Scott so that he always now, when he receives letters from you to me, opens first, as he did that of thine of 23d January, and told me by degrees of the vessel's springing a leak, &c., and the next day gave me the letter.

My dear and best of sisters, too plain do I see thy motive for writing in the strain thou does; God only can reward thee. Rachel's dream, &c. &c. had the good effect thou intended it should—and was taken as meant. I am sure of unaffected fondness from my h——d after his reading one of thy dear, kind letters. He admires thee, loves thee, and often says he will carry me to see thee, and that thou art the best woman in the world. It is with difficulty I can sometimes prevent his reading part of thy letters to his and my acquaintances. * *

Greatly am I surprised at Dr. Zachary's will, but I hope none of my relations will ever need what in justice was their due. Well am I convinced happiness is not contained in riches—not that I am to learn it now; it always was my opinion. I dislike money, perhaps more than any of my relations, but not enough ever to give up one inch of my settlement. No, my dearest mamma, what thou and my good papa have said on that subject has its proper weight with me, although I am convinced Mr. — now thinks it was not right to leave it to me and my heirs forever, whether I had children or not. I am as sure he has too much honour ever to desire me to alter it. His relations have long since dropped that subject, and treat me with great respect; but I'm often told they could eat all they love of me: however, that gives me no disturbance as long as they behave to me as I think is my due and their duty. I don't often trouble them with my company. I know, my dear sister, thou wilt rejoice to hear my constant behaviour has been such as even to defy the censure of my enemies. I am always on my guard—

never have entered into any frolic, let who would propose it; never go to a play or anywhere else without Mr. S——, which is a very uncommon thing here; however, it's been greatly to my credit.

* * * * * * *

Consider all my happiness is centred in my absent relations. My lot, in some respects, is much harder than theirs, and yet I do not murmur or complain. It was my own seeking, and though bitter some of my portions, I have never repented marrying the man I did. Oh! my dearest mamma, let me prevail on thee to continue to act the kind parent by me, and encourage my being blessed with the sight of one of so many sisters.

* * * * * * *

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

VIRGINIA, February 6, 1757.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I writ to thee a few days ago, *via* Baltimore Town, and at the same time to James Hamilton and R. Meredith. I now write by Colonel Hunter to Sammy, requesting him to make an invitation to Governor Dinwiddie and the Colonel to lodge in your house. I much doubt their accepting of it, or more than one of them; if either of them should, they'll be quite free and easy, and make themselves in every respect agreeable to the family. I would not take this liberty but for other reasons which I cannot mention now, but be assured they are sufficient ones. If the invitation should be accepted I would have all my daughters appear at dinner sometimes, if not always.

Pray let me know how the smallpox is now in town, and from time to time, that I may not be kept from you longer than necessary.

I am, dear child,

Thine most affectionately,

RICHARD HILL.

My love to all.

RICHARD HILL TO SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

VIRGINIA, February 6, 1757.

DEAR SON:—

I writ to thee a few days ago, *via* Baltimore Town, under cover to Alexander Lawson. This goes by Colonel Hunter, who waits on Governor Dinwiddie to the Congress. I have received so many civilities from both of them, that I could not well excuse myself from inviting them to lodge at thy house, which is a liberty I am and shall ever be cautious of using. But in the present case, I hope thou'lt readily excuse me, as it will show my gratitude to them, who, besides being my friends, are very worthy gentlemen. I much doubt their accepting the invitation, though I should be much pleased if they should, because I think the Governor's age and state of health may require his being retired in so quiet a family. He is a plain man, and knows very well what sort of people Friends are, and has a great esteem for them, having formerly lived in Philadelphia in my uncle's time, and was well acquainted with him and several of our relations.

If it should not be utterly inconvenient to thee, I desire thou wilt wait on the Governor and the Colonel, as soon as thou receives this, and invite them as above, which I shall take as a particular favour done to me, and I think it will be one of the last of the sort I shall ask.

I am, with dear love to all,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

A letter to Richard Hill, from his daughter, Hannah Moore, giving some curious particulars of their near relative, Dr. Loyd Zachary's will, a subject which excited much remark and odium at the time, is here preserved. See also Dr. Moore's letter to Richard Hill, March 24, 1757.

HANNAH MOORE TO HER FATHER, RICHARD HILL.

January 27, 1757.

MY DEAREST PAPA:—

I know not in what language to express the situation of my mind on receiving thine of December 31. Oh! how tremendously good has the Lord of mercy been to thee and to us all, by preserving, in so miraculous a manner, a life on which the happiness of so many depends, and also of giving thee the unspeakable satisfaction of being instrumental to save the lives of so many; I hope so great a mercy will never be unthankfully remembered by any of us, as the going was principally to release my brother Lamar, and thou has gone through great hardships in going down to Virginia; and the dreadful extremities thou suffered at sea will, I hope, deter thee from ever attempting the voyage again. They must be both unjust and void of affection for thee to desire it. I hope by the spring thou may safely venture here, as the smallpox has gone pretty well through the town; very few have it now. I don't hear that any die of it. P. Coleman has got through it, though she had it worse than ever I saw anybody that lived.

After I heard thou wert sailed, I can say with great truth I gave thee up with full confidence, and was most certain thou would be preserved, which prevented my mind from dwelling long on melancholy reflections; but I've been in greater affliction than I can express on another account, though it's now over, and I have the pleasure to inform thee my dear Patsy is recovered from a dangerous fit of illness. She was seized with a pleurisy, but upon her being blooded and a large blister to her side, her pain was soon abated; she has been very much reduced in her strength; she was not able to stand at all; she's now so well as to be up every day and walk about. Every night some return of her fever, but it is not high.

I doubt not thou'll be surprised to hear that our coz. Zachary is dead. He was taken with an apoplectic fit in the street, and fell down without speaking a word. He lived about two or three hours; he died while we were in Maryland. He has left the most unnatural, preposterous will ever heard of in this place. To Molly and Nany Lloyd he has given £900, Thomas Lloyd

and his son £700, to the Hospital £350, Polly £75, thyself and his man Andrew £100 each, a small legacy to some of his relations in London, and a few pounds to H. Lloyd's children and Captain Thomas Lloyd's children, and £10 to some of his servants; all the rest of his estate to his executors, viz.: I. Norris, S. Neave, and Hugh Roberts; but when Balfour comes from York, I shall write thee more fully on this head. L. Z. ordered that all his estate should be sold, and that if any of his friends (particular ones) or relations wanted to buy his plantation, they should have it £300 cheaper than another person, and I hear — and — are resolved to have it. I. N. says he'll not go down to his grave with the infamy of that will.

I've received three letters for thee from Madeira, viz.: October 13, per Dawson's sloop; October 21, per Bullipson, and November 23, directed to the care of James Thompson; there's little in them but what thou hast often heard.

Drason sailed January 7, by whom I sent all thy clothes, &c. My aunts are well; we all join in thankful congratulations on thy return.

Thine forever,

H. M.

HARRIET SCOTT TO RICHARD HILL.

February 29, 1757.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:—

I have just heard that Johnny Leycock is still in Portsmouth, and as I don't know when I shall have another opportunity of writing to Madeira, I will make good use of this. By what thou and my sisters have wrote me, I conclude you look on Bradshaw as a particuar friend; he may be so, I know nothing to the contrary, but I think if he was he ought to have been to visit me, which he never has since he kept house. I met him yesterday in the park, but he did not bow or speak to me; perhaps he did not know me, for he has seen me but once, and that soon after I came to England. I don't stand in need of his friendship, and am better pleased I am not acquainted with him, but still I think it proper to let you know in what manner he had behaved. Mr. Scott's relations treat me as well as I could wish; if they ever treated me otherwise, it was my own fault

more than theirs, for I came into their family greatly prejudiced against them all, and was too apt to look on the worst side of everything that came from that quarter; but all is now easy.

I have a good many friends in Scotland of very good fashion, who often write to me and supply me with what I want from thence; if my dear papa should want anything from Scotland, I can easily get them sent over to Madeira, and can depend on having them well bought; I am sorry to say Mr. Scott seems now averse to settling in Scotland, though I have often repeatedly strong invitations from the people there to go over; but he is fond of company, and keeps a great deal. I don't know anything of his affairs; he follows no kind of business—whether his income will admit of our living in the manner we do, I am a stranger to. Let what will happen, I shall always have this consolation, that I have never been extravagant in any one thing, and that I can't accuse myself of throwing money away on myself.

Mrs. Bland is often with me; though we are at so great a distance, they are both very fond of me, though at first were very shy; she often stays a week and a fortnight at a time with me; she is an agreeable young woman.

I beg and entreat my dearest papa to write me by all opportunities. I am sure thou would, if thou knew how very happy a letter from thee always makes me. * * *

May health and happiness ever attend thee, my dearest papa, is the sincere prayer of his most affectionate and dutiful daughter,

H. S.

DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE TO RICHARD HILL.—(PER COL. HUNTER.)

March 24, 1757.

DEAR FATHER:

Thine by Colonel Hunter I received, and invited Governor Dinwiddie to lodge at my house, according to thy request, but missed seeing him at J. Neilson's the afternoon after he came to town, the Governor and Colonel dining that day with our Governor, but mentioned to Neilson's wife that I came there to invite him to lodge at my house; she said he had taken lodgings, and refused Wallen's offer because he had his secretary

with him to do business, and that he wanted two or three rooms, which was more than gentlemen in common can spare. I left my compliments, and promised to wait on him in the morning, which I did, and offered him my house, &c. Observing a stately new house at the corner of Walnut, where the old coffee-house used to be kept, he inquired who lived in it, and understanding only a gentleman and lady, "this is the house that will suit me; surely he has three rooms to spare; I am from home and in a strait; I'll send my compliments to know if he'll spare me three rooms;" which Jno. Reynell answered he should be very welcome to; and there he has fixed himself before I could see him. Colonel Hunter had told him my family was large, and I could not spare three rooms; and so the compliment ended. However, he promised to dine with me, which he did a few days afterwards with Governors Sharp, Dobbs, Denny, and James Hamilton.

I perceive thou hast heard of poor coz. Zachary's death; he went off suddenly by an apoplectic stroke, just as he got up into a chamber, at the upper end of our street, to see a poor child; he fell on the floor speechless, before he could get his cloak off; and so remained from 11 to 3 afternoon. His will is so uncommon and unnatural, that 'tis thought he was hardly sound enow in mind and memory to make one. * *

Isaac Norris was quite a stranger to this will, and is exceedingly provoked at it. He has proposed to them that the three executors should keep £500 each, and divide the remainder.

Tommy Moore applied to take the doctor's dwelling, thinking it might be of advantage to Charles in recommending him to some families in that neighbourhood whom the doctor used to attend. However, Hugh and S. Neave asked him £40 per annum; Isaac said it was not worth more than £25, which occasioned a warm altercation, and the house remains empty.

* * * * *

My family have generally been blessed with health, except poor Patsy, who has complained in various ways for several weeks. * * *

In a letter from Deborah to her sister Moore, from Madeira, June 16, 1757, there occurs a complaint that the partners have

intimated they do not understand the articles of copartnership oblige them to pay annuities to the sisters of £25 each. After reading the letter, R. Hill endorses it thus:—

“I shall take care to have the articles which settle on my dear sisters and daughters £25 sterling each per annum, explained and confirmed, though I cannot believe that it wants it, my intention being clearly expressed, and Mr. Lamar, when I read it to him before the articles were signed by us, the partners, understood it right, and agreed with me that it was reasonable, and full little. This may be kept to show, if there should be occasion for it, that this sum was intended for each of them.

RICHARD HILL.”

Deborah's letter announces Bisset's admission to a partnership in the Madeira house, to have one-fifth of the profits, which, she says, is not too much, considering “that he does the greatest part of the business; and another thing, B. knows that we cannot do without him. It is a sad thing that Jos. Gillis can't either write or understand book-keeping, and my brother says he never will. He is as sharp a boy after money as I ever saw.”

The father is still detained in America. He writes from New Jersey this model letter:—

RICHARD HILL TO HENRY HILL.

SALEM, July 30, 1757.

DEAR SON:—

Captain Darby's vessel not having sailed, I gladly embrace the opportunity to mention a few of the many things I intended to inculcate to thee before thee embarked at Boston, when I was so oppressed at the thoughts of parting that I could not find a proper time to do it. I am very anxious for thy welfare, spiritual and temporal, and earnestly entreat thee constantly to keep in view the relation thou stands in to the Almighty Author of our being. Have a steady reliance on his providence, and prepare thyself to bear the dispensations of it with patient resignation. It is our interest, as much as our duty, to do so;

for as all our enjoyments here are transitory, we certainly must lose or leave them, and as God only knows when it is best to separate us from them, we should fortify ourselves, with his assistance, against all sudden changes, and meet them cheerfully. Remember, all our actions in this life must be accounted for; and those who lull themselves into an inconsiderateness about futurity deceive themselves, and may never be sensible of it in this life, unless they should be favoured with slow approaches of death, which no man can be sure of; and if he could, it might be too late. Let the loss of thy dear brother, who was as likely to live when we left him as thou art, be a constant monition to thee. Such considerations will make an habitual dependence on the Divine Being, and submission to his will, sit easy on the mind.

Respecting thy temporal affairs, remember that Fortune was fabled to be the creature of Wisdom, *i. e.* the wise and prudent were fortunate; as we generally find they are, although there may be some exceptions to the rule. All beginners in business will be mistaken or at a loss in some cases, and no precautions of their own, or advice of their friends, can always secure them against disappointments. Yet prudence and experience have taught men that the observance of certain particulars are of infinite use in all concerns; such as deliberation, when the case admits of it; expedition, in cases which require it, as most do; for procrastination is many times fatal in temporal as well as spiritual affairs.

Trusting our business too much to others, when we might do it or see it done, is very disadvantageous, especially among such perfidious people, and in so precarious a commodity as thou'll have to do with.

By doing thy business in time, and preventing a necessity of hurrying thyself, it will be better done, and thy life and health less endangered. The necessity of my past circumstances, and sometimes dear-bought experience, have convinced me of the justness of these observations, from which I hope thou'll reap some advantages at a cheaper rate.

My child, thou art now my only son; use moderate exercise, and be temperate. Thy constitution will not bear excess of any kind. Be circumspect in thy conduct, and write fully to me on all occasions.

I am thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

(FROM THE HOUSE OF SIDNEY GEORGE, IN MARYLAND.)

BOHEMIA, August 22, 1757.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I am just arrived here, and the people are putting the trunks on board the boat, in order to sail with the next ebb. I wrote to thee and Doctor Moore to act for me in the disposition of my daughters, in such a hurry, that I doubt its being done as it should be, wherefore I desire you'll consult about it, and let me know if it should be altered, as Sammy knows what form will do better; if he advises me how to alter it, I shall have time, if I don't return to Philadelphia, to do it before it will be wanted. I am desirous somehow or other, to let John Morris know directly or indirectly that I did not shun him to prevent his making proposals to me, for I had expected it, and had rather he should have done it than not, as I could have given him a satisfactory answer. It may be said I expected he would have said something of the kind to me. I don't know but that Anthony Morris might expect that I should have called to take leave of his family, as he was so particuar to me, and I intended to, but really had not time. My respects may be offered to him, his wife, and Debby, in a proper manner; not so as to cause any remark to our disadvantage, which easily may be, as things are circumstanced. Please also to give my love to Sally Morris.

I recollect I said nothing in my letter to S. P. M. about the children's going to the Yellow Springs, but it was not because I disapproved of it. I should be glad to have a chaise rather than a chair; let the head be made to fall back, with leather curtains, and a footcloth; I will pay for it, and for keeping the horse, and all manner of expenses, and shall contrive some money into S. P. M.'s hands for that and other purposes. I have sent back the dishes, and the new basket by the skipper of the stage boat; I don't see the Portuguese cloak nor the gown in the list, but Thomas tells me the latter is, which I would have thee keep for thy own use or any of the family's when sick in winter. I hope the cloak is kept for Sammy as I desired; it

will be very serviceable to him when he's obliged to go out in cold weather, as he often is.

I am, my dear Hannah,
Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

As soon as the children can bear well riding on horses, pray let them do it pretty constantly, increasing as fast as they can well bear, but not faster; it will be much better than a carriage for them. But neither will do much good without it's daily repeated, and continued a long time; nor must they leave it off when they think themselves quite well.

The foregoing allusion to John and Anthony Morris, no doubt relates to a proposition of marriage to my grandmother, Margaret Morris, from William Morris. The annexed paper, also alluded to, left by Richard Hill, constitutes his son-in-law and daughter his attorney, to give consent, as required by the rules of Friends, to the marriage of his daughters.

PHILADELPHIA, 8th month 20th, 1757.

These are to certify whom it may concern, and particularly my esteemed friends of the monthly meeting at Philadelphia: That as I am about to depart from America, and go beyond sea, and, therefore, recourse to me cannot be readily had for my approbation of any marriage which may be proposed with any of my daughters in Philadelphia, I do hereby give full power to my son-in-law, Doctor Samuel Preston Moore, and my daughter, Hannah Moore, to act for me in any such case, and to consent to the marriage of any one or all of my said daughters with any person or persons of whom my said son and daughter Moore may approve; in witness whereof, I herewith set my hand, the date above.

RICHARD HILL.

To all persons whom it may concern.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

COLONEL HUNTER'S, 7 ber 15, 1757.

MY DEAR HANNAH :—

I have received thy very acceptable letter, which I cannot answer regularly, having but little time, and that attended with many interruptions by my having to keep company with the gentlemen who happen to be here, viz.: Governor Dinwiddie, Captain Arbuthnot, Colonel Ludwell, &c. &c.

I send thee inclosed the letters thou sent me from Madeira, with a letter for Henry to be forwarded. When I receive thine by John Langdale, I shall be able to determine finally what course I shall take, which, I believe, will be to prosecute my voyage to Madeira, for the sake of my dear girls and their brother, whose interest seems to require it. I would, however, stay at all events if I could do anything more for my dear Peggy and Patsy, than can be done without me, which I have not the vanity to think I could, except giving them the satisfaction of being with them.

My builder has been so dilatory that my vessel will not be ready to sail in less than three weeks. I would have my first and second volumes of Van Swieten's Commentaries, which I brought from Madeira, also my first volume of the Spirit of Laws, when found, sent to me in Madeira; also Henry's manuscript translation of Baron Montesquieu's Considerations on the Causes of the Rise and Decay of the Roman Empire, which I lent to cousin Betty Norris, and she to her brother Isaac; it's a valuable book, and Henry designing to translate the whole, his having that again will save him a good deal of trouble in translating it over again.

When thou writes to Henry, please to caution him against playing much on the flute, which might hurt his lungs, &c. Mrs. Hunter and her little, or rather great girl, are well, and she desires her compliments to you all, as does Governor Dinwiddie, who speaks much in favour of all he saw of my family.

I am willing to pay for the chaise, as S. P. M. at present cannot spare the money so well as I can. My dear sisters and

daughters must excuse my not writing to them, for I really have not time.

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

LITTLE ENGLAND, 7 ber 17, 1757.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I don't care what the chaise costs, and choose to pay for it myself. I have carefully considered all circumstances, and find the interest of my family obliges me to proceed as fast as I can to Madeira; though, as I have already sufficient to leave them independent, I would, without regret, make money considerations submit to the welfare of my two dear girls, if I could do them any considerable service.

I hope to have time to write to all before I go to sea, and will then let thee know when I sail, but I fear it will be about three weeks before I can, and that I shall hardly reach Madeira before Captain Chancellor and the Betty leave it. I shall carry orders for above 40 pipes of wine, which will make all our bill affairs easy, and the house has now the command of so great a sum of money that our whole business may be carried on with great facility. I intend to settle all my affairs in Madeira as soon as I can, and from the day I arrive there, shall begin to prepare for coming away, and taking my final leave of the place; and I trust in Providence I shall not be long in effecting it.

I am, with affectionate love to you all,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

LITTLE ENGLAND, 8 month 11, 1757.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

I am so concerned about my dear girls, that I have with difficulty refrained putting off my voyage till the spring, and sending the vessel to return then for me. But I am going to settle my affairs in Madeira, to remit, while it may be done to advantage, as it now may, the greatest part of what I have there

to America, and to put the future management of the house on such a footing that the business may, without me, be carried on to the advantage of my children when I am with them, and when I may be taken from them. I believe these considerations will determine me to go the first voyage in the brig. She is a very complete vessel, and everybody thinks she will sail extraordinarily well.

She is called the Meredith and Neave, in return for their compliment to me in the name of their Snow, as well as for their being our principal and steady correspondents.

I am, my dear Hannah,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

Several other affectionate epistles were addressed to his family before sailing, all exhibiting the same tender interest in their welfare, and often giving long directions about the food and medicine proper for his younger daughters. From the last, dated at Norfolk, in December, the following passages are well worthy of preservation.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

NORFOLK, December, 1757.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

* * Pray, my dear Hannah, don't afflict thyself about me, nor let any consequences affect thee while thy intentions are pure, as I doubt not they ever will be. The copy of thine, with a postscript, are just now sent to me by Captain Hunter. R. Wells only acknowledges the receipt of mine to him, apologizes for not mentioning the state of my children's health in his former letter, gives the news, and concludes in a very respectful manner.

I am very thankful that my dear girls are so much better, but extremely concerned for my dear Sammy's continued ill state of health. I wish I could stay with him, which at all events I would do if I could be of much real service to him; perhaps his drinking the water may relieve him.

My vessel has been loaded a good while, and has not been

pumped since she was hove down, not making, I believe, a spoonful of water in twenty-four hours, though she's as deep as she need to be. She'll carry nothing between decks but part of her water, wood, and provisions, some, or all of which are in her hold. She could not be better fitted in London, wanting nothing necessary. My friends have provided as well for me as you could if I was going from Philadelphia. I expect to sail in two days after Captain Loyall returns. I have a parcel of fine hands, and one of them an artist, besides a good master and mate, and the vessel being loaded with lumber and wax, and having only a sufficient quantity of ballast to stiffen her, which she could have done without, she would not sink, if she was by any accident to be filled with water.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

P. S.—Pray remember me to James Hamilton. I saw a letter of Dr. Franklin's in a London newspaper which pleased me much, and must do some good at home; but I am no party man, nor trouble myself with party affairs.

My vessel has ten hands, which I believe is four more than would be allowed for such a one in Philadelphia, but I intend them to row with long oars out of an enemy's reach if in a calm.

The foregoing, except a postscript in praise of a trial trip made by the ship, is the last letter previous to his sailing for Madeira.

Sally Hill, afterwards Dillwyn, was next to the youngest child; she was a lively, romantic girl, given somewhat to poetical effusions, and fond of lively society. One piece of her composition turns up in the collection, which is perhaps worthy of preservation, to show the sprightliness of her mind. It is addressed—

SALLY HILL TO MISS PATSY HILL.

WRIGHT'S FERRY (NOW COLUMBIA), PENNSYLVANIA.

Could I thy charming muse persuade
Hither to send her tuneful aid,
I'd tell thee all we do and say,
And scribble out the livelong day:
How, as we crossed the river fair, *
Four wild geese wing'd the evening air;
How uncle Jemmy rais'd his gun,
Took aim, fired off, and down dropp'd one.
It flutter'd on the wave and died,
And I for pity could have cried;
But, taken up and dress'd to-morrow,
I din'd, and quite forgot my sorrow.
Yet don't conclude I nothing mind,
But how I supp'd or how I din'd;
Believe me, precious girl, I pray,
No joys could make my heart so gay,
As would the sweet enchanting word
That your dear health was once restor'd.
I trust in Providence's care,
The balmy springs, the country air,
And kind physician's happy skill,
Will let me keep my sister still.
Might this be once the pleasing news,
Your Sally could not want a muse;
The tender hope inspires my heart,
That Heaven will not let us part.

O, could I call the season Spring—
When meadows smile and linnets sing—
Instead of the declining year,
What would I give to have thee here;
In this romantic, airy scene,
Of rocks with moss and fields with green,
A spacious stream, as crystal clear,
With twenty islands, here and there
Reflected on the water's face—
You never saw a prettier place.

Now, dearest Patsy, to the four,
Be pleased to add one letter more:
The muse thou has no need to call;
She'll come, although not asked at all:
Take but thy paper, pen, and ink,
To write in verse, just only think,
For in thy own harmonious mind,
A muse thou wilt be sure to find.

My aunt and mamma will be good,
 Though I have done—not as I should;
 Their own dear Sall they must forgive,
 And I will love them while I live.

P. S.—On several perusals of thy pretty letter, I need not tell thee I am ashamed to send this trash. Indeed, my dear, I am—but since nothing but rhyme will serve thy turn, I'll e'en trust to thy good nature and send it, though I might as well have said nothing about it, I've so often found with what a partial eye thee looks on all that comes from

Thy tenderly affectionate

S. HILL.

Of the voyage to Madeira there is no record preserved; the first letter from the father, after his arrival, is in March, 1758.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, March 31, 1758.

MY DEAR HANNAH:—

I have so much to do with the East India fleet, and some West Indiamen, as well as two other vessels, one just arrived from New York, and unexpectedly consigned to me, that I should scarce have wrote to thee had I not been obliged to send copies to some of my friends in Philadelphia, and did not care to write to anybody else without writing to thee. I am very anxious about my poor Peggy, and the more because I have not received a line from thee since I arrived, though four vessels have lately arrived from New York. But perhaps thou thought the prohibition would prevent their sailing, not knowing they were frequently sending lumber, wax, and money. I cannot help fearing that Peggy is worse, and thou art unwilling to afflict me with the account of it. But I desire thou'll write by all opportunities: I shall endeavour to fortify myself against what I am always dreading.

I have got several things for my dear girls, which I intend to send to the care of B. Robinson, by a sloop of his, which I daily expect, such as tafleties, cambrics, and Hollands. I intend to pack them in a wine hogshead, and case it, or in a citron chest with some citron atop, if to be got.

I yesterday had a letter from John Scott, confirming Harriet's having a fine boy, and her being very well. T. Lamar wrote me a few days before, and sent me several long and very consistent letters, as well wrote as any I ever saw from him; he is much recovered, and Molly is something less troubled with the headache, though not clear of it. They neither of them like living in England, or Loudon at least. They live very retired and frugally, yet find it very expensive, being obliged to pay for a small furnished house, £115 sterling per annum. He has been applied to by many very considerable merchants and others to order wine for them; such as we have sent to our friends. General Thomas, of Antigua, has been very serviceable to us, and got us several correspondents, and some that are like to be very good ones. Indeed, our business increases so much from all quarters, that we are obliged to write to T. L. to send us another clerk. I have no time to add, but shall soon have other opportunities to tell thee again,

I am always, with dear love to the whole family,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, May 12, 1758.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—

Since I wrote by Elsegood I have written several times, *via* New York, to which I refer. I have no letter from any of my family since my arrival here, except one from Dr. Moore.

We have shipped, since January, 700 pipes of wine, and yet have in our lodges above 500, most of them of the better sorts, which is more than all the other houses have, except Scott's, who, I believe, have not so many as we have, nor can anybody now buy a parcel of good wine in the Island.

Provisions of the bread kind continue exceeding scarce and dear, but we have a small reserve of wheat, corn, and flour, for the family, and a great deal of rice for sale. The poor are greatly distressed by the high prices.

The buying of such a stock of wine almost all together, called for all the money we had, but we have remitted, since I came here, to London and Lisbon, near £500 sterling, and can have

what money we please on bills, which we can safely draw for much more than we shall want. The great alteration in the trade of this Island since I went to Philadelphia, requires all the skill and diligence of the most experienced person in it, and will oblige me to continue here till T. Lamar returns, and is well settled in it again. He is as well as ever, and Molly something better for the Scarborough waters. Harriet has a fine boy.

Business at first made me very thin, but I have lately regained my flesh. Henry and Bisset are very good assistants, and Joseph Gillis is very serviceable and diligent.

My dear Peggy is always in my thoughts, and I am very anxious for her; I hope the exercise she may be able to take in the spring and summer may be of service to her, and that it will please the Lord to support her mind, whatever may be the issue of her disorder. The confidence I have in thine and Dr. Moore's prudence and disinterested affection for her and the rest of thy sisters, makes me entirely satisfied that everything will be done for their greatest advantage in all cases which concern them, which I could not rely on were they in any other hands whatever.

I should be glad to be advised how Rachel's affair is like to terminate; surely, before this time the persons concerned must have come to a resolution. Letters from all my children, how short soever, will always be very acceptable to me, and I hope to have time to write to them.

I am, with dear love to all the family,

And respects to relations and friends, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I expect poor Debby's friends, or some of them, will censure her for marrying from among Friends, which she never would without my approbation and encouragement, which I own she had, and they were founded on the best reasons, some of which I have mentioned to Dr. Moore; and I must repeat to thee that I think R. Bisset a very valuable young man, of as even and good temper, and as much prudence as I ever knew one have. On these last two qualifications the happiness of a man and his wife depend, as much as on anything whatever, next to virtue.

I give him £500 sterling at present, and let my will remain as I made it in Philadelphia, by which Debby will be entitled to an equal part, deducting this £500.

WILLIAM MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1757.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—

As this is the first direct opportunity since thy leaving Virginia, and the only one from Chancellor's return, I take the liberty of congratulating thee on thy safe arrival to thy good family, after a short and pleasant passage, the account of which was particularly acceptable to thy friends here, since they could scarce flatter themselves with receiving it so early.

It is with a very sensible pleasure I can also give thee joy on thy dear daughter Peggy's recovery from the indisposition which, from the time of thy leaving Philadelphia, she laboured under; this much desired event, with thy generous approval, and her favourable sentiments of me, give me reason to flatter myself that it will not now be long before she will, with her hand, confirm to me the happiness I have for some time past fondly solicited; when I hope to be able to prove myself not altogether unworthy, nor yet unmindful of the many favours for which I think myself much indebted to your worthy family at Dr. Moore's.

I am at present fixed in the drygoods business, which, from the great number of new adventurers in that way, is now scarce worth attending to. I therefore propose, as soon as I conveniently can extricate myself (in part at least), to enter into a more general trade; if, at any time, your house may be inclined to interest themselves in a vessel to be employed between this port and you, I shall be pleased with an opportunity of being concerned with them.

My dear parents order me to present their respects to thee, and I am, with much respect to thyself and good family,

Thy much obliged friend,

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Richard Hill's paternal and most lucid and excellent advice on *Marriage*, in the letter already copied, dated Williamsburg, September 26, 1756, in the two following of July 28 and 29,

1758, and in a subsequent one of February 29, 1759, is eminently deserving of study and preservation. His good sense and careful expression mark a most finished mind.

RICHARD HILL TO RACHEL HILL.

MADEIRA, July 28, 1758.

MY DEAR RACHEL:—

It was with great satisfaction I received thine and thy sister's letters by Chancellor, especially as they brought me an account of dear Peggy's recovery, and the rest being well. You take up the greatest part of my thoughts. Your temporal and spiritual welfare, and the contributing what I can thereto, being my principal concern.

I am sorry thy affair with Richard Wells is so embarrassed. It seems to me as if several mistakes had been committed on both sides, but, I believe the consequences of them may be remedied. In order thereto, I shall first put thee in mind of my invariable rule, to consult the true happiness of my children in marriage, preferable to all other considerations, as grandeur, riches, &c.; and, as I think the happiness of a married state depends principally on a mutual and well-grounded affection between the parties, so I never intend to constrain or over-persuade a child of mine to marry any man for whom she has not such an affection. As love is not always voluntary, it may sometimes happen to be governed by fancy, or other motives without reason, and fixed on a worthless person of bad principles or bad temper; for either of which, no set of features, no shape, no qualifications or fortune ever so great, can make a woman amends; she must be a slave or miserable for life, or, at least, for his, except he should happen to have grace enough to be reclaimed by her, which, when this has been done in such cases, has generally been the work of many years, and commonly has been effected so late, that the parties have received but a short benefit by it in this life. But what prudent woman in her senses, would voluntarily run such a risk, or undertake such a task? If one of my daughters was about to throw herself away upon such a man, I should use all my interest to persuade her from it.

But, if I found her resolutely bent on it, I think I should not

absolutely restrain her or cast her off, because she might thereby become as unhappy as by marrying the man. This is a trial which I hope I and my dear girls shall be preserved from. The case before me is very different, and I fain would flatter myself that happiness waits, like a handmaid, to be commanded by thee. Don't mistake me, and think I am about to persuade thee to have the young man against thy inclination.

Although thy modesty prevented thy owning it to me, yet I had room to think thou once hadst affection enough for him to induce thee to marry him. Thou encouraged his return to America, and countenanced him when he came, and doubtless thou wert convinced of the sincerity of his affection for thee ; and I think he gave thee a sufficient proof of it by leaving his friends, and crossing the sea at so dangerous a time, for thy sake, without a cargo, or having any profitable business to employ himself in, promising, at the same time, to settle in Philadelphia, to indulge thee with staying among thy relations, at the expense of parting with his own. This being the case, there is gratitude as well as justice due to him. Yet I would not have thee carried by them, in a case of this kind, beyond reason, to do a thing that might make thee unhappy. If thou still love him, thou ought to marry him. Thy brother and sister Moore will not have the least objection to it, as I am sure neither of them have any interested views which they would set in competition with thy happiness, of which they must think as I do, that thou art the best judge for thyself, since there is no glaring fault, that I know of, on the part of the young man. He may have committed a great many blunders, but I wonder that a youth so much in love, as he must be, to do the things I have mentioned above, should commit no more. His keeping his mother's letter so long before he delivered it to thy sister, was a very great one, yet I don't doubt but he thought he had a good reason for it, though if it was known, it might appear absurd to us. In short, a lover, and especially when disgraced, is always diffident of himself, and knows not how to act consistently ; he is long considering which is the best way, but takes the worst ; he is afraid to go into the presence of his mistress, and afraid to keep from her ; and she, on her part, is displeased if he comes in disobedience to her, yet, if he obeys her in keeping away, she thinks

herself slighted. Such frail things are lovers, and such are the creatures we love!

If this sort of people could take counsel, I would advise them to act deliberately (tho' not more so than thou hast), and prudently; and if their intentions were upright, they might expect the blessing of Providence, and to be happy.

I think thou didst wrong in refusing to see him and to hear his justification. If he has been accused of anything, let him know it, and give him an opportunity of clearing himself, if he can. If thou suspects him of a design to carry thee away, put him in mind of his promise to me and to thee, to settle in Philadelphia; and if he still declares his intention to do so, I think he ought to be confided in. But if he should refuse to confirm or repeat the promise, I leave thee to consider and judge for thyself.

To put him off, to make further trial of his affection, would, in my opinion, be a most ridiculous, cruel thing, and be doing injustice to him and thyself. I have written very freely to him on an examination of his own conduct, in order to his finding out the reasons he may have given for his being slighted, and to endeavour to clear himself. It is a very long letter, but I have sent thy sister a copy of it, and I presume she may show it to thee; and I would have thee show this to her, and thy brother Moore, to save me the trouble of repeating the same things to them, which I have not leisure to do.

The affair has now come to a crisis; there is no trifling with it any longer. The young man's parents have been very much to blame in delaying so long to send their consent in form; but this appears to be entirely their fault; he could not force them to it, nor would it have been becoming in him to censure them too freely. The consent is now come, and to turn him off without his being faulty in something of consequence, would be acting dishonourably, since I don't find that thou hast any aversion to him. If thou loves him, put an end to the affair, and do not by unkindness give him cause to doubt thy affection for him: such doubts may revive hereafter, or at least the causes of them may be remembered as unkindnesses. These consequences are better prevented by cutting off the sources of them, than remedied after they have been suffered to take root.

I commit thee in this important affair, as in all others, to the protection of the Divine hand, and am,

My dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I have sent thy brother Moore a bill of exchange, to be presented to Peggy, or her friend; I have given the same sum to Debby, £500, and am provided to set the rest of you out in the same manner, with which you'll be content, till I can afford to make another dividend among you.

I have not mentioned the promise you all claim of me; I don't forget, or intend to neglect it, but I cannot leave this place until my son Lamar returns, when we shall have a grand consultation about affairs of that kind, and something will be determined. I wish myself with you, and shall think the time long until I am.

RICHARD HILL TO RACHEL HILL.

MADEIRA, July 29, 1758.

MY DEAR RACHEL:—

Altho' I have written so fully to thee in the enclosed, which I have desired thee to show to thy brother and sister Moore, yet I find something further to say to thyself, which I desire thee to take particular notice of.

The rule I have laid down for myself, being, to let my children please themselves in marriage, as the most likely way to be happy in a married state, implies the rule I recommend to them, to be, choosing for themselves, agreeably to their real inclinations, which I hope will always be the result of reason and deliberation. Now, if thou shouldst, contrary to thy real inclination, turn off R. W., and persist in refusing to have him, it would be frustrating my good intentions for thee, and be making me an unkind return for my tender indulgence; and it would be doing what's in thy power to make me and thy sister unhappy, by making thyself so, as our happiness depends very much on thine.

Thy sister advises me, that she once, a good while ago, said to thee, if thou married him, it would, or might, break her

heart: meaning, if he should carry thee away. She is very sorry for it, and would now heartily concur in anything that's agreeable to thee. If thou shouldst still refuse to hear her, from a supposition that she does not do it freely, it might make her very unhappy, and perhaps hurry her into a disordered state of mind, which would make us all unhappy.

Thus thou sees how much our mutual felicity is connected, and how much it is in thy power to promote or obstruct it; I therefore entreat thee, my dear child, not to persist in refusing the young man, because thy brother and sister once disapproved of him. It would make her accuse herself as the cause of all, and I dread to think of the consequences.

If thou still loves him, make short of the matter; tell thy sister so, tell her I have encouraged thee to it; and tell her thou art sensible of her tender concern for thee; that thou art sure she had nothing in view but thy happiness, and desire that all disagreeable things that have passed, may be no more mentioned or thought of. Thus by living in harmony, as you used to do, each being happy in your particular affairs, and all of you in one another, you will severally and jointly administer comfort to an indulgent aged father, whose short remainder of life is wrapped up in his children's welfare.

I need say no more, but that I am as always, my dear Rachel,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

Remember me kindly to my friends, and particularly to my cousins Gibsons.

RICHARD HILL TO MARGARET HILL, AFTERWARDS MORRIS.

MADEIRA, August 2, 1758.

MY DEAR PEGGY:—

I rejoice to hear of thy recovery, for which I am very thankful, as I hope and doubt not thou art. I intended to have written a pretty long letter, but I really have not time; thou must excuse it. I have sent thy brother Moore a bill of £500 sterling, to be presented to thee, or thy friend W. M., with

whom I hope thou wilt be very happy, which will contribute to my comfort.

I am, my dear child,
Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

MADEIRA, August 3, 1758.

ESTEEMED FRIEND, WM. MORRIS:—

I received thy favour of May 25th, and accept thy congratulations on my arrival very kindly.

I rejoice and am very thankful for the recovery of my dear Peggy, and have entire confidence in the sincerity of thy professions of regard for her, and hope she will be very sensible of the value of so disinterested an affection as thou hast for her.

I have enabled Dr. Moore to contribute something for the present, on my behalf, towards your beginning the world; your success therein will depend much on taking prudent measures first, and having a steady reliance on Divine Providence. I wish you all happiness, and shall always desire to contribute what I can thereto.

I shall write thee in a few days concerning the Madeira trade, which may be worth thy while to be moderately concerned in. At present, provisions bear very high prices, but I never knew a time when it was so difficult to judge how long they may keep up, because of the uncertainty how long the act of Parliament may continue in force, and the temptation people have to crowd to this market. Though the scarceness and dearness of wine is discouraging, it never having been so dear, nor the merchants so poorly stocked, at a time when there is not a pipe of good wine to be sold, my house happens to be better provided than many others; yet I doubt if we shall have much left, when new wine will be fit to be shipped. I am, with much respect to thy father, mother, and sister, with thy grandfather and his family,

Thy affectionate friend,

RICHARD HILL.

As Richard Wells's letter was inclosed in thine, I shall inclose my answer herein. I am inclined to think him candid, and

that he has a great affection for Rachel, whom I have left at liberty to determine the affair agreeably to her real inclinations, and so I have written to her friends.

RICHARD WELLS TO RICHARD HILL.

PHILADELPHIA, January 15, 1759.

HONOURED FRIEND:—

As a vessel is departing for Madeira, I could not, consistent with my duty, omit throwing my mite into the family packet, though of no other consequence than to tell thee, with a grateful heart, how much I am rendered capable of enjoying life with its true relish, since thy kind mediation, which has had every happy effect that I could in my most sanguine moments have desired.

I am blessed with an uninterrupted intercourse with thy family, and now spend many of those leisure hours with the utmost pleasure which, not long ago, were intolerably irksome and gloomy; my present happy state is, I hope, an emblem of my future, which I have a pleasing prospect of; though yet at some little distance, which perhaps some of the letters to thee may be more determinate in, as it is not my part to dictate, but to wait their time to accept a gift I prize beyond all that life can bestow.

Did I not know thy sensibility in matters of this kind, which I have frequently heard thee speak feelingly on, I should not address myself to thee in this manner; and all I shall now add is, that if I am at least happy enough to be allied to your house, I hope a purity of affection will ever remain for the person that grants me what I had fixed my whole attention on; and that a general harmony may reign through every connection that thy family may enter into; to promote which in all respects will be the constant desire and endeavour of thy obliged and grateful friend,

RICHARD WELLS.

We have every reason to believe the connection formed with Richard Wells proved acceptable and agreeable to the family. Margaret Morris, in her solitude on the Bank at Burlington, during the Revolutionary war, speaks in her Journal with affec-

tion of "dear brother Wells." And in the greatest terrors of the yellow fever he behaved as a Christian and a brother, taking the infected daughter-in-law of the afflicted mother to his own house, when her own father was afraid to receive her.

The ensuing letter contains a description of "The Achada," or country residence of Dr. Richard Hill, in Madeira, with his motives for its purchase. (See the picture.)

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, February 16, 1759.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER:—

I read thy letters by Lyon with great pleasure, though not without some abatement from observing that thy sister's affairs had given thee a great deal of trouble and anxiety; and indeed, although I am so pleased with thy letters, I always apprehend thou canst not write so much to me and thy sisters under so many interruptions, without being discomposed, which but to think of, gives me great concern, and I would rather content myself with a short letter, than thou shouldst sit up later than ordinary, or write in a hurry. For the future, don't expose thyself to any hazard in this manner.

I am glad my dear Peggy did not go into the new house till it was thoroughly dry; nothing could be more dangerous than green walls, and especially to one in her condition, and it was very kind of her brother to prevent it. I have desired Debby to send the velvet, &c.

I am glad Rachel's affair is likely to be finished happily, as I believe they would not have borne a disappointment well, after such mutual attachment as they seemed to have for each other. For my own part, I have no notion of people's being happy in the married state, unless it's entered on with entire satisfaction to both parties, and I hope this will be the case of all my daughters; if it should not, they'll have nobody to blame but themselves, since their good brother and thyself, who represent their parents, have pursued my scheme of leaving them to their free choice. I wish Sally and Patsy may be as happily matched as the rest of their sisters (if my poor Harriet be so in

her own choice), and if the former could like S. M——th, I should not have the least objection to him, yet I am far from desiring to persuade her against her inclination. I observe the hint thou gives of Dr. C.'s* being fond of her. The affinity or consanguinity between them is no objection with me, nor have I any dislike to his person, accomplishments, or circumstances: on the contrary, I think him a very sensible and deserving young man, though the disparity in their ages is great, very great: yet, if what thou hast observed of his notice, should improve to love, I should leave her, with the approbation of her friends, to determine for herself.

I hope she will not be too volatile to think solidly on that most important affair, which, whenever resolved on, is to be done for life, and requires her most serious consideration. The giddy girls who are caught with show and gaiety soon repent of their folly; but I have said so much on this subject, and am so well satisfied of thy own and Dr. Moore's sagacity and tender regard for your sisters, that I need not enlarge on it.

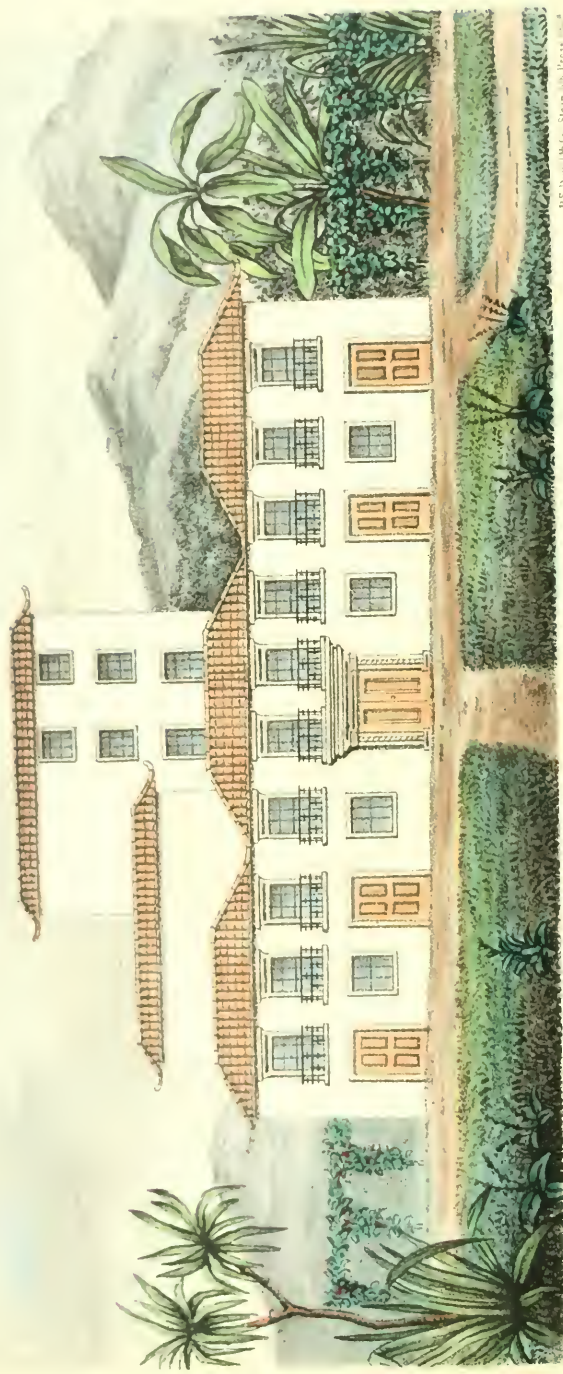
I sent my bills for £500, by Captain Lyon, payable to Dr. Moore, to be indorsed to Rachel, and I now send the third bill. The fourth I design to send *via* New York, in a short time.

* * * * *

My dear Peggy, I find, has some remains of the disorder of her breast, which, I believe, will require great care of herself, and particularly her constant observation what agrees or disagrees with her, by which means she may most likely recover a good firmness of constitution. Had she gone into a green house, I am persuaded it would have been fatal to her. I hope my sisters will be exceeding careful of going too soon into the plastered house, and I must insist that it be perfectly dry before they sleep, or so much as spend a day in it.

I presume R. Steel, without my writing to her, will pay thee or Dr. Moore for the pipe of wine, and I shall soon send orders on C. and A. Stedman and Geo. Smith & Co., for money enough to discharge all the demands on the estate; and when the interest thereon is stopped, and the arrears come to be paid, they'll help to make some provision for my girls, and lessen the occasion for my continuing here. However, I cannot well leave this

* Dr. Charles Moore, afterwards her husband.



PS Doves & Co. Steam Job Press

THE ACHADA DO RICHARD MILLS COUNTRY HOUSE IN MADEIRA.

place till T. L. returns, and we all come to an agreement how the business shall be carried on without one or both of us.

I have mentioned to thee my design of laying a foundation here, for the payment of annuities of £20 or £25 sterling per annum to my sisters, and each of my daughters, and I obliged all the partners to do it for twenty years after my death. But lest any accident should invalidate that obligation on them, I have thought of settling it on securer terms, by buying the house we live in, which already owes me about £700 sterling, and will cost but about £400 more. I have also agreed for an estate about half a mile out of town, which will cost between eleven and twelve hundred pounds sterling, and with the improvement I can make, will soon yield, in fine wine, about 20 per cent. per annum. These two purchases will lay a good foundation for the above annuities. Thou'll directly conclude that this does not look like leaving Madeira. But thou'll see the contrary, when I tell thee that the improvements of the place with wines, &c. will not require my being here, and the laying such a foundation is all I want to do here. The planting can be done without me as well as with, R. Bisset being quite fond of the purchase and of making the proper improvements; the place now gives but about three pipes of wine, besides wheat, but may soon yield twenty pipes of wine a year.

It is a fine, high, square level, of about thirty-five acres, all inclosed in a stone wall, about ten or eleven feet high, and has a stream of water brought a great way in a canal built at great expense with stone and lime. The owner's engagements made him neglect improving it for many years. He is now in Brazil, and the power of attorney he sent for selling it has some defect, otherwise we should now be in possession of it; there is a large, good stone house, and some outhouses, and the title very good, with a fine road to it fit for a chaise, and the only one here that is. It's about a mile from our house, and lies a little above the Jesuits' Quinta. The late Governor had it, and made the road so good, while I was in America; it was, before, scarce passable in that part which goes up to or by the Jesuits' Quinta; by this description of it, my sister Molly will know the situation of the place, though I believe she never was at it, but has been at the Jesuits' Quinta.

I can conveniently make these two purchases, discharge the

rest of my old engagements in Maryland which remain unpaid, and be ready to assist Sally and Patsy to go to housekeeping, when it may be necessary. As we cannot foresee events, I think such a provision as I am endeavouring to make for an annual small payment to each of my sisters and children, may be less precarious than the leaving them all the money at once, which these purchases will cost. As for myself, the income of the estate in Pennsylvania, when cleared, and a share of the profits of the Madeira House, will be abundantly sufficient for my occasions, when I am settled in Philadelphia, which I shall endeavour to effect as soon as I can, lest it should be too late. I mayn't have time to say anything of all this to Dr. Moore, to whom thou'll communicate as much of it as thou pleases.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO MARGARET MORRIS.

MADEIRA, Feb. 20, 1759.

MY DEAR PEGGY:—

I received thy acceptable and affectionate letter of December 6, by Captain Chancellor, and congratulate thee on thy marriage, which, from the opinion I have of thy husband, and the account thou gives me of the treatment of all his family, I have all the room I could desire to hope, will prove a happy one. But as the marriage state is not exempt from troubles, a great deal will depend on your mutual care and prudence, to prevent misunderstandings, to comfort and support each other under sickness and disappointments, which must sometimes happen. The best way to fortify ourselves against them, is by a patient resignation to the dispensations of Providence, and moderating our desires. We can only be happy in proportion as we govern our passions, whether we consider the doing it in a religious or a moral sense.

The greatest trials we meet with in passing through this life, are loss of near friends and sickness, and these even admit of alleviation from the mutual compassionate tenderness between husbands and wives.

I was very uneasy about thy going into a new house, till I

heard it was put off till the walls were thoroughly dry ; it would have been dangerous to the strongest constitution, and much more so to one in thy weak state, which will, for a long time, require thy constant care to avoid taking cold or using any sort of violent exercise. In such a weakly state of health it will be absolutely necessary for thee to observe what agrees or disagrees with thee, and to conduct thyself accordingly. Thou wilt be the best judge from experience whether riding an easy horse or in a chair or chaise be the best exercise. I am glad to hear the things I sent proved agreeable to my children, and that some of them came seasonably to thee.

It has always been my earnest desire to have my daughters settled together in Philadelphia, the neighbourhood and good understanding between relations being, in my opinion, next to a good conscience, one of the greatest blessings of this life.

I can come to no resolution when to return to Philadelphia, till my son and daughter Lamar come back from England, which they talk of doing next summer.

I desire thee to give my love to John Morris, his wife and daughter, and to Anthony Morris and his family, and to my friends in general who may inquire for me. I am, with sincere wishes for thy health and happiness,

My dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I desire thy acceptance of a box of citron.

CONDUCT IN THE MARRIED STATE.

DR. R. HILL TO RACHEL HILL.

MADEIRA, Feb. 22, 1759.

MY DEAR RACHEL:—

I received thy very acceptable letter of December 11th, by Capt. Chancellor, and am glad to find the things I sent thee and thy sisters came seasonably and pleased. But I am more especially pleased that all objections to the consummation of thy affair with R. W. are obviated, as I cannot but think favourably of his principles and professions, and consequently hope there

is a prospect of thy being happy with him. But how firm soever his affection may be, it will be always necessary to cherish and keep it from sinking by a decent and becoming tenderness of him, and by a discreet conduct in all thy actions. Indeed there is no qualification of more use to carry us well through the world than prudence. And one of the greatest effects of prudence is the good government of our passions. Whoever expects to be happy otherwise than in proportion as they can govern their passions will be disappointed. In this troublesome life we must meet with many trials, and the way to support ourselves under them is to receive them with resignation and to moderate our desires, which they prevent us from gratifying. In a married state new difficulties will frequently occur, and the parties will often have occasion to make concessions to each other, and generally the party that is the readiest to make them, is the gainer by finding the other more condescending after it.

It is of more consequence than people generally imagine, to be careful against disputing about small matters, for great things have small beginnings; and obstinately persisting in an opinion about a trifle may end in a quarrel, which may lay a foundation for succeeding ones, and at last disputing on every occasion may become familiar; it is therefore of great importance carefully to avoid a first jar or quarrel, which lays a foundation for a second, &c.

A woman who must rise or fall by the good or ill conduct of her husband, has a right to give her opinion in what concerns them both, but it's best policy in her to gain an influence over him by kindness, mildness, and condescension, and then it will be lasting.

I need not have said so much to one of thy capacity and disposition, who cannot but reap great advantages from the precepts of thy eldest sister. I wish thee, my dear child, all happiness in this life and that to come, and am

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I desire thy acceptance of a box of citron.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO WM. MORRIS.

MADEIRA, Feb. 22, 1759.

DEAR SON:—

I received thy acceptable letter by Capt. C. and congratulate thee on thy marriage with my daughter, which I hope, through the blessing of Providence, will prove to your mutual happiness. I have such confidence in thy prudence, thy good disposition, and the firmness of thy affection, that I think it scarce necessary to offer any hints relating to thy conduct in this new state, or the management of thy affairs, in which I consider myself now interested; I shall therefore conclude with wishing thee health and success, and am, with best respects to thy father, mother, and sister, with thy grandfather and his family,

Thy affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO DR. SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, Feb. 24, 1759.

DEAR SON:—

I have acquainted my sisters M. & Rachel Moore, that if they should want any more money than their annuity of £50, thou wouldst let them have it on my account. I have heard nothing of Charles Dury's management of their affairs in Maryland. Hannah will acquaint thee with some things I have thought of doing before I leave Madeira. As a little will be sufficient for my personal occasions, I am desirous of settling as much money as I conveniently can on a foundation that will at least produce common interest for the benefit of my children when I leave them. I look on a provision of this kind as less precarious than giving the money all at once, and better where they don't want a competent stock to support their families and carry on some business. But my principal motives are to keep up and accommodate the house here and to improve a vineyard, so that it may bring in annually three or four times as much as the interest of the money it costs.

I don't flatter myself with expectations of living to see this

improvement complete, but am desirous to begin it. I am, with love to all thy brothers and their families,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, March 30, 1759.

DEAR DAUGHTER:—

By Chancellor I sent my draft for £500 sterling, payable to S. P. M., to be indorsed to Rachel or R. Wells at a proper time.

I have no objection to George Dillwyn, if Sally approves of him; the smallness of his fortune is no objection with me; I believe he has long steadily loved her, and will make her a good husband. Whenever thou advises me of his succeeding I will send a bill for her, which I can do without inconvenience.

My family are all very well, and have lately had many letters from London. Harriet has gone to Bath to recover, and I believe Mary will accompany her husband there. I fear they will not be able to come over here soon, but they seem determined not to stay longer than next spring. I have some tea to send you by first opportunity, till when I must take leave and remain, with dear love to you all,

My dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO WM. AND MARGARET MORRIS.

MADEIRA, August 3, 1759.

DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER:—

Having been unexpectedly hurried by a Dutch fleet, I have not had leisure to write particular letters to all my children, and having abundance of letters on business to answer, I write this joint one to you to let you know that I think myself happy in the account I have of your mutual affection for each other, and the constant and tender regard shown to my daughter by her husband's relations, to whom I desire you to offer my respectful remembrance.



I intended to have sent you a box of citron, but decline it on finding that, in settling the account of Wm. Morris, we were obliged to ship several boxes to balance the account.

I am, with dear love,

Your most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

HENRY HILL TO RACHEL WELLS.

MADEIRA, Sept. 25, 1759.

MY DEAR SISTER WELLS:—

I cannot but think myself under a particular obligation to write to you, after so long a silence, during which have happened your agreeable nuptials. This appearance of insensibility, however strong, has not been able, I hope, to gain on my dear sister farther to my prejudice than it ought, as there is no reason, that I know, why the union and affection of any in our family should be less remarkable than it always was; whence the accounts I have heard of your being married and settled very much to your satisfaction gives none of them more joy. Had I been, at all the weddings, obliged to trip it barefoot, few lads would have danced to the tune with half so much glee.

Such as were fond of bantering on that score, were silenced by the ready answer I had for them, which was, that our Maryland girls, being early and much better skilled in the arts of housewifery than others, were soon sought for in marriage, especially when accompanied with natural excellencies. On the contrary, as Maryland husbands are said to be in little repute, depending principally on their women's industry, it required some time for a man of that country to surmount these obstacles, and rival the pretenders to the fairest approbation.

I should be glad of the favour of a line from my brother Wells, or, when his leisure will not readily admit of it, from you. In the interim you will both be pleased to accept my hearty wishes for your prosperity and happiness, which it would give me most singular pleasure to render any way more complete.

I am, my dearest sister,

Your most affectionate brother,

HENRY HILL.

HARRIET SCOTT TO RICHARD HILL.

LONDON, January 6, 1760.

No words can express the satisfaction I received on reading a long letter from my dearest papa, of 24th November, a happiness I had not enjoyed for many long months. I rejoice to hear thou art so well, and by thy not mentioning anything of thy old complaint, I hope it has quite left thee.

This goes by Commodore Haldane, a very particular friend of mine; if you ask him, he will lodge at your house. He is very intimate with me, and as it has been in my power to show him great civilities, I dare say he will be glad of an opportunity to serve you. He was often a fortnight or three weeks at a time staying at our house last summer, and as he was in a poor state of health, I nursed him, and took great care of him, which he seems very grateful for.

I wish I could give thee any hopes of our going to America, or settling anywhere but in London. Had my complaint continued as violent as it was, I believe I could have prevailed on Mr. Scott to have allowed me to go to Madeira; but now I have no hopes of that.

I have heard that sister Peggy has twins, and that they were all very well. I shall long to hear how my dear sister Debby does. I shall say nothing of Mr. Scott, as he intends to write by Bob Haldane. I am, wishing my dearest papa's health and happiness,

Thy most affectionate and dutiful daughter,

H. SCOTT.

A long letter to Dr. Moore, dated Jan. 26, 1760, repeats Richard Hill's instructions regarding the sale of some valuable city lots. He says, "But it's my opinion that the great water lot should be kept entire, to make a handsome, large improvement for one or more of the children." * * * "Please remember me kindly to Coz. Mordecai, his family, and thy other brothers, and to all the Norrises, Carpenters, &c."

The property owned by the Hills, in the city of Philadelphia, acquired by original deeds from William Penn, was extremely

large, as will be seen by a hasty glance at the original deeds in the Hill family chest in my possession. Much of it came from the estate bequeathed to Dr. Hill's two eldest children.

Henry Hill's large estate was placed, at his death, in the hands of George Vaux and his father, and Thomas Stewardson, for final settlement among the numerous heirs. When the whole property was sold, and the proceeds divided, the papers and deeds aforesaid were placed in my possession for safe keeping.

The elder* Vaux told me when he was a very old man, and I a young one, that he well remembered when the Hill farm commenced at the N. W. corner of 4th and Arch sts., and extended north and west a great distance; the deeds prove this; the same gentleman remembered the crops of wheat at the aforesaid corner. He added, "The Hills were a noble family. I never knew so affectionate a family of sisters."

RICHARD HILL TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

MADEIRA, Jan. 26, 1760.

DEAR SON W. M:—

I received thy acceptable letter of Dec. 1, and congratulate thee on having two such fine boys. Thy naming one of them after me is, next to the tenderness with which thou continues to treat my dear Peggy, the most agreeable instance of regard thou couldst have shown for me. I wish thee much happiness in them, but children are very uncertain comforts, and liable to be snatched away from us when we least expect it. We should therefore fortify our minds against the worst that may happen, by considering it's our duty as well as interest to submit to the dispensations of Providence with patient resignation.

Please to offer my best respects to thy father, grandfather, and their families, and be assured

I am, with sincerity,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

* James Vaux.

RICHARD HILL TO MARGARET MORRIS.

MADEIRA, Jan. 26, 1760.

DEAR DAUGHTER MARGARET MORRIS :—

I knew very well the reason of thy not writing by Chancellor the former voyage, and thought he was mistaken when he said thou wert at Gloucester Point when he passed by. It gave me great pleasure to hear of thy late recovery, and having two such fine boys, in whom I wish thee all the happiness that such uncertain comforts can yield to anxious, tender parents. I am pleased that thou did not attempt to suckle either of them, which, I am sure, would have been very prejudicial to thee, and I have desired thy sister Moore to advise thee not to part with them, but keep them at home, for reasons which she will acquaint thee with. I take the naming of one of them after me, as an instance of regard.

I hope my dear girls will not be impatient of my needful stay here, which shall be no longer than absolutely necessary to the business of the house.

I am glad the sun-hat proved acceptable to thee, and am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

HENRY HILL TO RACHEL WELLS.

MADEIRA, 29th Jan. 1760.

MY DEAR SISTER WELLS :—

I had the pleasure of your letter by Capt. Chancellor, and let me assure you that the sketch of your present happy situation is very acceptable to me. Delightfully as we passed the spring of life, how easily were we contented ! fine prospects, beautiful fragrant flowers, and the music of birds, were all enchanting ! Stronger passions and pursuits now make our peace very liable to be spoilt ; but the acquisition of a good man, which you hint you have boldly made, is a great security to yours. Nobody, however, could have persuaded me that you had not elegance enough to be sure of your choice without using any management or artificial aids.

I shall possibly make a good apology some time or other for your brother's acting now like a renegade to his principles ; in the interim, compassion, that is natural to your heart and sex, obliges you to cast a gloss over his inattention.

Our scope for trade is not very extensive here, and I doubt whether it would give me any opportunity of serving my brother Wells in his branch, which I should embrace with extreme alertness.

Pray tell my dear sister Moore I am going to put up some seeds for her, which will consume all the time I had to write to her or my other dears.

I am, my dear sister,

Your most affectionate brother,

HENRY HILL.

RICHARD HILL TO HANNAH MOORE.

MADEIRA, Nov. 11, 1760.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER :—

I have lately answered all thy letters. My paralytic disorder has not increased lately, but it makes me unfit for writing much, or any intense application, subjecting me to a headache and giddiness at times when I write, &c. George Dillwyn having acquainted me with his intention of going to London, and carrying my dear Sally with him, I have earnestly desired him not to expose her to the danger of being taken by privateers, and used barbarously, as they have some others, of which I've given him an instance, of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who went from here about four years ago, and is now distracted in Bedlam. I have also endeavoured to dissuade him from going himself till after a peace is firmly settled, which I fear will not be so soon as was lately expected. I have given him many reasons against it, and could give him many others, equally or more weighty, but I am not able to write long letters, and hope he will not go till I arrive in Philadelphia, which may be before or in August.

I expect John Scott and Harriet are by this time settled in Yorkshire, and that T. Lamar and Molly will sail with the first convoy for this place.

As my dear Patsy is still single, I have the same anxiety for

her making a prudent choice, as I used to have for all my daughters. But if I am not greatly mistaken in her, she will act prudently and with the advice of her friends: yet we often see the most considerate and cautious are mistaken, old as well as young.

I am, my dear child,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

RICHARD WELLS TO RICHARD HILL.

COTTNESS, ENGLAND, November 26, 1760.

MY DEAR FATHER:—

When I last had the pleasure of writing to thee, I was in America, but I imagine before this time thou has heard of my departure, and the melancholy occasion of it, as well as the loss I have met with since I left Philadelphia, the last of which, I know must have fallen heavy on my dear Rachel, though my last letters (which were dated in August), give me an encouraging account of her, she being, by the kind entreaties of my good brother and sister Moore, returned to their house, which gives me great satisfaction, as in her situation I know it would be but a melancholy winter with her had she still lived in Arch Street: their kindness and care of her in my absence, is to me the greatest happiness, though it adds to a load of obligations already too great for me ever to think of returning them; but may an honest consciousness of their own generosity be their reward.

As 'tis impossible to dive into the hearts of others, or be certain of their protestations, I have never in the least blamed any of your family for entertaining some scruples and fears of my some time or other acting a part contrary to my promises, since I know yours is a family which bears the highest affection for each other, and of consequence could not but dread the most distant appearance of parting with any branch of it. I say I have never blamed any of you for such fears, and if they still subsist, I rejoice that the steps I am now about taking will totally banish them. The only ties I have now in England are a mother, a brother, and a small paternal estate; the first will, I believe, fondly give up her affection to her native soil,

and attend me to America. My brother, just at an age to set out in the world for himself, being not so strongly attached to his mother country, as to his two nearest relations, will likewise accompany me, and join me in a partnership in business; as to Cottness, though it is a place that has long been in the family, and one I am partially fond of, having every convenience and beauty that my most sanguine wishes could ever lead me to desire in a country retirement, I have determined to part with it, and am now in treaty with a purchaser. When this is done, and we are all once safe arrived in America, I think there will be no room for any farther fears of my living in England, though I can sincerely assure thee I shall have a far stronger tie in America, than a want of connections in England; I mean the happiness of my dear Rachel, which I shall always oppose to every temptation of either pleasure or profit, that would be disagreeable to her.

When we come to wind up affairs here, there will be a great number of movables, which would be useful in Philadelphia, and which would sell here for little or nothing, it being a country place.

[Asks advice about shipping them economically.]

I hope to set out for Philadelphia early in the spring. Was there a possibility of my touching at Madeira in my way, it would give me the highest pleasure, though I fear I must not flatter myself with such a happiness.

As I was but one night in London, I had not the pleasure of seeing my sisters Lamar and Scott, hearing they were not in town.

It will be extremely agreeable to me to hear from Madeira, as I interest myself in your welfare with all the earnestness and affection that becomes

Thy dutiful son,

RICHARD WELLS.

Please give my love to brother Henry and sister Bisset. My mamma and brother desire their love to you all.

My direction is under care of Crafton and Colson, London.

Richard Hill, it will have been already remarked, had, shortly before the above, a slight paralytic attack, which does not appear to have occasioned him any particular uneasiness, "not," he says to Dr. Moore, "being attended with pain or very great weakness."

His communications are thereafter, however, brief, and mostly on business: there is consequently, for some months, but little to extract. He says, under date of December 24, 1760, "Yesterday died our favourite English nun, a pious, good woman, who has been many years supported in the Incarnation by my family. She was near eighty years old." In a previous letter to Hannah Moore, he alludes to his age as sixty-two.

DR. RICHARD HILL TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

MADEIRA, Feb. 10, 1761.

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS:—

I intended to write each of you a separate letter, but found I could not do it, without hurrying myself too much, and writing in such a manner as would have given you uneasiness, and perhaps prejudiced myself. I therefore determined to write this to all of you, agreeably to your own request to me. I have read your last letters over several times, but have not time to answer any particulars, nor to read them again to refresh my memory, or answer their contents regularly. I am afraid Peggy's suckling her dear Debby may do herself some prejudice, but if she finds herself disordered by it, I advise her to decline it in time, before it takes too much hold of her, and either put her to Betty Shutes's youngest daughter, some other wholesome body, or bring her up by hand, though this last method may be attended with some hazard to the child, if she should not take kindly to feeding; this point she and her friends will best judge of, but I must desire she will not persist in suckling it if she finds it to hurt her.

I find little or no difference in my state of health since my last letters, and am so determined to go to Philadelphia between May and the middle of July, that I have desired Meredith and Neave, and C. and A. Stedmann, to let one of their vessels

bound to the Canaries touch here in their way, to take me in, lest our little brig should miscarry on her return from the West Indies. I expect your brother and sister Lamar to be here in time to go with me, in order to settle in Philadelphia.

I send you each a box of citron, except my dear Patsy, who has no occasion for any, and, I doubt not, will wait without impatience till she has.

Capt. Drason sailing to-day, as well as Chancellor, gives us so much copying, that I cannot write to Wm. Morris or Geo. Dillwyn, who will be so kind as to excuse me. I shall write a short letter to sister Rachel, with the silver teapot and milk-pot, which go by Capt. Chancellor, and will leave your sister to inform you of everything else that goes, except a box of citron, which I have ordered to be put on board for Jos. Coleman, to whom please to offer my thanks for the rounds of beef he sent me by Chancellor. Give my respects to him, and let him know I had not time to write to him. I also desire some of you will make my compliments to R. Steel, and congratulate her on the marriages of her son and daughter, of whose husband I have heard a very good character.

I am, dear children,

Your most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

I am glad to hear Betty Hicks has given so much satisfaction by her conduct in Dr. Moore's family, and that she's about to be so well married. Your friendly advice to her may contribute to her making a good wife, and living happily, which, tell her, I wish heartily.

MARY LAMAR TO RICHARD HILL.

LONDON, March 7, 1761.

DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:—

I cannot miss writing thee by this opportunity, though I have nothing material to say. We expect to leave England next month, or the beginning of May, which I suppose Mr. Lamar has acquainted thee of. I hope nothing will happen to prolong our stay after that time.

I wish it could have happened so that my dear papa could

have tried some of the many remedies that are to be had for thy complaint in England; but thy not having had the small-pox, I am afraid will prevent us the pleasure of seeing thee till we meet in Madeira. By Mr. Blake, I sent thee a fine thing for the gravel, with directions how to use it, which I hope thee has found benefit from: as I have told my sister of this opportunity, shall only say that she, Mr. Scott, and little ones, are very well. The little girl is a fine child, is brought up by hand, and thrives well.

We dined a few days ago with Messrs. Pringle and Gordon, at Dr. Heberden's, but as they lodge in the city, which is a great distance from us, I very seldom see them. Mr. Scott proposes setting out for York as soon as we leave England, but I am of opinion Robert will never let him settle so far away, as I hear he disapproves very much of his going to that place; however, I am pretty sure they are determined to go somewhere in the country.

Hally (Harriet) has used every method in her power to make me take her little girl to Madeira; and though it has cost me not a little pain to refuse her, I dare say thee will think I did right—especially while I stay in Madeira, for with my dear Debby's young family, there can be no room for other children and nurses. I look on it as a great proof of her regard for me, that she should prefer a child's being brought up by me to anybody else; still, I think the greatest obligation is on her side. It is a great charge, and what very few choose to do, nor do I think myself so capable of bringing up another person's child as her partiality for me makes her fancy. If I would take it, she would promise never to take it from me. In short, I never saw anybody so set on a thing; but I must refuse it on several accounts.

With the greatest affection,

My dear papa's ever dutiful daughter,

M. LAMAR.

RICHARD HILL TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

MADEIRA, March 15, 1761.

MY DEAR DAUGHTERS:—

To avoid answering a great many affecting particulars contained in your respective letters, and to give you an instance how desirous I am to prevent an increase of your concern by seeing long letters from me, I have already, on the 10th ult., complied with your request in writing one short joint letter to you all; and for the same reasons I am now doing the same again. It is unnecessary to tell you how much I was affected with the contents of your letters, or how comforted I was with the accounts of your recoveries.

I have had no repetition of the paralytic disorder; can use my hand and arm almost as well as before the attack; and although I could not run or walk as well as before, or very fast, if I was to attempt it, without having some involuntary motions in my leg, yet I can walk very well slowly over the rough pavements of round stone in our streets. However, if I was as well as you could desire, it should not tempt me to continue here longer than next summer, when I expect your brother and sister Lamar, to accompany me.

A few weeks ago, I received a letter from Richard Wells, of the 26th of last November (see *ante*), advising of his designing to sail for Philadelphia, with his mother and brother, pretty early in the spring; but I had no opportunity of answering it till yesterday, and then only by Lisbon, so that I doubt my letter's reaching him before he leaves England.

By Capt. Chancellor I sent my dear sister Rachel (Moore) the teapot I promised to give her sister, in lieu of a piece of plate she left with me, and I added a chased milk-pot, of which I desire her acceptance. I am, with dear love to you all, my dear children,

Your most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

P. S. It was kind of George Dillwyn to excuse my answering his letters; as I have several things to do, I am obliged to take him at his word, and defer the doing it, or perhaps decline it, which he will impute to the true cause, and excuse.

HENRY HILL TO RACHEL WELLS.

MADEIRA, March 16, 1761.

MY DEAREST SISTER :—

Can you excuse the trespass I have been guilty of, by withholding my acknowledgments till now? or must I take up your time with endeavouring to convince you of what I hope you are already satisfied, that your correspondence gives me particular pleasure. If you are resolved, however, to punish me, it is but natural to put on a good face, and conceal from you the only way there is of doing it with success, which I sincerely wish you may never think of. I shall impatiently expect you to write to me, but now proceed to take a short review of your letters. I'm sorry it must be so cursory.

The loss of our dear tender aunt engaged my particular notice: the concern which accompanied it is much relieved by her heavenly resignation, and by the kind care which, doubtless, was taken of her. To a person of so much good sense as my dear sister—More of this in my next.

I am obliged to you for the eye-water, and when there's occasion, will use it. In all you sent I've had my share, and join in returning you the thanks of our family. In my next, you shall be better acquainted with Mr. Bisset. I cannot, in few words, convince you how valuable he is, and must represent the brothers to you in a very different light. As to Chancellor, he is not so well known at home as abroad, or what he said would not have made you uneasy.

Adieu, my dear sister, and give my brother Moore and sisters, each an embrace for me. Cheer up poor Sally upon having her third pretty letter still unanswered, but tell her I will send her a prodigious long one to make up matters by the first conveyance.

I am your most affectionate brother, &c.,

HENRY HILL.

WILLIAM MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17, 1761.

DEAR FATHER :—

It is now so long since I have written to thee, that it needs many apologies to excuse me. I hope, notwithstanding, that thee will be kind enough not to impute it to negligence, or a want of respectful affection, since it has happened that I have been pretty fully employed about the time of the sailing of several vessels, which, together with the private manner in which many of them have sailed, has prevented me from writing to thee, though I think Peggy has omitted no opportunities which we knew of.

It affords me much real happiness, that I can assure thee she enjoys a considerable share of health, and is much pleased at being able to nurse her little Debby, who has thriven finely till within these ten days past, since when she has had some fever, but is now on the recovery; her Johnny grows, and is now beginning to run quite alone, and by the time we have the pleasure of seeing thee again in America, will, I hope, be an agreeable and prattling child. I am concerned in a small vessel of about fifty feet keel, which I had some thoughts of sending your way, calling first at Newfoundland; but the extravagant price of wines with you, with the great plenty already here, has discouraged me. If anything may be done to advantage your way, or a prospect should offer for a voyage up the Straits or elsewhere, shall be much obliged by the advice thereon.

Peggy joins me in much love to brother Henry, and brother and sister Bisset, and in the warmest expressions of respectful duty to thyself.

I am thy affectionate and dutiful son,

WILLIAM MORRIS, JR.

RICHARD HILL TO SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

MADEIRA, June 6, 1761.

DEAR SON :—

I am pleased thou hast finished Colonel White's affair, and I shall endeavour to put all the affairs of the estate upon a proper

footing, if I should be capable of doing any business after my arrival. It is not my inclination to distress people, yet I have found by all my life's practice and observation, that a man's indulging his disposition to lenity beyond reason, certainly tends to impoverish himself and beggaring his posterity, without answering any of the good ends proposed by it to them or himself. Here, I have experienced it with no better effect than encouraging, undesigned, all kinds of vice, senseless projects, and with the blackest ingratitude; in the end losing my money, which some years ago I might easily have secured and been improving ever since. And now my family think my debts considerable enough to induce them to waste the best part of their lives in this dismal place for the recovery of them, as I have weakly done mine, in dearly earning them. Yet I can truly say, if I don't greatly deceive myself, I never loved money inordinately, or coveted it, nor ever aimed at more for my children than a competency or independency, that might keep them above temptations to vice or mean actions; but enough of this: all must be left to the wise dispensations of Providence.

The new way of getting business by joining in loading of other people's vessels, has lately prevented anything considerable coming to us from New York, Philadelphia, Maryland, or Virginia. I shall endeavour to do the best I can, not for the sake of getting much business, but as being necessary to keep some, in order to be always enabled to buy annually a sufficient quantity of wine to carry on the business while we keep up a house here.

I am, with dear love to all relations,

Thy most affectionate father,

RICHARD HILL.

NOTE.—In the early part of this year, Dr. Richard Hill's brother Joseph lost his wife. As we know little of this branch of the family in Maryland, it is proper to insert the following obituary here. The character is that of a very superior woman.

O B I T U A R Y

OF SARAH HILL, WIFE OF JOSEPH HILL.

ANNAPOLIS, January 15, 1761.

Last Sunday evening, departed this life, after a week's illness, of a pleurisy, Mrs. Sarah Hill, one of the people called Quakers, wife of Mr. Joseph Hill, near this town; a gentlewoman of a virtuous and amiable life and conversation. In all the relations, of wife, mother, mistress, friend, and neighbour, her deportment and economy was extremely exemplary, and Mrs. Hill may justly be said to have had few equals, but no superiors. She was deservedly esteemed and universally regretted by a numerous acquaintance; and this day she was very decently interred; a great number of people, of all stations and denominations, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, attending her corpse to the grave.—*From a local newspaper.*

MARY LAMAR TO DR. RICHARD HILL.

LONDON, July 17, 1761.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:—

I had flattered myself that we should have had the satisfaction of seeing thee by this time; everything promised fair till our ship had the misfortune to get aground at a place they call the Shingle, near the Needles, owing to the captain's imprudently discharging the pilot before we got through. Just before this accident happened, Mr. Lamar and myself were pleasing ourselves with the thoughts of being with thee sometime before thee expected us, and were in high spirits, when we heard the ship rocking on the gravel; in a few minutes there was the greatest confusion on board thee can imagine, and the wind coming up pretty brisk so frightened me that I insisted on going on board the pilot boat, as I heard them say that if the wind changed to a certain point that she would be wrecked in a few hours. So, without the least desire to save anything but our lives, we went on board the pilot boat; but in flying from one danger, we had like to have fallen into a greater, for while the wind continued as it was, the ship was safe, and the boat in the greatest danger by being at sea in such weather. We expected every moment to be either driven on shore, or out

to sea without either food or water; one of these must have happened if she had parted her cable, as we were left with only one seaman on board to manage the boat, which he was not capable of in such weather; indeed, it was one of the most shocking nights I ever saw, but shall refer thee, for the particulars of what we went through that night, to some of the passengers, our fellow sufferers: we left the ship the next day, and went ashore at Yarmouth, where we stayed one night, and then went to East Cowes and staid till the ship was unloaded and examined. Being found to have received little or no damage, Mr. Lamar had concluded, if she went with convoy, to proceed with her; but on going to Portsmouth, and hearing from Admiral Halbourn that there was no convoy ordered, we came up to London, when all Mr. Lamar's friends and acquaintance persuaded him not to go in her by any means; this makes me very happy, for everybody says there never was a ship worse manned or managed in every respect; and yet she was to fight the French! the captain is continually drunk, and I was more fearful of going with him on that account than any other.

All our things, except our clothes, go in Leslie, and a great many things for thy sea stores and the use of the family, all which Mr. Lamar will send an invoice of. We are concerned lest thee should hear from the ships we were in company with, of the reason of their parting with us, without being able to give any account of what happened afterward; which must make you very uneasy on our accounts. Mr. Lamar has taken our passage in another ship, which will sail the 10th of next month; but as that is about the time thee intended to leave the island, we have little reason to flatter ourselves with the expectation of seeing thee there.

Mr. Scott and family sat out for Yorkshire the day after we left London, but that is all the account I can give of them. We saw Mrs. Scott the day after we came to London, when she was well and delighted with Yorkshire.

I am my dear papa's ever affectionate daughter,

M. LAMAR.

Owing to the foregoing accident, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar missed meeting their father in Madeira, and never saw him more. The letters of Deborah Bisset carry on the story.

DEBORAH BISSET TO RICHARD HILL IN AMERICA.

MADEIRA, August 19, 1761.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PAPA:—

I am glad I can acquaint thee of the safety of my dear brother and sister Lamar, and am sorry thou did not wait a day longer; for the day after you sailed, a man-of-war arrived in ten days' passage from Portsmouth, and we hear by an officer on board, that Captain Leslie's ship had run ashore at the Isle of Wight, but not a soul was lost or hurt. The above gentleman says we may depend on the truth of it.

How much happier my dearest papa would have been at sea, had he known this. I would have given a thousand pounds, if I had it. Poor little Maryzeina has been very uneasy ever since you have been gone, calling for thee and the captain. I reckon my brother and sister will soon be here now, for we learn that the vessel was gone to Portsmouth to refit and await a convoy.

I shall wait with the greatest impatience till I hear of my dearest papa's arrival. The English gentlemen were just going on board the brig as you set sail, and were thus disappointed of the satisfaction of taking leave of thee again. Several Portuguese sent here after you were gone, to know what hour you would go, but none of them take it amiss that you went without company, as the reason was so good. Mr. Bisset thinks that Mr. Lamar had better go back to England again, after he arrives here, than to go to Philadelphia, but I am sure if I was in my sister's place, if I did return to London, it should be from Philadelphia.

But I dare say they'll both be directed by my dearest papa. Please to remember me very kindly to my dear aunt and friends in Philadelphia. I intended to have written, but when the time of parting came my heart was too full to think of them.

I believe Mr. Bisset writes to thee, and I need say nothing of the news we have had by the man-of-war, as I presume both brother and B. will mention it to thee.

I am, my dearest papa,

Thy ever affectionate and dutiful daughter,

DEBORAH BISSET.

P.S.—The ship Mr. Lamar was to have come in is now in sight, but my brother and sister are not on board. I suppose they were afraid to venture in her a second time, especially as they must have had a great shock when she run ashore, Aug. 22.

DEBORAH BISSET TO RICHARD HILL.

MADEIRA, November 9, 1761.

MY DEAREST AND HONOURED PAPA:—

I have the pleasure to acquaint thee that, after all our anxieties, my dear brother and sister Lamar are safe with us, and am pleased that I can tell that Mr. Lamar is just the man he was when thee knew him; but this place will not do for him long, for at times he finds himself disordered, as he used to be, though not in so great a degree. He has got about settling thine and his own affairs; but thee has carried away, I fancy, in mistake, a paper which he desires much to see. I am sorry that it is not to be found, but maybe it may come back by the brig.

When they first arrived, they talked of going to Barbadoes with Captain Hamilton, who is expected every day from London, and from thence to Virginia; but, as the affairs of the house require his or thy presence to settle some things, I believe they have determined to spend the winter here, and in the spring to return to London, where they propose settling.

I told Mr. Lamar that his parent had a great desire to see them. He said he could not help it; that he must consider his own health, and that he was very certain was he to go to America he should not live a year, and he has taken a notion that no place will agree with him so well as London, and is utterly against settling anywhere else. I am afraid it will not be agreeable to my dear papa, but I hope thee will not oppose him, least it should affect his mind again; for I am convinced if he was to stay here he would be just as bad as ever, for he is so relaxed sometimes, with the moderate heat, that it disorders him much, but nothing like what he used to be.

Poor sister Lamar often pleased herself with the thoughts of being settled among her friends, and if she does go to London, it will be with reluctance; but he seems now to be determined on it. It is thought it will be an advantage to the house for

him to reside in London, especially as there is going to be so great a house here, which I suppose they'll mention to thee. It will certainly be a hurt to all our houses. I should write more particularly to thee, but am afraid to write much now.

The children are very well. Maryzeina has not forgotten thee yet, which I am surprised at. The boy is not ten months old, and he walks alone; I never saw so strong a child.

We are still in the country. My brother and sister are delighted with this place, and could live very happily here if their health would permit.

The consul's wife has been seized a second time with the palsy, and, poor thing, she is very much disfigured; one side of her mouth is drawn up sadly, but her speech is good. Mr. Bisset is well, and will write. If thee should see Elizabeth Wilkinson in Philadelphia, give my kind respects to her; she is a public Friend, and was here. I conclude, with love to my dear aunt and sisters,

My dearest papa,

Thy most affectionate and dutiful daughter,

D. BISSET.

On arriving in Philadelphia, age and palsy have materially affected the health of the excellent father. He is fairly broken down, and despairs of ever being again of use to his partners. After two closely-written pages about business, he says, in a letter to Madeira:—

RICHARD HILL TO HIS PARTNERS IN MADEIRA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 8, 1762.

MY DEAREST SON H. H.:—

I should highly approve your new scheme of business, if it was practicable; but can it be so, when the Madeira business is utterly ruined (for cargo wine), except fine and subidas? It's possible it will revive again in a few years, and be almost as good as ever. But do you consider that Mr. Lamar, by going to England to settle, gives up, in a manner, or neglects his interest in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, &c. &c.? For who will take care of them as he could do? As

for me, I am not able. You trust to a broken reed in me. My constitution is gone. I can never set my foot out of this Province. I've been but twice at the coffee-house, the only place of business, and I never expect to enter it again. I can make no visits, nor do many visit me, and I am so weak I cannot digest a piece of chicken, partridge, or lamb, or veal, much less anything stronger.

In fine, I am sinking very fast to my long home. A few months, perhaps weeks, nay, even a very few days, may finish my thread. I may say it must be, for let a man's spirits be ever so lively, he cannot live without eating. My poor children are lamenting over me, and contriving little things for me, but half a mouthful of anything but thin broth disconcerts me for a whole day, or many hours at least. In short, you must not expect to receive many more letters from me, nor must you have the least reliance on my making any interest for you.

It is most affecting to view the wreck of so much energy and kindness, at the very moment he had returned to enjoy the society of his children and friends. The now old man, in the next letter, scolds the partners a little for their want of particularity in writing of the business matters, and instructs them to take Joseph Gillis, his nephew, into the firm. He alludes to the new house establishing in the Island, and thinks it may injure others more than theirs.

His career is nearly ended, and he is about to lie down with his mantle around him, after a life spent in establishing his beloved family in a position of respectable ease and comfort.

He died three weeks after the above correspondence.

The early letters to Madeira, communicating the melancholy intelligence, are not preserved. The next, from Dr. S. P. Moore, written some time after to the partners, tells the story.

SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE TO HIS BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1762.

DEAR BROTHERS HILL, LAMAR, AND BISSET:—

We have taken so many ways of writing, that I presume before this gets to hand, you must have received the melancholy account of the decease of dear father Hill, the 29th of January last, by the disease in his liver, without much pain, or long confinement to his room or bed.

Among his papers, I met with one indorsed, a rough copy of his will left in Madeira, but not such a copy as I thought was proper to enter at our office for testamentary affairs, to enable his executors legally to act here; by a proper opportunity, you will please to send an authentic copy for the purpose aforesaid; but that there should be no delay to business, I have endeavoured to forward anything that I could do.

Some letters with orders to Madeira have come to hand, which my wife or I shall inclose by this opportunity. And now I shall mention the affairs of your estate under my care, recommending to your consideration what had best be done towards a partition, and the future management of it, assuring you I shall at all times cheerfully afford any assistance I can give in that or any other matter that respects any branch of a family that have so repeatedly endeared themselves to me by an uninterrupted affection.

Dear father Hill, from his first arrival, seemed not inclined, or hardly able to engage with much business, and therefore nothing was done towards a settlement between us of the affairs in my hands, which I would gladly have done in his time, had I thought it would not have been too fatiguing to him, as his health was; but no other inconvenience will accrue that I can foresee, unless the early transactions may stand in need of more explanation to strangers, than they would have done to him.

I am preparing the accounts of the estate, and shall send abstracts as soon as I can, but it seems to me that it will be necessary, at least convenient on account of the estate, that brother and sister Lamar, or some one of you, empowered by the absent brothers, should be here on the spot; and I must confess I join in sentiment with our dear deceased parent, that it would be a

general advantage to the house, that one partner should be here to solicit the American business, which he frequently and very earnestly repeated to us as his mature and deliberate opinion.

I am your affectionate brother,

SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE.

A letter dated London, April, 1763, from Thomas Lamar to Dr. S. P. Moore, notices the next bereavement that befell the family thus:—

“You will without doubt, before this reaches you, have heard that it has pleased Providence to deprive us of our dearest worthy sister Bisset, on which melancholy occasion, I shall not say farther than that it has filled us all here with the deepest regret.”

SECTION II.

THE FAMILY IN AMERICA, ENGLAND, ETC.

WITH the death of Richard Hill, the tie to Madeira is much broken. Deborah Bisset is deceased; Harriet mostly in England; Henry, though still a partner, is in America, and about to be married; Thomas Lamar and Richard L. Bisset are the resident partners, and their letters are principally of a business character. The scene changes to America and England. The daughters are all married, and our story forms a picture of domestic happiness, broken by the usual occurrences, but the chain of love and affection always bright. The English sisters are brought nearer to view in the correspondence of Sarah Dillwyn, whose replies from London to her sisters' letters, often afford the only glimpse we are indulged with, respecting the particulars of proceedings in America. Margaret Morris comes now more prominently forward—is a mother deeply engaged in the discharge of her duties—a widow with very moderate means—a mother in Israel, and a Christian.

There is but one letter found from any American member of the Gillis family; it is dated June, 1764, and is from Mary Gillis to her niece Hannah Moore, relating to some apples, berries, and scions, for grafting, sent to Philadelphia. She was sister to Dr. Richard Hill, and aunt (or mother) to the Joe Gillis, the now partner in the Madeira House. It is from near Annapolis, Maryland. She says:—

“My son and daughter Richardson went from hence the 13th inst., which is the first time since she went up the Bay to live.

I should be glad to learn how it is with my dear cousins in Philadelphia, especially my cousin Wells, who has been so unfortunate in her children. I've not heard from my sisters Airy or Hill lately: they were all well when I did. My Prissy and Peggy join in dear love to you all, as if named, with thy loving and affectionate aunt."

Robert Bisset writes affectionately to Henry Hill, who had doubtless returned to Philadelphia to settle his father's estate, and alludes to the prospect of the marriage of the latter, &c.

ROBERT BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

MADEIRA, April 18, 1764.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

The contents of your letter to me, under the 17th of January last, which you say is designed only for my own perusal, gives me great pleasure, and pain. The first sensation arises from the prospect you have of being united to a lady according to your own mind, and to a family whose birth and station must render your connections with it agreeable to all your friends. The second, from the little hopes you give us of ever returning to this dismal island, for so I may now call it when deprived of your company and that of my dear little ones, and in short, of everything that's dear and valuable to me on this side of Time. Forgive me, my dear brother, for harbouring gloomy thoughts; the more I reflect on the many changes I have seen in this family, and that in the space of twelve years, the faster they crowd upon me, and I must endeavour to open to myself a new scene, to prevent the bad consequences that often result from them.

I can assure you that nothing can support and enable me to go through the business of the house, now deprived of your company, but the desire of providing for these little dear pictures of your valuable deceased sister, who, this day twelve months past, entered those blessed regions where no change is known. * * * * * *

Whenever anything that hits my taste should appear here, I shall take care to send it to you, but if you want any Turkey carpets from Amsterdam, you'll be pleased to send me the

measure of the rooms they are for, and I shall order them out for you. The pearl necklaces are all gone back to the owner; they were so ordinary and dear, that it was not possible to sell them to the Portuguese, who are exceedingly good judges of them.

My dear brother,

Your affectionate, humble servant,

ROBERT BISSET.

The preserved correspondence, for some time, is very scarce, and less interesting than heretofore. Henry Hill, by some business letters, appears to be much in Maryland. Hannah Moore addresses him there as "my sweet brother;" concluding, "while life remains, I am my dearest brother's sincerely affectionate Hannah Moore."

She alludes to Patsy's having an offer of marriage from Dr. Charles Moore, but, on the whole, this communication, one of the few of her letters preserved, is scarcely worth copying.

A new member of the family now writes; it is Patsy's husband, Dr. Charles Moore, the youngest brother of Samuel Preston Moore.

CHARLES MOORE TO HANNAH MOORE.

BURLINGTON, March 3, 1767.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

As I know thou sincerely rejoices with us in the prospect of my engaging Patsy's recovery from a fever, which has continued so long as to reduce her very low, I can't refuse myself the pleasure of acquainting thee, that from the use of a new medicine joined with the bark, for two or three days past, she missed her fever last night, and has not had any return of it, which fills me with the most pleasing hopes that the enemy is nearly vanquished. She desires me to present her most grateful remembrance to thee, to which I beg leave to add that of

Thy greatly obliged and affectionate brother,

CHARLES MOORE.

Cousin Wells's child seems likely to grow apace from taking new milk.

Sarah Hill, too, is married, to George Dillwyn, and resident at Green Bank, in Burlington, New Jersey. She writes a domestic, sprightly letter to her sister Margaret Morris, whom she facetiously calls, "dear mother Peg," as follows:—

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

GREEN BANK, August, 1764.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I was rejoiced yesterday to hear from under thy own hand, that thy precious little one was on the recovery; but, my dear creature, don't be too secure—try to give her up freely—still—and whether she lives or not, thee will be rewarded with peace of mind. Sister Wells found it the best way to be quite resigned, though it was hard work for her.

I am impatient till thee brings this nurse—what a lucky thought it was in mamna,* but I always found she was a good hand at contriving. Pray desire her to ship you off in the stage—time and tide suiting, the next trip. Delays are dangerous; and be sure let her have the whole management; only be passive, and do as thou art bid.

Cousin Reese Meredith has just now called to see us, which we take very kind. My dear mother Peg, why will you oppress a body so much. The melon was the finest I ever saw. I intend to send a few apples for the children; tell me if acceptable, and I'll send often.

In much love to all,

Thy sincerely attached sister,

S. H. DILLWYN.

HENRY HILL TO ONE OF HIS SISTERS.

ANNAPOLIS, May 19, 1769.

MY DEAREST SISTER:—

I have the pleasure of your favour by this day's post. Is it possible you can suspect me so good for nothing as to forget you?

* Hannah Moore they continued so to designate.

Oh! my sister, your kindness is not lost on me. My happiness indeed is greatly promoted by it. Should you think otherwise or doubt it, where can I find a due reward for you?

If the post allowed a little more time, I should be under stronger temptation than ever I had to make you beware of jealousy, but I write in a great hurry, for the last time, I hope.

I wish Mrs. Hamilton would give brother Moore an order for the balance you mention.

Forbes had my direction to bottle off a cask of Malmzy and send them to you. I am as agreeably off here as my circumstances admit, waiting impatiently for the Madeira vessel. Per the next opportunity you shall have a more particular account of the important concerns of your

Most affectionate obliged brother,

HENRY HILL.

Henry is soon after furnishing his great mansion in Fourth street, Philadelphia; his sister, Mary Lamar, appears to have been consulted, and writes thus about what is fashionable in furniture:—

MARY LAMAR TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, without date.

I have the pleasure to acknowledge my dear brother's favour of the 19th of May. I am happy to hear that the faulight and wire-work are safe arrived, and that they meet your approbation. I am quite at a loss in what manner to act in regard to your last commission; your idea in America of the cheapness of things in this country, makes me fearful of not pleasing in the glasses, the price you mention is so inadequate to the size of the room you describe. I have given the plan, &c. of the house to the upholsterer who is to draw me some plans, when I shall strive to fix on something that is handsome, and as cheap as possible. £60 or £70 without the ornaments is a common price for a plate of glass. I have some thoughts of sending only one large handsome glass for the best room, if that is the best room in the front; there being but two windows, one large glass will do with handsome girandoles or something more fashionable.

Captain Willet being to sail to-morrow, you may depend on the above going by the first opportunity after all are ready. As to chimney-piece and slab, a handsome white marble, which is the fashion for a best room and looks beautifully, cannot be got under £40 or £50. By what you say of Mr. White's, it cannot be such as I mean, which is entirely marble without any wood. His I imagine is only a plain slip of wood in front; such, here, are only put in bed and back rooms; the best dining parlours of late have also entire marble pieces. If the foregoing articles cannot be got ready to go very soon, I think to send as soon as possible the paper: the most fashionable is such as will suit any coloured furniture. Yellow is a colour quite the fashion at present, and from experience I know it wears and cleans the best of any.

You say nothing of chairs. I shall strive to make the upholsterer give some plans, when, if you want any you can choose. I think the best for America are cane seats with hair cushions covered with silk, which may be taken off in summer; the sofas made in the same manner.

A best room furnished in the present style and plainest taste is nothing more than two sofas, twelve or more chairs, a marble half circular table under the glass or glasses, glass lustres on the slabs to hold four lights, the lowest price of which will be twelve or fourteen guineas the pair, or in place of them, silver or plated branches for three candles; or, in place of the marble slabs, inlaid wood, which are very pretty and come cheaper.

Neither tea or card tables stand in the best room, but are brought in when wanted; in the back room or common sitting room, one or two sofas according to the size of the room; chairs the same as in the best; a small breakfast table, one or two card tables, a double half oval under the glass, or in lieu, the tea or card tables. The India counterpanes make very pretty curtains for a back room or best bed room; as one counterpane of the largest size makes a window curtain, they come much cheaper than a good English cotton; some time ago they were to be got for three guineas apiece, but are not to be met with now; they make beautiful beds lined with white, and white clothes and testers.

I have written you a long scrawl.

[The remainder of the letter is missing.]

Pleasant little family letters pass between the sisters Dillwyn, Morris, Wells, and Moores, but little communication probably was kept up between the English and American sisters, who were not only separated by a wide ocean, but by different notions of the "fashionable" and the good. The "dear and honoured papa," the connecting link between them, is no longer guarding the interests of all, to advise and console.

Thomas Lamar, in a long business letter to Henry Hill, in February 1770, makes the following allusions to his wish to retire to America, a plan never accomplished. The "dukedom" alluded to, it will be remembered, was before the revolution.

THOMAS LAMAR TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, February 13, 1770.

I congratulate you on your late purchase of land, for which in the first place I shall punctually pay your bills, and in the next as it's so large a tract, I hope you will give it some sounding name, as Hilltown, Hillington, &c., which will serve not only to perpetuate the memory of its original possessor, but also to give a significant title to a dukedom in future times, as will in all probability be the case. I think you have done wisely, and I don't know but that I must do something of the same kind myself, for may I not see America sometime myself? but my taste would be a good farm or plantation, part of it ready cultivated to my hand, with a good dwelling-house, &c. that might cost about £1,000 or £1,500 or more in the whole. The situation I should like to be in sight of the bay, or large river; such a one as your grandfather's would, I think, please me much, and I believe there are many such in Maryland.

I do not mean by this to have an opportunity of engaging farther or at all in business, for I now begin to be fond of a quiet life, and to control my time. But all these things being yet in embryo, I shall not now trouble you farther about them.

Mr. Bisset, finding by the account current I sent him about two months ago that the balance—which was £12,600—fell short of his expectations, has since judged that a dividend of about £3,000 each would be, at this time, most convenient,

though I had advised him that you would require £5,000 to complete your drygoods scheme.

I cannot yet get the favour you intend me executed, our friend, Mr. West, having been for a long time so much indisposed, and still continuing so, though now something better, that he has painted very little for some months past.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours affectionately,

THOMAS LAMAR.

George Dillwyn and his wife have been residing some time on Green Bank, Burlington. Margaret Morris, now a widow, is about to remove to the same place, where she passed most of the long remainder of her well-spent life. Sarah Dillwyn writes her the following characteristic letter, proposing the union of their two families. The paper on which it is written is torn to shreds, but still legible.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

GREEN BANK, April 2d, 1770.

I was a good deal disappointed that neighbour Wells brought no letter last night from my dear sister Morris, who has been so used to indulge me that way, that I look for it by every opportunity, but more particularly at a time when so important a matter was under deliberation. Oh, my dear sister, if thee did but know how we are puzzled by this new proposal, thee would pity us enough to write as often as anything new occurred from the old gentleman.

I will endeavour to recollect what has passed since my G. D. returned. As he went down bent on advertising his place, I fully expected to have heard he had done it at his return; but guess how agreeably I was surprised when he mentioned thy leaving Philadelphia, &c. We had resolved to sell some of our goods before, and now unexpectedly hearing that J. Smith (who passed meeting to-day with P. Burling) wanted furniture, we inquired of Betty Smith, who said they would take some of us, and Katy Callender too, who talks of keeping house this summer.

If thee comes into this house, I'm afraid thee'll hardly think it roomy enough for thy own family, much less for an addition of us two, and if we are at Ma——t's it will be only like next door.

I don't want to perplex thee, my precious sister, with our schemes, but only desire, as an opportunity offers for selling our goods, thee will write us—when the way anyhow opens—how many weeks it may be likely to be before thee can be with us. Upon the whole, my mind is quite easy to stay awhile longer at Green Bank, either to board with thee, or to live at M——t's, and all other proposals for the present may be set aside. We long to see you up here to hold a confab, and to hear what uncle M. says to the affair. D. thinks the next say must come from thee, as uncle Morris seemed to entirely leave it to thy choice, and believes he will not speak anything more to thee till it is determined, for fear of biasing thy judgment.

G. Bowne and A. Smith passed their second meeting to-day, and performed well; they are to be married next fifth day.

I had set my heart so much on going to a farm, that I had half conceited myself on a pretty little one, with my poultry and pigs squealing about me, and mistress of a large dairy, with eggs and butter-box beside, and settling in my mind how much the folks at Green Bank should pay a couple for my fat ducks and fowls; for I can tell thee, neighbour Morris, if thee comes to Green Bank, I expect thee to take all thy winter stock of pork, butter, eggs, and poultry of farmer D. and his dame Sissily. Whether ever this brainy prospect will take place, I do not know. D. seems doubtful too, though he has been offered a place to-day, about a mile out of Bristol, but says nothing to it.

My dearest creature,

Thy affectionate

S. H. DILLWYN.

Do tell me thy mind about it. G. D. is such a good, passive creature that he leaves me entirely at liberty. If he had millions, I know who would be mistress of it all, for I've always found him generous hearted, though not extravagant, and can cheerfully descend a few steps with him, while he supports my steps so tenderly. What a rattle thee will call me! Well, it

signifies nothing, I can't for my life write in such a serious strain as my dear mother Peg does. I assure thee I set so little store on the trumpery about me, that I am only afraid I shall not get them off in good time. Did thee ever hear of so many circumstances meeting, to make a young couple break up housekeeping so easy?

I shall quite tire thee out with this chit-chat; but beware when I get thee at Green Bank.

In 1775 Thomas Lamar writes to Henry Hill, and alluding to the position of Harriet Scott, now a widow; he says:—

“Mrs. Scott is in pretty good spirits, and manages her affairs much better than I expected she would. I shall pay her the £20 whenever she desires, and as she has some thoughts of sinking the thousand pounds she is possessed of in an annuity, her annual income will, in that case, be about £200, exclusive of her concerns in Philadelphia. Her son is going with Mr. Murray to remain in their house a year, and then to proceed to India.”

Mileah Martha Moore, or Patsy, had long occupied her leisure time in collecting a series of the best sentiments from the best authors, and had so far progressed as to have a lendable manuscript volume, alluded to in the next letter. It proved to be a remarkable collection; afterwards, when the compiler resided at Montgomery Square, in Pennsylvania, it was published as a reading and parsing book for schools; it became very popular, was used at Friends' establishment of Westtown, &c., and large editions were regularly sold. With the profits my good aunt endowed a girls' school in Montgomery; this endowment is still in existence, the school kept up, the capital intact, and the interest doing much service.

The book was also printed in England, and had a moderate success. In one of my publishing moods, about 1830, with some encouragement from those who recollected and valued the work, I had it stereotyped; the plates are in my possession, a second edition from them not having been demanded, though an occa-

sional desire to possess it is expressed. The old scholars at Westtown will always retain a lively reminiscence of Aunt Moore's "Miscellanies," though very few of them indeed knew to whose taste in selection they were so much indebted. My wife's uncle, Lindley Murray, and my aunt Moore, supplied the principal school literature of the days of my youth.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

The last time I wrote I did not mention thy book, as I thought we were to keep it here till thee came up thyself, but will be sure to send it by my G. D. or his brother, who, I believe, will be with you in a few days. I assure thee, my dear, we have found it a very pleasant companion, and part with it unwillingly; but maybe when Nancy has taken out what thee wants, thee 'll double the obligation by lending it a second time. Am I too unreasonable? well, it shall be just as thee pleases.

When I came to that part of thy letter where thee says thee would choose me for a partner in the garden and poultry yard, the thought was so pleasant, that I was just ready to give the good man a jog to ride off directly, and bespeak the next plantation to you; but on looking at him, and our dear landlady, I found their countenances stood Burlington fashion, so I e'en took a silent trip to Fairyland by myself, and spent a most agreeable half hour in helping thee to separate the bantams, and white cropper crowns, from the homely yellow-legged fowls, which the young man was to carry to market the next day; thee may suppose we examined the cheeses, butter, and eggs, with a fine variety of vegetables, which were partly raised by thy care of them. But this being only a flying visit, there was no time to reckon up the amount of cash which their sales might produce.

After all, my Patty, who knows but that something like thy delightful plan may one day take place, and suppose Otsego* should be pitched on for the purpose! Our four families, with a few valuable people added to the number, by the general con-

* Otsego lands were just then attracting attention, much of, perhaps the county, belonged to connections of the family.

sent of our little company, might all join and soon jerk up a most beautiful village.

“O sacred solitude, divine retreat!
 Choice of the prudent, envy of the great;
 Here, free from ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We'd smile to hear the distant billows roar;
 Here blest with health, with business unperplexed,
 This life we'd relish, and insure the next.”

From M. M. M.'s *Miscellanies*.

We would live in the neighbourhood of poor Betty Hicks, and I think I should like to have Debby under my care, if thee did not want her thyself; dear sister Morris and the children should live with us just as we do now, only my sphere of action a little more enlarged. Thee should be schoolmistress to the girls, and I would be thy assistant half days; the other half their mother might employ them at home. I like this scheme much. But then, as thee has it in thy collection:—

“How little do we know what to wish for! How often is the gratification of our desires attended with mortifying reflections, and how frequently are the very disappointments, at which we murmur, productive of very happy consequences!”

Perhaps thee may say, how fond some people are of shining in borrowed plumes! well, no matter; I wish every truth thee has penned, may make a deep impression on my heart; so be sure to let me have thy book again, and I'll return it when thee desires me.

Do tell dear brother Wells his humorous letter was received without having suffered violence through the curiosity of the bearer; but as an answer, directed to a person of his (R. W.'s) consequence, might not so readily escape examination, he must excuse the omission, more especially as his letter was no answer to mine.

We got his letter when poor sister Morris and myself were quite in a melancholy mood, thinking of you in Philadelphia, and my beloved wanderer (who had gone off without his stock buckle), and we did not know but he might find it very difficult to cross the river, but for a few moments all our troubles were forgotten, and I thought sister Morris would have spoiled herself with laughing. She says she intends to let fly the artillery of her wit on him, when she sees him at Green Bank.

I shall send thee an orange from P. Noble's tree, which is loaded with fruit; some much larger and riper than this. I'm afraid mine's killed, though in the cellar; how fares thine?

Our love is to every one of you. If my dear Rachy is not afraid the children will cut themselves, please to give the little knives to them, and a kiss to each for me. Sweet creatures, I often think of them; perhaps it may be long before I shall see them, without they are brought up here.

Thanks to my Patty for her kind letter. Next time thee writes, don't be afraid of tiring me, as thee too often seems fearful of. Sister Morris and I feel happier for at least twenty-four hours after receiving a letter from dear sister Moore and thyself. O, that the pleasing intercourse might not be broken by your being obliged to leave the city. We hear they have been digging trenches in the town, or making some kind of fortification.

I am, my dear sister,

Thy affectionate

S. H. DILLWYN.

The American Revolution, at this period, occupies all attention. Milcah has removed to "Montgomery Square," Pennsylvania, with her husband, where she is employing herself with her home duties, her charity school, and her books. For a near glimpse of the Burlington family, consisting of Margaret Morris and her children, and George Dillwyn and wife, I now refer the reader to the Revolutionary Journal kept by the former for the amusement of her sister.

'PRIVATE JOURNAL

KEPT DURING A PORTION OF

THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF A SISTER.

BY MARGARET MORRIS,

OF BURLINGTON, N. J.

P R E F A C E .

THOUGH a fragment only, the following journal, kept by Margaret Morris for the amusement of her sister, Milcah Martha Moore, will deeply interest the reader. It embraces nearly all that has been preserved of a manuscript much valued by the descendants of the writer. The antiquarian and historian of a future day may find in it matter for reflection.

But very few, if any, similar journals, during the same period, are known to exist. As it details the daily alarms to which a private family was liable, the frequent and often absurd reports circulated, and the kind of persecution to which obnoxious individuals were subjected, it will serve as a picture *in little* of the times.

No apology is offered for the political bias of the writer; this she possessed in common with too many of her countrymen, both good and great, to make her a mark for satire or reprehension. The few domestic circumstances are left as I found them, believing that they add to the interest of the journal, in which scarcely an alteration has been made, except to insert a name or an initial where the persons alluded to were left in uncertainty. It is much to be regretted that the manuscript is so brief; other portions are believed to have been accidentally destroyed.

The estimate which the writer herself placed on this production is disclosed in a letter to the sister for whom it was designed, in the following extract from one of her letters:—

"I have not yet collected all the scraps of my late diary into one piece; when I have, I shall send it to thee, and thee will observe as thee reads it, that it is by no means fit for mixed companies or general communication. Part of it was written in a serious, others in a waggish mood, and most of it after the family were abed, and I sat up to keep guard over my fences, &c., while the soldiers were next door, for fear they should pull them down to burn. Johnny can help thee to an explanation of some things in it. I shall have no objection to thy reading it out to our own family, provided you turn the critic out of doors, and let only the partial friends hear the thoughts of my heart at the time I wrote them."

Fifty copies of this journal were printed for private circulation in 1836, and it has become very scarce, having excited considerable interest, even among perfect strangers.

PRIVATE JOURNAL.

Dec. 6, 1776. Being on a visit to my friend, M. S., at Had-donfield, I was preparing to return to my family, when a person from Philadelphia told me that the people there were in great commotion; that the English fleet was in the river, and hourly expected to sail up to the city; that the inhabitants were removing into the country; and that several persons of considerable repute had been discovered to have formed a design of setting fire to the city, and were summoned before the congress and strictly enjoined to drop the horrid purpose. When I heard the above report, my heart almost died within me, and I cried, surely the Lord will not punish the innocent with the guilty, and I wished there might be found some interceding Lots and Abrahams amongst *our people*. On my journey home, I was told the inhabitants of our little town [Burlington, N. J.] were going in haste into the country, and that my nearest neighbours were already removed. When I heard this, I felt myself quite sick; I was ready to faint. I thought of my S. D. [Sarah Dillwyn, wife of George, then absent], the beloved companion of my widowed state—her husband at a distance of some hundred miles from her; I thought of my own lonely situation—no husband to cheer with the voice of love my sinking spirits. My little flock, too, without a father to direct them how to steer. All these things crowded into my mind at once, and I felt like one forsaken; a flood of friendly tears came to my relief, and I felt a humble confidence that He who had been with me in six troubles, would not forsake me now. While I cherished this hope, my tranquillity was restored, and I felt no sensation but of humble acquiescence to the Divine will, and was favoured to

find my family in good health on my arrival, and my dear companion not greatly discomposed, for which favour I desire to be truly thankful.

Dec. 7. A letter from my next neighbour's husband, at the camp, warned her to be gone in haste, and many persons coming into town to-day, brought intelligence that the British army were advancing towards us.

Dec. 8. Every day begins and ends with the same accounts, and we hear to-day that the regulars are at Trenton. Some of our neighbours gone, and others going, makes our little bank [Green Bank on the river] look lonesome. But our trust in Providence is still firm, and we dare not even talk of removing our family.

Dec. 9. This evening were favoured with the company of our faithful friend and brother, R. W. [Rd. Wells.] This testimony of his love was truly acceptable to us.

Dec. 10. To-day our amiable friend, E. C. [Hetty Cox] and her family bade us adieu. My brother also left us, but returned in less than an hour, telling us he could not go away just as the Hessians were entering the town; but, no troops coming in, we urged him to leave us next morning, which he concluded to do, after preparing us to expect the Hessians in a few hours. A number of galleys have been lying in the river, before the town, for two days past.

Dec. 11. After various reports from one hour to another of light-horse approaching, the people in town had certain intelligence that a large body of Hessians were come to Bordentown, and we might expect to see them in a few hours. About 10 o'clock of this day, a party of about 60 men marched down the main street: as they passed along, they told our doctor [Odell], and some other persons in the town, that a large number of Hessians were advancing, and would be in the town in less than an hour. This party were riflemen, who, it seems, had crossed the river somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bordentown to reconnoitre, and, meeting with a superior number of Hessians on the road, were then returning, and took Burlington in their way back. From us they crossed to Bristol, and by the time they were fairly embarked, the Hessians, to the number, as we heard, of 400 or 500, had passed what we call York bridge. On the first certainty of their approach, Jno. Lawrence and two or

three others thought best, for the safety of the town, to go out and meet the troops. He communicated his intention to one of the gondola captains, who approved of it, and desired to be informed of the result.

The gentlemen went out, and though the Hessian colonel spoke but little English, yet they found that, upon being thus met in a peaceable manner on behalf of the inhabitants, he was ready to promise them safety and security, to exchange any messages that might be proper with the gentlemen of the galleys. In the mean time, he ordered his troops to halt; they remained in their ranks between the bridge and the corner of Main Street, waiting an answer from on board. J. L. and T. H. went down to report what had passed, and told Captain Moore that the colonel had orders to quarter his troops in Burlington that night, and that if the inhabitants were quiet and peaceable, and would furnish him with quarters and refreshment, he would pledge his honour that no manner of disorder should happen to disturb or alarm the people. Captain Moore replied that, in his opinion, it would be wrong in such a case to fire on the town, but that he would go down and consult with the commodore, and return an answer as soon as might be. While this answer was waited for, Dr. Odell was told it would be a satisfaction both to the Hessian commandant and to our own people, to have a person who could serve as interpreter between them. Not doubting the foreigner could speak French, the doctor went to him, and he had the satisfaction to find it probable, at least, that he might be of service to the people of the town. The commandant seemed highly pleased to find a person with whom he could converse with ease and precision.

He desired the doctor to tell the gentlemen of the town to the same purport as above, with this addition: that he expected there would be found no persons in the town in arms; nor any arms, ammunition, or effects, belonging to persons that were in arms against the king, concealed by any of the inhabitants; that if any such effects were thus secreted, the house in which they were found would be given up to pillage; to prevent which, it would be necessary to give him a just and fair account of such effects, which account he would forward to the general, and that if we acted openly and in good faith in these respects, he repeated his assurances, upon the honour of a soldier, that

he would be answerable for every kind of disorder on the part of his troops. They remained in profound silence in their ranks, and the commandant, with some of his officers, came into town as far as J. L.'s, where they dined, waiting the commodore's answer.

The doctor says that as he thought he observed much of the gentleman in the commandant, and the appearance, at least, of generosity and humanity, he took an opportunity to inform him that there was an old friend of his [the doctor's] who was a colonel, and of some estimation, in the continental army; that he was at present with General Washington, and that his lady, an amiable woman, had gone into the country with most of her effects; that the doctor was ignorant of the place of her retreat, but that before her departure she had begged him, on the footing of former friendship, to take into his house, and if he might be permitted to keep as under his protection, some few things which she could not remove, and told the commandant he was ready to give an exact account of such of her effects as he had thus taken charge of; and at the same time confessed that when he took them, it was in the hope of being suffered to preserve them for his friend. The commandant told him, without a moment's hesitation: "Sir, you need not be at the trouble of giving any further account of those things you have so candidly mentioned; be assured that whatever effects have been intrusted to you in this way I shall consider as your own, and they shall not be touched." From this answer, he was encouraged to hope he might be of still farther service to his friends, and in the full persuasion that nothing would occur to disturb the peaceable disposition that was making; but, as it happened, the commodore had received intelligence of a party of Hessians having entered Burlington before Captain Moore got down to him, and had ordered up four galleys to fire on the town wherever any two or three persons should be seen together. Captain Moore met and hailed them one after another, but the wind was so high that he was not heard or not understood. The four gondolas came up, and the first of them appearing before the main street, J. L., T. H., and W. D.* went down upon the wharf and waved a hat—the signal

* William Dillwyn, married to a sister of Jno. Smith, father of Susan Emlen, and afterwards settled in England.

agreed on with Captain Moore for the boat to come ashore and give the commodore's answer in peace. To the astonishment of these gentlemen, all the answer they received was first a swivel shot. Not believing it possible this could be designedly done, they stood still, and J. L. again waved his hat, and was answered with an 18 pounder. Both these fires, as the gondola people have since told us, were made with as good aim as could be taken, as they took it for granted it was at Hessians they fired. However, as it was impossible to conjecture that such conduct could have happened, or to suspect such a mistake, it is no wonder the town was exceedingly alarmed; looking upon it in the light of a cruel as well as unprovoked piece of treachery. Upon this news, the commandant rose calmly from table, and his officers with him went out to eight or ten men, who had come to the door as a small body-guard. He turned to the doctor, as he went into the street, and said he could easily dispose of his people out of the possibility of danger, but that much mischief might be done to the town, and that he would take a view of the gondolas, and see what measures might be necessary on his part; but that he should be sorry to be the occasion of any damage or distress to the inhabitants. He walked down the street, and sent different ways three sentinels, in Indian file together, to view and report to him what they saw.

These being now and then seen at different times, induced the people on board to believe that the houses were full of Hessians, and a cannonade was continued till almost dark, in different directions, sometimes along the street, sometimes across it. Several houses were struck, and a little damaged, but not one living creature, either man or beast, killed or wounded. About dark the gondolas fell down a little way below the town, and the night was passed in quiet.

While all this tumult was in town, we, on our peaceful bank, ignorant of the occasion of the firing, were wondering what it could mean, and unsuspecting of danger, were quietly pursuing our business in the family, when a kind neighbour informed us of the occasion, and urged us to go into the cellar as a place of safety. We were prevailed on by him to do so, and remained there till it ceased.

Dec. 12. The people of the galleys, suspecting that some

troops were yet either concealed in the town, or neighbourhood of it, have been very jealous of the inhabitants, who have often been alarmed with reports that the city would be set on fire; many have gone in haste and great distress into the country, but we still hope no mischief is seriously intended. A number of men landed on our bank this morning, and told us it was their settled purpose to set fire to the town. I begged them not to set my house on fire; they asked which was my house, and they said they knew not what hindered them from firing on it last night, for seeing a light in the chambers they thought there were Hessians in it, and they pointed their guns at it several times. I told them my children were sick, which obliged me to burn a light all night. Though they did not know what hindered them from firing on us, I did; it was the guardian of the widow and the orphan, who took us into his safe-keeping, and preserved us from danger; oh, that I may keep humble, and be thankful for this, as well as other favours vouchsafed to my little flock.

Dec. 13. This day we began to look a little like ourselves again. The troops were removed some miles from town, as we hear, and our friends began to venture out to see us; but the suspicions of the gondola men still continued, and search was made in and about the town for men distinguished by the name of tories. About noon of this day, dear brother R. W. popped in upon us; he had heard the firing yesterday, and being anxious for our safety, he ran the risk of venturing amongst us to see how we had fared; surely this proof of his love will never be forgotten by me while my memory lasts; he left us after dinner.

Dec. 14. This day there was no appearance of the formidable Hessians. Several of our friends called to see us; amongst the number was one (Dr. Odell), esteemed by the whole family, and very intimate in it; but the spirit of the devil still continued to rove through the town in the shape of tory-hunters. A message was delivered to our intimate friend, informing him a party of armed men were on the search for him; his horse was brought, and he retired to a place of safety. Some of the gentlemen who entertained the foreigners, were pointed out to the gondola men; two worthy inhabitants* were seized upon, and dragged on board.

* Rd. Smith, &c.

From the 13th to the 16th, we had various reports of the advancing and retiring of the enemy; parties of armed men rudely entered the town, and diligent search was made for tories; some of the gondola gentry broke into and pillaged Rd. Smith's house on the bank. Mem. To give a more particular account of the manner by and by. About noon this day [16th], a very terrible account of thousands coming into town, and now actually to be seen on Gallows Hill; my incautious son* caught up the spy-glass, and was running towards the mill to look at them. I told him it would be liable to misconstruction, but he prevailed on me to allow him to gratify his curiosity; he went, but returned much dissatisfied, for no troops could he see; as he came back, poor Dick† took the glass, and resting it against a tree, took a view of the fleet; both of these were observed by the people on board, who suspected it was an enemy that was watching their motions. They manned a boat, and sent her on shore; a loud knocking at my door brought me to it; I was a little fluttered, and kept locking and unlocking that I might get my ruffled face a little composed; at last I opened it, and half a dozen men all armed, demanded the key of the empty house. I asked them what they wanted there; they said to search for a d——d tory who had been spying at them from the mill. The name of a tory, so near *my own door*, seriously alarmed me, for a poor *refugee*, dignified by that name, had claimed the shelter of my roof, and was at that very time concealed like a thief in an auger-hole; I rung the bell violently, the signal agreed on if they came to search, and when I thought he had crept into the hole, I put on a very simple look, and cried out, "Bless me, I hope you are not Hessians." "Do we look like Hessians?" asked one of them rudely, "Indeed, I don't know." "Did you ever see a Hessian?" "No, never in my life; but they are *men*, and you are men, and may be Hessians, for anything I know; but I'll go with you into Col. Cox's house, though indeed it was my son at the mill; he is but a boy, and meant no harm; he wanted to see the troops."

So I marched at the head of them, opened the door, and searched every place, but we could find no tory; strange where he could be. We returned—they greatly disappointed—I, pleased

* Dr. Jno. Morris.

† Rd. Hill Morris.

to think my house was not suspected. The captain, a smart little fellow, named Shippen, said he wished he could see the spy-glass. S. D. produced it, and very civilly desired his acceptance of it, which I was sorry for, as I often amused myself in looking through it. They left us and searched J. V.'s [James Verree], and the two next houses, but no tory could they find. This transaction reached the town, and Colonel Cox was very angry, and ordered the men on board. In the evening I went to town with my refugee, and placed him in other lodgings. I was told to-day of a design to seize upon a young man in town, as he was esteemed a tory. I thought a hint would be kindly received, and as I came back, called upon a friend of his, and told him. Next day he was out of the reach of the gondolas.

Dec. 17. More news! great news! very great news (J. V.'s). The British troops actually at Mount Holly! guards of militia placed at London and York bridges; gondola men in arms patrolling the street, and diligent search making for firearms, ammunition, and tories; another attempt last night to enter into R. Smith's house. Early this morning J. V. sent in to beg I would let my son go a few miles out of town on some business for him. I consented, not knowing of the formidable doings up town: when I heard of it I felt a mother's pangs for her son all the day; but when night came, and he did not appear, I made no doubt of his being taken by the Hessians. A friend made my mind easy, by telling me he had passed through the town where the dreadful Hessians were said to be "playing the very mischief" (J. V. again); it is certain there were numbers of them at Mount Holly, but they behaved very civilly to the people, excepting only a few persons, who were actually in rebellion, as they termed it, whose goods, &c. they injured. This evening every gondola man sent on board, with strict orders not to set a foot on the Jersey shore again. So far so good.

Dec. 18. This morning gives us hope of a quiet day; but my mind still anxious for my son, not yet returned. Our refugee gone off to-day out of the reach of gondolas and tory hunters—much talk of the enemy; two Hessians had the assurance to appear in town to-day; they asked if there were any rebels in town, and desired to be shown the *men of war*; what a burlesque on *men of war*! My son returned to-night, and to his mortification saw not one Hessian, light-horse, or anything else worth

seeing, but had the consolation of a little adventure at York Bridge, being made to give an account of himself as he went out yesterday, his horse detained, and he ordered to walk back to town and get a pass from General Reed; this he readily agreed to, but instead of a pass, Colonel Cox accompanied him back to the bridge, and Don Quixote, jr. mounted his horse, and rode through their ranks in triumph. Two field-pieces said to be mounted at Bristol.

Dec. 19. A man was met on the road, with a white flag or rag tied to a stick, but whence he came, or where he was going, the wisest head on the bank [J. V.] cannot conjecture. A report prevails that General Putnam with 1,000 men are on their march—this put all into motion at Holly. The Hessians retire to the Black Horse. Not one gondola man ashore all this day; we may burn a candle all night and sleep secure. This evening received a letter from Dr. C. M. [Charles Moore], inviting me to move into his neighbourhood, but my mind is easiest while I conclude to abide where Providence has cast my lot—he has preserved us in great dangers, and I dare not distrust his future care. A letter from the brother and friend of my heart [Geo. Dillwyn], gives me hope of his return; his advice must determine my future movements.

Dec. 20. A snow-storm last night has almost stopped the navigation, and sent our guarda-costas out of our sight down the river; surely this will be a quiet day—methinks I will call for my work-basket, and set myself to sewing—but hark! a rap at the door—that face [J. V.] is full of intelligence. “Well, what news, neighbour?” “Oh, bless me! great news, indeed! why, ha’nt you heard it?” “No, we have seen nobody from town to-day; do tell us.” “Why, the Hessians are actually just here; Master P., W. D., &c. &c., are all gone out to see what they can do.” “Well! and will they bring them all into town? I’m sure we are but poorly provided just now for a great deal of company.” J. V. still goes on—“Oh! Ah! you will have enough of them; I expect to have my house full! I saw a man from Holly, yesterday, who says he saw fifty of the light-horse, all very fine English horses—oh, it was a terrible sight to see how they all foamed at the mouth and pranced—and fifty Hessians all quartered at Holly; but Putnam is surely coming with 1,500 men.” “Well, but neighbour, I should suppose it was a

very fine sight to see so many fine horses together, and prancing." "Oh no, bless my spirits! it is a terrible sight to see how they foamed at the mouth!" "Well, we shall hear by and by what the ambassadors have done—I hope they won't come in to-night with the Hessians, for I am quite unprovided to entertain company." (Observe, Patty, it was I that was in such a fidget and not provided for company.) "Whip the fellows, I got supper enough for twenty of them the first night of the alarm, and I'm resolved I'll trouble myself no more about them till I see some of them in earnest." 17 Hessians in town to-day, and we were told the Recorder was desired to prepare a dinner for about 500 men; a friend from town called in about 4 o'clock, and told us they were all a-coming. We asked if he had seen them? no! but he heard they were just here. We asked him how we, at this distance from town, should know of their coming; they might pop upon us here, and scare us out of our wits, as we had no man in the house. He said, "Oh, you will know of it fast enough, I warrant—why the noise of the cannon and wagons will be heard at a great distance, and I advise you to make good use of your time till they do come, and put all things of gold and silver out of their way, and all linen too, or you will lose it." I said they pillaged none but rebels, and we were not such; we had taken no part against them, &c. But that signified nothing; we should lose all, &c. After he was gone, my S. D. and myself asked each other why it was that all these stories did not put us into a fright; we were not even discomposed; surely it is a favour never to be forgotten. We concluded to sit up a little later than usual to-night, but no rattling could we hear. Ambassadors returned—a report that the congress dollars will be allowed to circulate for a certain number of years—a battery talked of, to be raised at the point of the island. We are told the two pieces of cannon, said to be at Bristol, have disappeared.

Dec. 21. More snow last night—no danger of gondolas now—more ambassadors gone out to-day to the Hessians—not much to be expected from one of them. A great deal of talk in the neighbourhood about a neutral island; wish with great earnestness it may be allowed—wonder the men in town don't think it worth while to step down here and tell us what they are after—get quite in the fidgets for news—send Dick to town to

collect some—he returns quite newsless—good mind to send him back again. W. D. comes at last—tells us all we expected to hear—pleases us by saying we shall have timely notice of their coming—gives a hint that the feeble and defenceless will find safety and protection—rank ourselves among the number, having no man with us in the house. Determine not to be unprovided again, let them come or not, as the weather is now so cold provisions will keep good several days. We pity the poor fellows who were obliged to be out last night in the snow. Repeat our wishes that this may be a neutral island—quite sleepy—go to bed and burn a lamp all night—talk as loud as usual, and don't regard the creaking of the door—no gondola men listening about the bank. Before we retired to bed this evening, an attempt was made to teach the children to pronounce "*vegates*," (how do you do?) like a Dutchman. Our good neighbour a little concerned to think there is not one in the neighbourhood that will be able to interpret for us when the Hessians are quartered on us. At last, by dint of mere conjuration, I discovered that his maid is a Dutch woman, and we resolve, *nem. con.*, that she shall be the interpreter of the bank, and her master thinks it will be a great thing to have one that can speak for us.

Dec. 22. It is said Putnam with 1,000 men are at Mount Holly; all the women removed from the town except one widow of our acquaintance—this evening we hear the sound of much hammering at Bristol, and it is conjectured that a fortification is carrying on there—more cannon said to be planted on the island—we hear this afternoon that the gentlemen who went last to the Count de Nope with a request that our town might be allowed to remain a neutral one, are returned, and report that he had too many affairs of greater consequence in hand to attend to them, or give an answer. I think we don't like the Count quite so well to-day as we did yesterday. We heard yesterday that General Lee was taken prisoner by a party of light-horse, who surrounded him, and took him to New York (hope privately that he will not escape); to-day (22d) we hear General Howe is at Trenton, and it is thought there will be an engagement soon. A man who was at Mount Holly the other day, tells us he saw a great many of the British troops—that some of them went to the magazine there [a small room over

the court-house] and took out about 100 wooden canteens, and the same number of broken firearms, and, calling for a guard of 100 men, piled them up in the street, and ordered the men, in derision, to take charge of them. This afternoon we hear of our refugee again, and that he has got a protection, as it is called. The rage of tory-hunting a little subsided; we now hear only of the Hessian-hunters; but they make a poor hand of it—not one brought in that we know of. We hear this afternoon that our officers are afraid their men will not fight, and wish they may all run home again. A peaceable man ventured to prophesy to-day that, if the war is continued through the winter, the British troops will be scared at the sight of our men, for as they never fought with naked men, the novelty of it will terrify them, and make them retreat faster than they advanced to meet them; for he says, from the present appearance of our ragged troops, he thinks it probable they will not have clothes to cover them a month or two hence.

Several of the families who left the town on the day of the cannonading, are returned to their houses; the intelligence brought in this evening is seriously affecting; a party of our men, about 200, marched out of Mount Holly, and meeting with a party of Hessians near a place called Petticoat Bridge, an engagement ensued—the Hessians retreating rather than advancing—a heavy firing of musketry and some cannon heard; we are informed that twenty-one of our men were killed in the engagement, and that they returned at night to their headquarters at Mount Holly, the Hessians to theirs at the Black Horse.

Dec. 23. This day twelve gondolas came up the river again, but we know not as yet the occasion of their coming; the troops at Mount Holly went out again to-day and engaged the Hessians near the same place where they met yesterday: it is reported we lost ten men, and that our troops are totally routed and the Hessians in possession of Mount Holly. This evening a little alarm in our neighbourhood; a report reaching us that 3,000 troops, now at Bristol, are to cross over in the night, and to land on our bank in order to join the routed party of yesterday. My dear S. D.'s spirits for the first time forsook her on hearing this, and my heart grieved that I could offer nothing to compose her. We conjecture the gondolas are to lie here in readiness to receive our men should they be put to flight—be

that as it may, we don't like to see them so near us, and wish for another snow-storm to drive them away.

Dec. 24. The gondolas all gone out of sight; but whether up or down the river we know not. This morning we are told of a fearful alarm which was spread through the town last night; that the gondolas had orders to fire on it in the night, as it was said the Hessians were expected to come in after the rout of yesterday, and take possession here as they had done at Mount Holly; happily, this account did not reach us till it was proved to be false. It seems the commodore had sent one M'Knight on shore, who informed the inhabitants of it. W. Smith and B. Helm went to Bristol in the evening, and acquainted General Cadwallader with what they had heard, who signified to the commodore the necessity of the removal of the fleet, as the ice would probably make it difficult for them to sail a few days hence. When this was taken to the commodore, he denied having sent the information which so alarmed the inhabitants. It was thought he appeared a little disguised with liquor at the time. We hear the Hessians are still at Holly, and our troops in possession of Church Hill, a little beyond. The account of twenty-one killed the first day of the engagement, and ten the next, is not to be depended on, as the Hessians say our men run so fast they had not the opportunity of killing any of them. Several Hessians in town to-day. They went to Daniel Smith's and inquired for several articles in the shop, which they offered to pay for; two were observed to be in liquor in the street; they went to the tavern, and calling for rum ordered the man to charge it to the king. We hear that two houses in the skirts of the town were broke open by the Hessians and pillaged. The gondolas have been lying down at Dunk's Ferry all this day. A pretty heavy firing heard up the river to-day, but no account yet received of the occasion, or where it was.

Dec. 25. An officer said to be gone to Bristol from the Count de Nope with a flag, and offers of letting our town remain a neutral post. General Reed at Philadelphia. An express sent to him, and we hear he is to meet the Count to-morrow, at Jno. Antrim's, and settle the preliminaries.

Dec. 26. Very stormy; we fear General Reed will not meet the Count to-day. A great number of flat-bottom boats gone up the river; we cannot learn where they are going to.

Dec. 27. A letter from General Reed to his brother, informing him that Washington had an engagement with the regulars, on the 25th, early in the morning, taking them by surprise; killed 50 and took 900 prisoners. The loss on our side not known, or, if known, not suffered to be public. It seems this heavy loss to the regulars was owing to the prevailing custom among the Hessians of getting drunk on the eve of that great day which brought peace on earth and good-will to men; but oh! how unlike Christians is the manner in which they celebrate it. Can we call ourselves Christians, while we act so contrary to our Master's rules? He set the example which we profess to follow, and here is a recent instance that we only profess it; instead of good-will, envy and hatred seem to be the ruling passions in the breasts of thousands. This evening, the 27th, about 3,000 of the Pennsylvania militia and other troops landed in the neck, and marched into town with artillery, baggage, &c., and are quartered on the inhabitants. One company was lodged at J. V.'s, and a guard placed between his house and ours. We were so favoured as not to have any sent to our house. An officer spent the evening with us, and appeared to be in high spirits, and talked of engaging the English as a very trifling affair—nothing so easy as to drive them over the North River, &c.—not considering there is a God of battle, as well as a God of peace, who may have given them the late advantage in order to draw them out to meet the chastisement that is reserved for them.

Dec. 28. Early this morning the troops marched out of town in high spirits. A flight of snow this morning drove the gondolas again down the river. My heart sinks when I think of the numbers unprepared for death, who will probably be sent in a few days to appear before the Judge of heaven. The weather clearing up this afternoon, we observed several boats, with soldiers and their baggage, making up to our wharf: as I looked at them, I thought I saw a face that was not strange to me, and, taking a nearer view, found it was the well-known face of my beloved brother and friend, G. Dillwyn. When I saw the companions he was among, I thought of what Solomon said of his beloved, that she was like an apple-tree amongst the trees of the wood. When he came into the house, my kindred heart bade him welcome to the hospitable roof—for so must I

ever deem that roof which has sheltered me and my little flock—though our joy at meeting him was checked by the prospect before and around. A man, who seemed to have command over the soldiers just landed, civilly asked for the keys of Colonel Cox's house, in which they stowed their baggage, and took up their quarters for the night, and were very quiet.

Dec. 29. This morning the soldiers at the next house prepared to depart, and, as they passed my door, they stopped to bless and thank me for the food I sent them, which I received, not as my due, but as belonging to my *master*, who had reached a morsel to them by my hand. A great number of soldiers in town to-day; another company took possession of the next house when the first left it. The inhabitants much straightened for bread to supply the soldiers, and firewood to keep them warm. This seems to be only one of the many calamities of war.

Dec. 30. A number of poor soldiers sick and wounded brought into town to-day, and lodged in the court-house; some of them in private houses. To-day, I hear, several of our townsmen have agreed to procure wood for the soldiers; but they found it was attended with considerable difficulty, as most of the wagons usually employed to bring in wood were pressed to take the soldiers' baggage.

Dec. 31. We have been told of an engagement between the two armies, in which it was said the English had 400 taken prisoners, and 300 killed and wounded. The report of the evening contradicts the above intelligence, and there is no certain account of a battle.

Jan. 1, 1777. This New Year's day has not been ushered in with the usual rejoicings, and I believe it will be the beginning of a sorrowful year to very many people. Yet the flatterer, hope, bids me look forward with confidence to Him who can bring out of this confusion the greatest order. I do not hear that any messengers have been in town from the camp.

Jan. 3. This morning we heard very distinctly a heavy firing of cannon; the sound came from about Trenton, and at noon a number of soldiers, upwards of 1,000, came into town in great confusion, with baggage and some cannon. From these soldiers we learn there was a smart engagement yesterday at Trenton, and that they left them engaged near Trenton mill, but were

not able to say which side was victorious. They were again quartered on the inhabitants, and we again exempt from the cumber of having them lodged in our house. Several of those who lodged in Colonel Cox's house last week, returned to-night and asked for the key, which I gave them. About bedtime, I went into the next house to see if the fires were safe, and my heart was melted to see such a number of my fellow-creatures lying like swine on the floor, fast asleep, and many of them without even a blanket to cover them. It seems very strange to me, that such a number should be allowed to come from the camp at the very time of the engagements, and I shrewdly suspect they have run away, for they can give no account why they came or where they are to march next.

Jan. 4. The accounts hourly coming in are so contradictory and various, that we know not which to give credit to. We have heard our people have gained another victory; that the English are fleeing before them, some at Brunswick, some at Princeton. We hear to-day that Sharp Delany and A. Morris, and others of the Pennsylvania militia are killed, and that the Count de Nope is numbered with the dead; if so, the Hessians have lost a brave and humane commander. The prisoners taken by our troops are sent to Lancaster jail. A number of sick and wounded brought into town, calls upon us to extend a hand of charity towards them. Several of *my* soldiers left the next house, and returned to the place from whence they came. Upon my questioning them pretty close, I brought several to confess they had run away, being scared at the heavy firing on the 3d. There were several pretty, innocent-looking lads among them, and I sympathized with their mothers, when I saw them preparing to return to the army.

Jan. 5. I heard to-day that Capt. Shippen, who threatened to shoot my son for spying at the gondolas, is killed. I forgave him long ago, for the fright he occasioned me, and felt sorry when I heard he was dead. We are told to-day that Gen. Mercer is killed, and Millin is wounded; what sad havoc will this dreadful war make in our land!

Jan. 6. We are told to-day that 2,000 New England men fell in the late engagement.

Jan. 7. This evening all the gondolas, which have been for several days past lying before Bristol, sailed down the river

except one, which is stationed there for the winter I suppose; an order arrived about five this evening for the remainder of the soldiers to march; they hurried away, but returned in less than an hour, the officers thinking it too late for them to reach Bordentown to-night.

Jan. 8. All the soldiers gone from the next house; only one of the number stopped to bid me farewell; but I did not resent it, remembering that only one of the ten lepers, cleansed by our Lord, returned to give thanks; not that I would compare the few trifling services I was enabled to render those poor creatures, to that great miracle; but it rose in my mind at the time, perhaps, as a check to any little resentment that I might have felt for being neglected. I went into the house after they had left it, and was grieved to see such loads of provisions wastefully lying on the floor. I sent my son to desire an officer in town to order it away, and he returned his compliments, and desired me "to keep it from spoiling"—that was, to make use of it; but as it was not his to give, and I had no stomach to keep it from spoiling, I sent it to another person, who had it taken to the sick soldiers.

Jan. 9. We hear to-day that our troops have driven the English to Brunswick, and some say there has been another battle. All the officers went out of town to-day. The report of poor A. Morris being killed, is confirmed by an officer who was in the battle. We hear that Washington has sent to buy up a number of stores, from whence it is concluded he is going into winter quarters. The weather very cold; some snow falling has also filled the river with ice, and we expect it will be strong enough to walk over in a day or two, and give an opportunity, to those inclined to escape, of crossing over, which, for several weeks past, has been attended with some difficulty; all the boats belonging to the town being seized upon by the gentlemen of the galleys, and either borne away, or broken to pieces, which they said was done to prevent the Hessians from crossing the river; and, on the same pretence, a number of bridges have been taken up, and others so much damaged as to make it difficult for travellers to pass from hence to Philadelphia. Several of the soldiers, who were brought into town sick, have died, and it is feared the disorder by which they were afflicted is infectious.

Jan. 11. Weather very cold, and the river quite shut. I pity

the poor soldiers now on their march, many of whom will probably lay out in the fields this cold night. What cause have I for gratitude, that I and my household are sheltered from the storm! oh that the hearts of my offspring may learn to trust in the God of their *mother*. He who has condescended to preserve us in great danger, and kept our feet from wandering from the habitation his goodness has allotted to us.

Jan. 12. We are told to-day of the robbery of one of the commissaries; the sum lost is said to be £10,000. I have not heard who is suspected of committing the robbery. The Earl of B——n,* who quitted his habitation on the first alarm of the Hessians coming in, is returned with his family. We have some hopes that our refugee will be presented with a pair of lawn sleeves, when dignities become cheap, and suppose he will then think himself too *big* to creep into his old auger-hole; but I shall remind him of the *place*, if I live to see him created first B——p of B——n.

Jan. 13. Several of the *tories*, who went out of town while the gondolas were here, are returned, on hearing there has been a general jail-delivery at Philadelphia. One man, who thought himself immovable, has been compelled to swear or sign allegiance to the States.

Jan. 14. The *lie* of the day runs thus; that the New England-men have taken Long Island, are in possession of King's Bridge, that Gen. Lee is retaken by his own men, the regulars in a desperate condition intrenching at Brunswick, and quite hopeless of gaining any advantage over the Americans this campaign. A letter from my amiable friend, E. C., informs me her husband's battalion was in the front of the battle at ——, and behaved remarkably well; they took 200 prisoners, and left 80 on the field; he acknowledges the preserving hand of Providence in bringing him safe through such a scene of blood, &c. I hear Gen. Howe sent a request to Washington, desiring three days' cessation of arms, to take care of the wounded, and bury the dead, which was refused; what a woful tendency war has to harden the human heart against the tender feelings of humanity! Well it may be called a *horrid art*, thus to change the nature of man. I thought that even barbarous nations had a sort of re-

* Ironical.—Ed.

ligious regard for their dead. A friend from Trenton tells me poor A. Morris died in three hours after he was wounded, and was buried in Friends' burying-ground, at Stony Brook. Also Capt. Shippen was buried by him. The same friend told us that a man was killed in his bed at the house of Stacey Potts, at Trenton, in the time of the engagement there, and that Potts's daughter, about the age of mine, went from home to lodge, the night preceding the battle, and returning in the morning, just as she stepped into her father's door, a ball met her (being directed by the unerring hand of Providence), took the comb out of her hair, and gently grazed the skin of her head without doing her any farther injury: who shall dare to say they are shot at random?

Jan. 15. I was a good deal affected this evening, at seeing the hearse in which Gen. Mercer's body was conveyed over the river on the ice, to be buried at Philadelphia; poor Capt. Shippen's body was also taken over at the same time, to be buried there. P. Reed gave us the following account of a report they heard from a man, whom her sister sent to Burlington to bring some things they were in want of the night the last soldiers came into town. Reed's wife hired a wagon to come here, and got one of her neighbours to come and fetch some of her goods. Just as the man began to load the wagon, the soldiers came running into town, and the man whipped up his horses and drove away without his goods. When he got to Reed's house in the country, he told them there was 10,000 wagons in Burlington, that Gen. Washington, Lee, Howe, and all the Americans were engaged in battle, in Burlington, that Washington was mortally wounded, and the streets were full of dead bodies, and that the groans of the dying were still in his ears. They opened their letters in fearful haste, and found nothing relative to what the man told them, nor could they convince him that his fright had magnified the matter, till they sent a person up here to inquire.

* * A page of the MS. unfortunately missing. * *

Jan. 31, 1777. The scruples of my own mind being satisfied in keeping my son here till the search was over, I felt peace in the prospect of sending him to my dear brother, C. M. (Dr. Charles Moore), and now that he is gone from me, I feel like a merchant who has ventured *half* his fortune out to sea, anxious for the

success of the voyage; oh that it may be a prosperous one to my dear boy: then shall I be happy.

Feb. 3. To-day appeared in print a proclamation of Gen Washington's, ordering all persons who had taken protections of the king's commissioners, to come in thirty days, and swear allegiance to the United States of America, or else repair with their families to the lines of the British troops. What will become of our refugee now!

Feb. 4. To-day eight boats full of soldiers sailed up the river to join the continental forces; they appeared to be very merry with their drums beating and their colours flying; this is said to be the day appointed for our friends, who are prisoners, to have a hearing before Putnam; a man, who is not a lover of peace, told us it was expected there would be bloody work on the occasion.

Feb. 6. Several hundred soldiers, who were returning from the camp, were quartered on the inhabitants, and in general, I hear, behaved well.

Feb. 7. All the soldiers quartered on the town last night, went away to-day. The prisoners taken from our town and Mount Holly, discharged and returned home; several of them much fatigued, and some sick.

Feb. 11. This evening two doctors were brought into town, and put into prison, for inoculating in their families, contrary to the orders of Gen. Putnam, who had prohibited them from inoculating. They were discharged in a few days.

April 10. Jno. Lawrence, Thomas Watson, and several other persons obnoxious to the State, were imprisoned here, and divers others bound over to their good behaviour, and to appear at the next court, to be held—*nobody knows where*.

April 17. A number of flat-bottomed boats went up the river, and landed troops at Bristol. It is said 1,500 men are billeted on the inhabitants there.

April 19. A report that there has been an engagement between the British troops and Americans; the latter victorious. B. Helm summoned before the governor, and bound to answer at the next court for preferring silver dollars to paper. The English said to be in motion, and the fleet below.

May 7. Captain Webb and his family came here in order to set off the next day for New York, having received orders from

the governor to depart the State. Just as they were retiring to bed, a captain of the light-horse arrived with a party of soldiers, and demanded the keys of his trunks, some of which they opened, and searched for letters, and took all they could find, and guarded him to his lodging, at R. Smith's, and were all night in his room. They set a guard over his goods, and in the morning returned and examined all his trunks, and then waited on him to Philadelphia, where he was to wait on the general, and answer to sundry charges, one of which was, that he was suspected of being a spy; this he boldly cleared himself of. Another was that he had, in a sermon he preached about two years ago, told the people that if they took up arms against the king, they would be d——d; he likewise pleaded innocent to this, and finding they could not prove it on him, they referred him to the governor, who reproved him for not taking advantage of a pass he had granted him, two or three weeks ago, and absolutely prohibited him from prosecuting his journey to York, and ordered him to repair with his family to Bethlehem, there to remain during their pleasure, and confined him to a magic circle of six miles.

May 10. The court met here, when several persons confined in our jail—some tories—were examined. Jno. Lawrence released; D. Ellis imprisoned, and J. Carty fined sixpence for contempt of court; several ordered back to prison; and R. Smith, B. Helm, T. Hulings, and Collin Campbell examined; R. Smith ordered to pay £100 or be confined in prison; he chose the latter, and accordingly took possession of the room J. L. had quitted; the oaths offered to the three others, which they refusing were fined.

May 26. This day Captain Webb and his family left us to go to Bethlehem. W. D., who some days since received a passport from General Washington, set out for New York with the widow Allen.

June 7. The reports often coming by expresses, give us reason to believe the English army are in motion, and it is generally supposed they intend to bend their course to Philadelphia.

June 10. A person from the camp came to town to engage a number of guides (to go back with him) who were well acquainted with the different roads to Philadelphia, that in case

our people should be obliged to retreat they may not be at a loss.

June 11. Certain intelligence arrived, per express, that the English are at Bound Brook, the Americans at Morristown.

June 13. Early this morning the soldiers beat to march from Bristol, and in the course of the day several boats full of soldiers, with the Pennsylvania militia, sailed up the river.

June 14. Before daylight this morning, the alarm guns at Princeton, Trenton, Bordentown, and Bristol were fired, and answered by those below. About 9 o'clock, the gondolas and barges began to appear in sight, and from that time till 9 at night, there have gone up the river five or six gondolas. Several flat-bottomed boats are also gone to Bristol. There is a report of a battle to-day, which seems probable, as we have heard much firing above. By a person from Bordentown, we hear twelve expresses came in there to-day from camp. Some of the gondola men and their wives being sick, and no doctor in town to apply to, they were told that Mrs. M. was a skilful woman, and kept medicines to give to the poor; and, notwithstanding their late attempts to shoot my poor boy, they ventured to come to me, and, in a very humble manner, begged me to come and do something for them. At first I thought they might have a design to put a trick on me, and get me aboard of their gondola, and then pillage my house, as they had done some others; but, on asking where the sick folks were, was told they were lodged in the governor's house. So I went to see them. There were several, both men and women, very ill with a fever—some said the camp, or putrid fever; they were broke out in blotches, and, on close examination, it appeared to be the itch fever. I treated them according to art, and they all got well. I thought I had received all my pay, when they thankfully acknowledged my kindness, but lo! in a short time afterwards, a very rough, ill-looking man came to the door and asked for me. When I went to him, he drew me aside and asked if I had any friends in Philadelphia. The question alarmed me, supposing there was some mischief meditated against that poor city; however, I calmly said: "I have an ancient father-in-law, some sisters, and other near friends there." "Well," said the man, "do you wish to hear from them, or send anything by way of refreshment to them? If you do, I will

take charge of it, and bring you back anything you may send for." I was very much surprised, and thought, to be sure, he only wanted to get provisions to take to the gondolas, when he told me his wife was one of those I had given medicine to, and this was the only thing he could do to pay me for my kindness. My heart leaped with joy, and I set about preparing something for my dear absent friends. A quarter of beef, some veal, fowls, and flour were soon put up, and about midnight the man called and took them aboard of his boat. He left them at Robert Hopkins's, at the Point, from whence my beloved friends took them to town; and, two nights after, a loud knocking at our front door greatly alarmed us. Opening the chamber window, we heard a man's voice saying, "Come down softly and open the door, but bring no light." There was something mysterious in such a call, and we concluded to go down and set the candle in the kitchen. When we got to the front door, we asked, "Who are you?" The man replied, "A friend, open quickly;" so the door was opened, and who should it be but our honest gondola man, with a letter, a bushel of salt, a jug of molasses, a bag of rice, some tea, coffee, and sugar, and some cloth for a coat for my poor boys—all sent by my kind sisters. How did our hearts and eyes overflow with love to them, and thanks to our Heavenly Father, for such seasonable supplies. May we never forget it. Being now so rich, we thought it our duty to hand out a little to the poor around us who were mourning for want of salt; so we divided the bushel, and gave a pint to every poor person that came for it, and had a great plenty for our own use. Indeed, it seemed as if our little store increased by distributing it, like the bread broken by our Saviour to the multitude, which, when he had blessed it, was so marvellously multiplied.

One morning, having left my chamber at an earlier hour than usual, and casting my eyes towards the river, was surprised to see some hundreds of boats, all filled with British soldiers. I ran to my dear G. D.'s room, and begged him to get up and see the sight. He went to the window, and I waited to hear what he would say; but as he said nothing, I called out to him, "Brother, what shall we do now?" He opened his door, and sweetly and calmly said, "Let us, my sister, keep still and quiet; I believe no harm will happen to

us;" and indeed we were favoured with remarkable stillness; even the children seemed to partake of it. The boats were ordered up the river to Bordentown, to burn all the gondolas. Poor R. Sutton and his son passing my door, I stopped him, and asked him where he was going; he said to join the soldiers to march to Bordentown, for the English were going to burn it, and on their return would do the same to Burlington. I begged him not to go, and said, perhaps he would be killed; he said he would go for all that—next day we heard he was killed. The report was, that some of the militia had fired on the English boats as they were rowing up the river; the firing was returned, and poor Sutton was the first, if not the only one killed; the last boat we saw, was a small one, with only three men and the rowers in it; they were not soldiers: when they came opposite to the town wharf they stopped rowing and pulled off their hats and bowed to the people on the wharf. We heard afterwards it was our poor refugee, Doctor S. Burling, and J. Stansbury, who intended to have come on shore and paid us a visit, but so many people appearing on the wharf they thought it safest to take to their oars and follow the fleet. One large vessel, with cannon, was in the fleet, and when they returned, were ordered to fire if they saw soldiers on the wharf, or about the streets. It seems the soldiers had notice of the time when they were to return, and they placed themselves along the shore, quite down to the ferry; it was First day afternoon, and all the family but myself gone to meeting, and I was laying on the bed, and hearing a large gun, looked out of the window, and saw the large ship so close to our landing that I thought they were coming ashore; when, behold! they fired two or three of their great guns, which shook the house, and went through the walls of our next door neighbour, who was a captain in the rebel army. I still kept at the window, unapprehensive of danger, and seeing a man on the deck talking, and pointing to my house, one of them said, "In that house lives a woman to whom I am indebted for my life: she sheltered me when I was driven from my own house," &c. This I was afterwards told by a person who heard it; it is needless to add it was our poor refugee. I really think they have made an end of the gondolas; I hope never to see another. A rebel quarter-master, who had received some little civilities from my S. D. and myself, asked me one day if I did not wish to see

my friends in Philadelphia; I said it was the wish nearest my heart; he said he would accompany me as far as Frankfort, if I would promise to take no kind of provision with me, and that he would meet me at the same place, and conduct me home again. Such an offer was not to be slighted. I went to my friend, A. O., and asked her if she would venture to bear me company. She joyfully agreed, and we borrowed a horse and chair, and early next morning set out. Our quarter-master being our guard, and good neighbour J. V. went with us to the ferry, to see us safe over. We got to A. James's place in the afternoon, and sent notice to our friends in town, and next morning my father, brothers Moore and Wells, and my two sisters, with Dr. O. &c., met us at Kensington, for they dared not go farther, that being the British lines. I believe there never was a more heart-tendering meeting. I had not seen my father and sisters for many months, and the dangers we were surrounded with, and the probability of this being the last time we might meet on earth, together with the reports of the great scarcity of provisions in town, and a thousand other things, all contributed to make it an awfully affecting meeting. My sisters went to A. J.'s place and dined with me. A. O. stayed with her husband till evening, when my dear sisters left me and returned to town. The parting was almost too much for me. I thought we were taking a last farewell of each other, but part we must; they went to town, and Nancy and myself retired soon to bed, expecting our quarter-master to call on us by daylight, but no news did we hear of him; but a heavy firing in the morning made us fearful we should not get safe home. About nine o'clock some stragglers stopped at our quarters, and said there had been a skirmish between the English and Americans, and, more terrible still, that parties were ordered out to bring in all they should meet with; this intelligence made us conclude to venture homewards without our guide; we got into our chair and whipped and cut our dull horse at a strange rate. Several parties passed and repassed, and questioned us about whence we came, and where we were going—they said if we were going to Burlington, we should be stopped at the ferry and taken to Washington's head-quarters, for there was a report that women had been into town and brought out

goods. We kept our minds pretty calm, hoping that if we got safe to the ferry, as we were so well known, we should meet no more dangers, and we got along well till we got to the hill beyond the Red Lion, which being very bad, and we still pressing our poor horse to make more haste, he made one violent exertion to reach the top of the hill, when, to our utter dismay, the swingletree broke, and the chair began to roll down the hill. We both jumped out at the same instant; Nancy held the horse while I rolled a stone behind the wheel, and there we stood afraid to stir from the horse, and thinking we should be obliged to leave the chair and lead the horse home. At last we ventured to the door of a small house hard by; a man came out, and with the help of Nancy's ribbons and my garters fixed us off, and we once again mounted the chair, and walked the horse till we came near the Bristol road, where we heard the ferry was guarded, and none suffered to cross. However we kept on, and at length reached the ferry, where, instead of armed men, we could hardly find one man to put us over. At last we got over, and now being on our own shore, we began like people just escaped from shipwreck, to review the dangers past, and congratulate ourselves on our arrival in a safe port; and I hope not without a sincere, though silent acknowledgment of the good hand that had vouchsafed to bring us so far on our way to our lonely habitations. When we arrived at my door, my beloved S. D. had the neighbours and children all sitting with her; her tender anxious mind filled with apprehensions for our safety. As we had stayed a day longer than we intended, it was conjectured by our wise neighbour, J. V., that some terrible thing had happened; nothing less than that the horse, which was his, had been seized, and we kept in Pennsylvania. Rd. Smith, who lent the chair, was equally alarmed for the fate of his carriage; and S. H., who loudly exclaimed against the expedition, said we were certainly carried to head-quarters; and as Nancy's husband was in the British pay, it would go hard with her for his sake; but, behold! all their wise conjectures proved like the croaking of the raven, for in the midst of it all we appeared before them in our proper persons, before our arrival was announced. Some cried out, where's the horse? where's the chair? where have you been? &c. We gayly told

them all was safe, then sat down to a good dish of tea, and rehearsed all we had seen, heard, and suffered; when we were seriously advised never to engage again in such a perilous undertaking; and we as seriously assured them that if we did, we would look out for a stronger horse and chair, and be our own guide, for that our late expedition, so far from being a discouragement, was like a whet to a hungry man, which gave him a better appetite for his dinner.

SECTION II.—CONTINUED.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

BURLINGTON, March 9, 1778.

I CAN'T send thee, my precious Patty, such an acceptable letter as thine was to me. My good brother D. has called me an idolator, because I sometimes kiss the letters before I open them; but I assure thee it is not my own name on the back I kiss. Patty, does thee ever show my letters to anybody but our sisters? if I find that thee does, I'll make reprisals, and show thine, which, I assure thee, I have not yet done, but when there's a pleasant passage, or witty remark in them, I read it for the benefit of our little circle, and then there's a sort of an exclamation—oh! children when will you be able to write such a letter, and the daughter gravely replies, if we were to have as much practice as aunt P., we should know how to write letters; yes, but not such a letter as this, and then I display it, as if it was any merit to me (who am such a scribbler), that my sweet Patty writes so fair a hand. I intend to send thee by this boat, a basket of apples; please to send a few of them to the dear children from me, and a basket of eggs, which are now fresh, and I send them so long beforehand, lest I should not be here to send them next week, for I have some thoughts of running away from home; don't think I am going to pay you a visit now, for I am in debt in other places as well as in Philadelphia. I received the basket, and am obliged to thee for the homespun, but shall not hide it in the manner thou desires me, for I intend to make a jacket for one of the boys of it. My dear love to brother C., coz. M., and thyself, from, my dear, precious sister,

Thy ever affectionate

M. M.

HANNAH MOORE TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

IN MONTGOMERY. (Without date.)

How good it was in thee, my dear creature, to press our good brother to make us so acceptable a visit, though I was not right in mentioning brother Wells being so sleepy, which was the message to me in the morning; but when I went there and found him much better and sitting up, I desired Dr. Moore to tell you it was a mistake.

I hope we shall all be thankful his valuable life is spared a little longer; it would have been a heavy stroke, at this time especially, to lose him.

As I lay in bed this morning, I thought so sweetly of thy having had a taste of the brook by the way, that I could not for some time leave my bed for tears of joy, and was ready to call out "my beloved sister, hold on thy way, and let thy *alone* confidence and trust be in the sure mercies of David, who casts down and binds up the broken-hearted, and never yet said to the humble seed of Jacob, 'seek ye my face in vain.'"

I don't know but you may see our beloved G. Dillwyn on his way to the southward, as I am told he had thoughts of going across the country without coming to town. Good S. Emilen came into our women's meeting to-day, and repeated three whole verses of the 91st Psalm, for the encouragement of those, he said, who were desirous of travelling in the right way. Thy brother bids me tell you, he intends to pay you a visit this fall. If brother Charles can take them, I shall send thee a few peas to make thy coffee hold out; we use them and like them.

I am, my dear sister,

Thy tenderly affectionate

HANNAH MOORE.

An erring nephew of Dr. S. P. and Charles Moore's now receives a vivifying thrust in the following document, which bears marks of great interest for the youth. Whether he was reclaimed from his military ardor does not appear by the letters, but I have understood he long continued to wear a sword. These were times that tried older heads than "dear Sammy's."

TO SAMUEL PRESTON MOORE, JR. (NEAR DARBY.)

MONTGOMERY, June 2, 1777.

DEAR SAMMY:—

Being informed by thy cousin Dicky Moore that he thinks from thy conversation with him when last here, thou intends to enter into a military life, if thou can obtain the commission of an officer, and not suspecting that to be the case from what thou said in my hearing on the subject, I cannot, as thy uncle and thy friend, forbear writing to thee, to express my surprise and concern, if thou already hast or should hereafter make such a choice; for many reasons occur to me which ought to induce thee to decline it; and first, because it is highly probable, that, flushed with youth and health, and too impatient of wholesome restraint, thou hast not considered its inconsistency with the religious principles of thy education, and the wishes of thy nearest relations and best friends.

2dly. If thou expects to find less fatigue and vexation in this way, than as thou art now employed, thou may be much deceived, for military duties, of all others, are often the most fatiguing, and attended with the greatest perturbations and anxieties of mind, risk of health, and loss of morals.

3dly. Such a course of life will subject thee to more constant confinement, and to a stricter compliance with the orders of superiors than are now expected from thee, to say nothing of the public disgrace and punishment that must follow upon any neglect or breach of duty, whether from ignorance, inattention, supineness, or any other cause.

4thly. That men frequently exercised in scenes of cruelty and destruction, cannot fail to lose the nicer feelings of humanity and all sense of religious obligations; and lastly, that thy career in what thou at present esteems most noble and glorious, may be suddenly stopped by a violent death, without any preparation for the important concerns of a better world.

If these considerations, and such others as thy own reason may suggest to thee, prove of no weight in changing thy purpose, let this letter be a witness for me hereafter, how much thou

hast acted against the tenderest advice and most serious cautions of

Thy very affectionate guardian and uncle,
CHARLES MOORE.

P. S. Thy good aunt Patty sends her love to thee, and desires to join her influence in recommending the above to thy most serious consideration.

In the handwriting of H. Moore.—In which thy aunt H. Moore affectionately and earnestly joins her solicitations.

In the handwriting of S. P. Moore.—Pray consider and well weigh this letter, and take the advice given, if thou hast any regard for

Thy affectionate uncle,
S. P. MOORE.

In the handwriting of Margaret Morris.—We, thy affectionate relations, cannot forbear expressing our anxious concern for thy good; and pray beware of involving thyself and tenderest connections in the deepest scenes of grief on thy account.

RACHEL MOORE.

RACHEL WELLS.

MARGARET MORRIS.

Allusion has been made in the "Introduction" to this history, to the circumstance, that while Dr. S. P. Moore was not disowned from the society of Friends for marrying one sister (his cousin), Dr. Charles was, for taking the other. This was long a great trial to all parties.

Milcah Martha Moore thus suitably wrote to George Dillwyn on the subject. It will be remembered that after her husband's death she was again received into membership at Philadelphia.

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE TO GEORGE DILLWYN.

MONTGOMERY, 12 month 7, 1780.

I received thy acceptable and affectionate letter, and though I am much pleased to find that I have sometimes been the object of thy thoughts and kind remembrance, yet could not help feeling

some concern, at thy being made so uneasy in recollecting the conversation that passed in dear brother Moore's front room, on the subject thee mentions, which I must acknowledge brought our own case directly to my mind, and at the same time occasioned some thoughtfulness, though I wished thee not to discover it, as I did not think thou spoke on our account; but I was soon made easy on considering that we had been frequently assured by many of our friends, that our attending their meetings of business, gave offence to none of them.

The state of separation we have long been in, has, indeed, my dear brother, given me a good deal of uneasiness at times, and I have most earnestly wished to commit it wholly to the wise Disposer of all things, who is greatly careful over his creatures, and can preserve through every difficulty. He was promised as a "Repairer of breaches, and a restorer of paths to dwell in," and I make not the least doubt he will order for the best. I think that I can, with the greatest sincerity say that I am entirely resigned, let the event be what it may; and having done what I looked upon to be a duty, with respect to the acknowledgments, must leave the rest to him, who has been good to me many ways, and who, I believe and humbly trust, will not look upon this deviation as unpardonable.

It has often been my earnest prayer that he would be pleased to support us in Christian patience under this, and every other discouragement and disappointment we may meet with, however great. Now, my beloved brother, let me submit to thy consideration (in my turn), whether, with these sentiments, we can or ought to do anything to bring about an admission into the Society, in the manner thou hints; and whether or not attending any particular meeting with a view of laying the burden upon the shoulders of others, may not be considered as endeavouring to be in our own way and time.

I have wrote thee my thoughts with the greatest freedom, and shall esteem it an addition to the past tokens of thy kindness and near affection for me, if thou would let me know without reserve, what may farther occur to thee on this subject.

I am, my dear brother,

Thy truly affectionate

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

George Dillwyn is, during this and a long subsequent period, deeply engaged in the work of the ministry, and much from home on that account; his wife has called him "her wanderer," but he often proved a most consoling inmate, when at home, to my grandmother Morris. In his absences, Sarah Dillwyn is mostly with her, on Green Bank.

In 1784, the sisters separated for a time. George Dillwyn went on a second religious visit to England, taking with him his wife, of whom is related the apocryphal anecdote of her saying, when it was debated whether she should accompany her missionary husband, that "she was resigned to go or to stay, but more resigned to go."

We now obtain, through her lively and graphic letters, and very good letters they are, particular accounts of the English sisters, Lamar and Scott, and of Deborah Bisset's children, of whom we should probably have nearly lost sight, but for this visit. Their different modes of dress, &c. are alluded to, the writer evidently having some fears of being "a speckled bird" among her more fashionable relations at the West End. Let her tell her own story:—

EXTRACTS FROM SARAH DILLWYN'S LETTERS TO HER SISTERS IN AMERICA.

ON SHIP BOARD, 1784.

When we lived on Green Bank, we used occasionally to enliven the breakfast scene with our dreams—and now we do the same. I thought last night, my precious sister Moore went with me to see sister Lamar, who was a good deal like her in form and dress; as to myself, I seemed to be dressed in a short gown, with my usual non-exactness, and thought my English sister received me with open arms. I found her just as dear brother Hill said she would be, and I felt as easy as an old shoe; she left brother Lamar and other company, and walked back with us. Now, as dreams sometimes go by contraries, how should I feel if she was really unwilling to see me at all?

LONDON.

Arrived in London, John Eliot and wife were from home, so we went to another genteel friend's, and drank tea; it seems there was a meeting among the friends—school committee I believe. Our dear Wm. Dillwyn was at it; after a little while in he came. The dear creature received me like a true brother; his heart was full. The two brothers had been on the lookout for each other, and I was not present at their meeting; I dare say it was a very tender one. After tea, the two brothers and myself went home in his carriage; our new sister* received us affectionately; shall I draw her picture?—then take it exactly. I think she's pretty; if "Liza," our neighbour, was more genteel and animated in her countenance, she is her most striking likeness that I can recollect; she has a sweet, modest smile, and when talking, calls to memory both T. Fisher's wife and dear Coz. Abby. She's as grave in her step as our Patty, and put her and dear sister Morris together, and you have her completely; I mean as to her good, generous good heart.

My G. D. said he did not wish me to look singular, and my bonnet was much so—so out she went, and bought some nice thin "mode" such as they wear, and made it herself presently; she would have me wear a cloak of hers with a hood, as the plainest of them do. Dear little N., the only child at home, is a most lovely baby; she'll be like her mother, goes to anybody, and scarcely ever cries. You see I go on methodically; it was so late, and we were fatigued, I did not send to dear sister Lamar till the next morning; our W. D. wrote a note that evening, but she was gone out of town, and we did not meet till first day afternoon. We were at dinner when the dear creature came, and they were asked into a little back room, they declining that where the company was. My G. and W.

* William Dillwyn's first wife was my father's sister; his second, the one above alluded to, Sarah Weston, he married in England, and passed the remainder of his days there, with but one visit to America to settle his estate. He was the confidential friend of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and intimately connected with the philanthropic movements of the day. His house was always open to Americans, to many of whom, when in Europe, he was extremely serviceable.

D. and I, followed, and W. D. taking my hand to hers, she thought I was his wife, returning the salute in a lady-like manner. My simple heart was full, and overflowed at my eyes, which made her view me more attentively. "Why," said she, "my dear creature, don't weep." I saw she was tenderly affected, and silently pressed me to her bosom. Brother Lamar and the two girls (Bissets) affectionately embraced me. My heart told me they were my own; it was between one and two o'clock; they declined dining with us, as they expected company at home, and my dear considerate sister Sally, without telling them, ordered four cups of chocolate and nice bits of toast to be brought in, which she seemed pleased with, and with an arch look, turned to me: "Ah, sister Dillwyn, this is your doing." "No," said I, "it was my sister's—I had no hand in it."

She is most prodigiously like our dear papa—a likeness of dear brother Hill himself, and in some turns, dear sister Moore, too (but nothing like so handsome). I find she's a little hard of hearing, and catches the sound just as a mocking-bird would. She said I must come and see her. Oh, said I, I shall be like a speckled bird at that end of the town. "No you won't, my dear: I dare say your heart is better than many of theirs; indeed, I won't be ashamed of my sister."

I told her that I could not come for a week, because of the yearly meetings. "Well," said she, "we'll contrive to be together when that is over."

There happened to be a bit of rusk just by, which she took up and tasted; "is this some of dear America," said she; I asked, would she have liked it the better for coming from there? "That I would," she said; so I brought her a bit of maple biscuit—"Now tell me which of my dear good sisters' hands made this." Neither—but it was made at sister Morris's. "Oh! its very good! was it some of the wedding cake?" No, but made a few days after. Then turning round to the girls said, "Ah! girls, if you had been in America, you might have got husbands before now!"

Among the rest of you, she inquired who sister Patsy was most like. I said myself; and that she bid me tell her she loved her as well as ever. "But *you* were only six months old when I left you—sure you can't love me." My G. D. answered, if she had not been in England I hardly should have crossed

the seas. "What? would you have let your husband come without you?" I told her—yes.

The dear creature stayed an hour or two—held my hand and fondled me, as my dear sister Moore used to do. She supped some chocolate, and said she would freely have dined with us, but for company at home—said she was sorry I had not let her know the first night of our arrival, as she would have put off their excursion to the country, and I might have had an opportunity of seeing Dickey Bisset, who had set off for one of the Islands, the morning after I came. Dear Fellow! I am grieved he did not go to Philadelphia. She says he is a temperate, good young man.

She held my hand in hers, and looking at it said, "Let me examine this poor dear hand; I suppose it has undergone many hardships." I told her—no—it had not, but just to please myself in grubbing in the garden. "But dear sister Morris! Oh," said she, "it is better now with her," and, "you say they all love me? How should they know anything about me?" But I can't recollect half that passed. Indeed, she is very arch, and has as piercing a look as thyself—her mouth is very much like Rachel's—the rest of her features the image of dear papa's—her eyes excepted, which are rather a kind of hazel. She has that easy, open, chatty behaviour of Ben. Chew's wife, and at first sight put me in mind of Jos. Reed's little wife; sister Morris knew her.

She had on a quilled round hat of gauze—white shade, and I think, a cream-coloured dress, but not so bedizened as I've seen some;—and a little round hoop. The girls did not look tawdry; there is a sweet, affectionate mildness in their countenances—at least they seemed to look at me so. Neither of them answer George Fox's description—he paints high. In their smile, there's something of their mother. But I don't think they are much like our family—my American nieces are beauties.

She said she wanted to be acquainted with Capt. Truxton, and kindly asked if I had anything she could do for me. I told her of the gowns. "Well," said she, "don't give yourself any trouble, let me have them, and they shall be done."

We talked of sister Scott—"But, my dear," she added, "she must not come here." I told her brother W. D. intended to

move soon out of town, and then we could see each other more conveniently. When she got into the carriage, she looked at me, stooping at the window—saying, “Let me have one more look at you,” or “as long as I can;” and the dear creature looked at me with inexpressible tenderness, not a prying curiosity. I fancy she has sensitive tender nerves; her looks *were not unfamiliar to me*. Cruel fashion must not be a bar to us, and a fig for the great ones; when my new gown is made, sister Sally says she will go with me the first time, and that afterwards I may have their chariot as often as I please.

Your most affectionate sister

SARAH H. DILLWYN.

HARRIET SCOTT, TO SARAH DILLWYN, IN LONDON.

BATH, May 31.

Figure to yourself, my dear sister, how great my mortification must be, to hear you and my brother are in England, and I not able to fly to embrace and welcome you among us; nothing but illness should have prevented my having that happiness; I have been above ten days confined to my bed with the rheumatism. Its very uncertain when I shall be able to undertake a journey to London, but as soon as ever I can, you may depend on seeing me.

I have desired my sister Lamar to take a lodging for me, if possible, in the same house with you. I never till now regretted not having a house of my own. Your dear husband could not have made you more welcome to his, than I should have done to mine. I beg I may hear from you by return of post. I have a thousand questions to ask you; though I have never seen you, I think I should know which was *my sister* were I to enter a room where there were three or four ladies I had never seen before. I wish the experiment could be tried. Adieu, my dearest: give my love to Mr. Dillwyn; tell him I impatiently long to see you and him.

I am, your most affectionate sister,

HARRIET SCOTT.

I shall be much hurt, if you don't write to me soon; let it be a long letter.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 7th mo. 1784.

I wish I may hear from poor sister Scott before this vessel goes. I hardly expect she'll be well enough to come to London very soon, and I dread the thought of taking a journey to Bath without some of the family; the people there, I understand, are mostly of a different class from what I have been used to. It is not easy for you to conceive the difficulty of keeping up an intercourse even in this city. Walking is hardly practicable, and if I go in a carriage, after running for miles through crowds of coaches, &c. &c., it is seldom that brother Lamar's family are to be met with in town. I must therefore content myself with exchanging a note with them now and then, till our W. D. moves into a nearer place to them, for I have given them to expect that I shall see them but seldom, except they come to me. Perhaps thy resolute disposition might have carried thee to Bath, through all, before now—but I cannot conquer my cowardice, and never feel more lazy than when at home with our dear brother and sister D., who are as tender and affectionate to my G. D. and me as I can wish them to be. Sister Sally is as fond of home as myself, and improves on acquaintance. Their houses are well furnished, extremely neat, and the generality of Friends keep a nice house, a little way out of town, in summer; all their gardens are very pretty—and I've hardly been to one house, but where I saw pots of flowers and curious plants growing. I am content with being here for the present—but America and private life, say I.

I might spend a good deal of time at the quill, for I don't seem at a loss for something to say to you, but wish them not to think me always scribbling, nor to tire you with trifles. This is a most sad place for spending of money; G. D. can give no account of several guineas laid out (beside a suit of cloth). The town is so large, and the meetings so far apart, that they often call a coach, which, with turnpikes and beggars, will soon melt down a guinea, but we both are very careful, and I'm not afraid of getting along clever enough.

Did I tell thee that Benny West* came to see us?

* The historical painter.

I began this several days ago, since which Sammy Fisher tells us most melancholy news. My dear precious mamma Worrell.* But could none of you write us a line? Perhaps there are letters, but we've not received them if there is; be particular, my dear creature, and yet I dread the next news may be of the like nature. The happy circle is now broken! My poor Nancy, Father and Sukey! what a dreadful shock this must have been to them; our tears have been plentifully and sincerely mingled together on the occasion—but the happy mansion was prepared for her—we can but mourn our own loss. The dear, good creature told me, if she lived to hear of our arrival, it was all she could expect. Now, it is a consolation to me that I lived with the dear creature in such uninterrupted harmony so long; a most affectionate tender mother she was to me, and I dearly loved her.

Dear sister Scott came here yesterday morning, accompanied by her maid, a sober-looking, middle-aged woman. She had lodged the night before at brother Lamar's, whose family were out of town. She came in three days from Bath, in a post-chaise; and from brother Lamar's, which is three miles, in a hackney coach. The dear creature was broken into tenderness; she could not speak for a great while. Our kind S. D., with her usual considerateness, discharged the coach—got her a little hartshorn and water, and ordered a cup of chocolate to be made, for sister Scott had not breakfasted, and we had just done.

She had on a kind of half-mourning cloth riding-dress, black beaver and feather. I think she's as tall as Betsy Roberts—looks genteel, not fat. I think I can see a good deal of my dear aunts M. M. and R. M. in her face, and, sometimes, a little of dear sister Moore about the eyes. There is an inexpressible affectionate softness in her manner; she has lost a good many teeth, which makes the lower part of her face (or mouth) like M. M.'s. My G. D., talking of going to meeting, and she inclining to go, we three went in brother W.'s chariot. My G. D. preached, and when he kneeled down to pray, she kneeled also. She asked many questions about you all. I find she's a strict churchwoman; her deportment is grave—she tells me

* Widow of John Dillwyn, who married a second husband, Peter Worrell.

she takes the sacrament, and thinks she shall not be long in this world—saying she hoped she had been for several years preparing for a better. I should have told thee that my kind namesake had desired her to look upon this house as a home, promising to make no stranger of her, saying as sister Lamar was out of town she insisted on her staying here. The dear creature seems to want me to live with her at Bath, saying we could make it do somehow or other, tho' she has but two rooms. She says her income would be £200 a year, if well paid up. She pays £60 a year and they find her dinner. I can't be very particular now, as I leave her, in order to write. She limps in walking, owing to rheumatic stiffness; indeed, she looks like an old young woman.

I gave little Tommy James* a miniature of *Moses the Jew*; B. West wishes he had it, as being one of his very early productions; if thou can procure it without mentioning my name, I should be glad.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 7th mo. 14, 1784.

I mentioned in my last that sister Scott had been to see us; she went and returned with me from brother Lamar's, and is now in town, but I find her old acquaintances are not so much thrown aside as I expected from conversation. She has already an invitation to spend a few days with a celebrated singer, whom she visited when we were at Kingston. I don't know how long her stay in London may be; she says it is nine years (I think) since she was here, and it will look strange if she returns very soon. I'm thankful my education was domestic, for I love retirement more than ever, and have not the least desire to see or be seen, but by those who I wish to be with in another world. Dear sister Lamar, I am convinced, is a truly valuable woman; she has the spirit of a Hill, and *conduct* with it. She lamented they did not go to Philadelphia at first, and I don't wonder that being obliged to keep up an *appearance* of grandeur is irksome. The few days I was there was really pleasant—no ceremony—but quite like Burlington, putting

* Afterwards Professor Thomas C. James, of the University of Pennsylvania.

three or four servant-women and as many men, out of the question.

She forgot my long cap this time, and it seems I am (we I should say) in brother Lamar's good graces; he told me he should not be ashamed of my "innocent" behaviour before any company, and as to my G. D., every one of them are fond of him—he can be religious without a long face, &c. &c., and all's not gold that glistens. Sister Lamar made us laugh heartily by telling us how she hatched two little ducks and a chicken, which are nursed in the house. It seems the hen died on the nest, just as the eggs ought to have been pipped, so she put them in a hot bed, but while she went to dinner they got baked, all but these three. They loaded the coach with vegetables, fruits and flowers, and six pots of flowering plants: indeed, they are very affectionate. If they did but live within our pale, I should feel myself as much at home as with thyself. When I came away, Henry (Henrietta Bisset, afterwards Walsby), as they call her, said, "if you please aunt, you may give this kiss to uncle Dillwyn, and then a sweet, modest blush covered her whole face. She's almost as white as the wall, owing to poor health.

We received dear brother Wells's letter, which was of a piece with his usual goodness.

7 mo. 29, 1784. Sister Scott spent a day with me last week and another this. She has always come here in a stage, or hack coach. The day before yesterday, W. D. persuaded her to stay till his man got the chariot ready, and would have me see her safe home. She wept at parting; indeed, she seems of a very affectionate disposition. I see that they all slight her, and the reason may be, that she's not likely to shine any more in the grand circle. It is plain enough that the men indulge themselves in eating and drinking, and care little for any but themselves. Their manner of living is so expensive that I see no hope of their being willing to come to a settlement; I think I shall prize the humble vale of life more than ever. I've told them several times that we *American* sisters were much happier for not being tied to the fashions, or caring much for the world. They answer with a sigh, wishing they had gone *there* instead of London, but *now*, particularly the eldest, does not wish to go. They seem reconciled to my uncouth appearance.

The last time I spent a day in town, Benny West, his wife, and two sons came to see me. She is a weakly woman; the sons are pretty, innocent lads, and dress plainer than brother Wells's boys; the eldest is taller than Billy—the other a good deal less.

HARRIET SCOTT TO SARAH DILLWYN.

WRITHLINGTON, 9 miles from Bath, August 26, 1784.

I received my sweet sister Dillwyn's kind letter, of the 10th, wherein, you tell me the two amiable, worthy brothers have left you, and that you and your dear sister are gone to her mother's; and why won't my dear girl use her influence in persuading her to accompany my dear Sally to Bath, and make me happier than almost anything in this world can now do—I may never have such another opportunity of seeing you—I will treat you with as little ceremony as your sister Dillwyn did me—and you shall meet with the same kindness she and her worthy husband showed me, when I so often intruded myself upon them; you may with truth assure her, I feel the affection of a sister for her—indeed, I should be very ungrateful if I did not, after receiving so much hospitality and kindness from her. I suspect both you and she think, I lead a gayer life than would be agreeable to either of you; if you do think so, believe me, you are mistaken in me; I am so much the reverse of it, that I have long been called *a Methodist*—as every person now is, who shows a desire to do their duty to God and man. As to the gayeties or pleasures as they are called of this world, I have long been sensible of the folly, vanity, and vexation of them. I never had pleasure in them—no, not even in the days of my youth—thus surely you cannot suppose I can possibly have any relish for them now in the decline of my life—more especially after having so many repeated warnings to prepare to appear before my blessed Redeemer. Last winter I was given over—but it has pleased Him to restore my health, and with it those enjoyments which I hope and trust will not wed me too much to this world. Perhaps your unwillingness to pass a few weeks or months with me, proceeds from your thinking it will put me to some inconvenience; I assure you it will not; I have very few acquaintances, and

these few are all in the country at present; but if they were not, they should not intrude themselves upon you. I think thy good sister would not withstand my importunities, but would most kindly gratify me in this wish I have so much at heart, of having you *with me* in the absence of both your husbands. How gladly would I accommodate them also, were it in my power! My heart is large enough to hold you all—but—I will not, I never have repined at the wise dispensations of Providence.

I once had a house in which I could have offered you every accommodation, but “whatever is, is right.” Tell me in your next, what day you are to set out for Bath, that I may be there to receive you. I hope your sister will come in her own carriage; it will be far more agreeable and less fatiguing than the stage-coach.

I have been three weeks in the country with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Fairfax; it is a sweet sequestered retreat; we see nobody but our own family; we amuse ourselves with working, reading, and when the weather permits, walking; we are as regular as clock-work; when the clock strikes ten, all the family are convened to prayers; and long before 11 o’clock, the whole family are in bed; we have a church close by the house, and a very good preacher, morning and afternoon.

How could you ask me, *whether* you should let me know, when you hear from our dear friends in America? You cannot do me a greater kindness, than letting me know how they do, as often as you have an opportunity. Although I had not the good fortune to be bred up among them, they are as dear to me as they could have been, had we never been separated. As for your husband and his brother, I have a sincere regard and affection for them, for their own sakes; do not fancy, I love my brother Dillwyn only because he *is thy husband*. I should have esteemed and valued so good a man, had he never seen my *sister*. I will not say I like him less for being your husband; when you write, give my love to him, tell him my prayers are offered up for his health and happiness here and hereafter, though sure I am, his own will avail most.

Give my love to sister Dillwyn and to both brothers, not forgetting a kiss to sweet little Nancy.* I hope, now that she

* Ann Dillwyn married Richard Dykes Alexander, of Ipswich, Suffolk.

has cut three more teeth, she will let her mamma have better rest.

Adieu, my sweet creature,

Ever your own,

H. SCOTT.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

3d month 25, 1785.

I shall mention a few who I may call *real friends* to me, and where I sometimes go; but don't think I make myself *too* cheap; they generally come or send for me when I do go. They are Henry and Mary Sterry, Richard and P. Chester, J. and M. Bevan, Wilson and Hannah Birkbeck, Betsy Raper, Joseph and Eliza Talvin, who live in a house that was once a palace of Henry VIII., besides a number more; but thou knows I'm no *house-gadder*, so their notice and coaching don't puff me up; I had much rather be less noticed. I must not omit aunt Weston, who is very kind and affectionate. She keeps to her text, that when G. D. leaves London, I must make a home of her house, and says I shall, in or out of the garden, do just as I please, and have the coach when I will; is not this very tempting?

SARAH DILLWYN TO M. MORRIS.

CLAPTON, NEAR LONDON, 4th month 12, 1785.

G. D. tells me he and W. Mathews were at Bath in the evening. It was with some difficulty he found sister Scott's lodgings, she having removed; and as she was not at home left a note, informing her of the inn he put up at. On his return from a visit he found dear sister Scott waiting. He says he thought the situation rather awkward to her, as he could perceive, but she was affectionate and wished he had brought me. The English, I find, make it a point to wait on all strangers whom they respect, let the place be where it will. It must have been a journey for B. West, Joseph and Becky Galloway, &c. &c., to have come down into Wapping from the court end of the town, to pay us the compliment.

I believe my love for sister Scott would be increased if we lived near each other, for she seems to be good-tempered, and her crosses in life have made her less fond of grandeur. Sister Lamar thinks her greatest fault is not being fond of her needle.

I've had two visiting cards from "Mrs. Robert Hare and Miss Hare."

I find it in vain to keep pace here with the nice dames, so don't care a fig about it; let us be dressed as we will, I find the best of them take a great deal more notice of us than either of us desire.

It is well those who have to spare have also hearts to give, in this place; in almost all companies, the poor are generally the subject, and there are continually private and public little collections made for them among our society; I throw in a shilling every two weeks at the meeting, and sister half a crown; the very *rich* sometimes give half a guinea.

They are all viewing a balloon; but the sight is so frequent, I don't think it worth while to rise, having just seated myself, and having quite tired myself with walking and playing with dear little Nancy; she's a lovely, good-tempered child, as is Judith;* both these and Lewey† are very fond of me. I believe the youngest, Lydia,‡ will be as pretty as either.

Soon after the above, George and Sarah Dillwyn returned to America from their first visit.

HARRIET SCOTT TO MARGARET MORRIS.

BATH, May 26, 1785.

I have written so long a letter to dear sister Moore, I have hardly left anything to say to my dear sister Morris; one thing I must repeat, which is, that I have not words to express the joy, the painful pleasure I had in seeing my dear sister Dillwyn.

* Judith Dillwyn married Paul Bevan.

† Lewis Weston Dillwyn, now of Swansea, Wales; some time a member of Parliament, and author of the following esteemed works on natural history:—

The Botanist's Guide through England and Wales. By D. Turner and Lewis W. Dillwyn. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1805.

British Confervæ: or Coloured Figures and Descriptions of British Plants, referred by botanists to the genus *Conferva*. By Lewis Weston Dillwyn, F. R. S. 4to. London, 1809.

A Descriptive Catalogue of recent Shells, arranged according to the Linneæan method. By Lewis Weston Dillwyn, F. R. S. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1817.

Martini Lister Historia sive Synopsis Methodica Conchyliorum recensuit et indice locupletissimo instruxit, L. W. Dillwyn, R. S. S. Folio. Oxonii, 1823.

‡ Lydia Dillwyn married Dr. Sims. Sarah married Alfred Janson.

Every time I looked at her, I was grieved to think we were soon to part, never, in all human probability, to meet again on this side of the grave. I wished much I could have prevailed on her to have come to Bath, and stayed with me while she was in England.

If I was almost certain your climate would not agree with me, nothing should prevent my returning to America with my dear brother and sister Dillwyn. I was much surprised to hear my sister was married to a preacher, which I never knew till they came to England. I went twice to hear him preach, and was quite charmed with him, both in and out of the pulpit. I think him the best of men, and regret very much seeing so little of him.

My son bears the fairest of characters, and is in a good way of business, but far from having made a fortune; he does not talk of coming soon home from India.

I had many questions to ask sister D. after you all. * * * Now that there is a free communication between the countries, I entreat I may hear from my dear sisters, for whom my affection is as sincere, and my heart as warm towards them, as it could have been had we never been separated.

This will be delivered by a countrywoman of your own, Mrs. Hare, with whom I have been very intimate ever since she came to England; her being an American was alone sufficient for me to show her every civility in my power. She is a very agreeable, pretty kind of woman. She will tell you what an indifferent state of health I enjoy, and how uncomfortably I was situated in lodgings. I have now taken a neat pretty little house, in an airy part of the town, and am better.

I am your sincerely affectionate sister,

HARRIET SCOTT.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

DUBLIN, 7th month, 1785.

I think the pleasantest part of my time, is when I am with my G. D., and as it is a comfort to him, and approved by all our friends *here* (and thyself *there*), thou wilt not be surprised that I have consented to accompany his female companions in going from house to house in this city and at Rateliffè. Thou wishes to know "how he gets on in the business his great

Master has called him to." It may seem strange that he has been so long in particular places, but he has not been idling away his time. When he returned from Holland, he little thought of being detained in London, and when he returned here, both he and R. Jones as little expected to be engaged in a family visit to the friends in Dublin, but so it has been. S. E. was obliged by sickness to lay by this afternoon. I never knew one so gifted for this work; in some families it was as if he had a book of their lives open before him, and spoke so plain to their situations inward and outward, that the friend who accompanied us, has frequently, just as the service was ended, assured the people there was no information given, being utterly unacquainted with their affairs; at other times it has been so with the other two; indeed, I think they have been wonderfully helped along.

My G. D. stepping into the room just now, bid me tell thee how much we are comforted in reading the account thou gives of our dear Debby and Willy, and that we are persuaded they will never have cause to repent their preference of the path they are in, to the bewildering mazes into which the world's great idol Fashion, is leading its blind unthinking votaries, and that mostly at the expense of the peaceful heart-felt pleasures of a genuine, virtuous friendship. He wishes this little expression of an uncle's cordial affection towards them, and our other dear nephews and nieces, may encourage them to seek that seal of Divine acceptance which the convictions of a dying hour will pronounce to be above all things desirable, and worthy of every sacrifice we can possibly make to obtain it.

MARY LAMAR TO SARAH DILLWYN.

GROVE HOUSE, August 9, 1785.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

It gave us all great pleasure to hear of your safe arrival and better health since you left England, which Mr. W. Dillwyn has been so kind as to inform us of. I have been exceedingly anxious about you, my dear creature, and cannot help saying I did not take it kind, your going away without giving me a meeting; you could not have a doubt of my going to you, if it was inconvenient to call on me. I also flattered myself you would not have delayed till this, informing me yourself of your health and

situation. We have had several letters from America since your absence, with a small parcel of garden seeds directed to my care.

I have been much indisposed, which has confined me to the country. The girls join me in love to my dear brother and yourself.

Believe me, my dear sister, always

M. L.

RICHARD L. BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

MADEIRA, October 5, 1785.

DEAR SIR:—

By the last vessel to Philadelphia, I did myself the pleasure of writing to you; since then I am not favoured with any of yours; the melancholy event, which has so lately happened in the family, by the loss of my worthy uncle, the late Doctor S. P. Moore, but too sensibly points out to me the cause of your silence. I hope my poor aunt will bear up against so severe a loss with fortitude. The ill state of health the doctor was in for many months prior to his decease, must naturally have prepared her mind for so awful an event, and in some measure, I trust, have blunted the sharpness of her grief.

I acquainted you, in my last, of my having again written to my father, soliciting him, with the greatest earnestness, to once more visit this place. Of the arrival of the ship which carried the above, I have indirectly, by way of Lisbon, heard; but no vessel yet from London has brought me his answer; one, however, is hourly expected. Until his answer does arrive, it will be needless for me to expatiate any farther upon the subjects I have already been obliged to be very explicit in my former letters; sufficient to say, everything is yet unfortunately in the selfsame train I was there under the necessity of describing them in; and Gillis, as formerly, still liable to frequent returns of his bilious complaint, though I really think not so violent as before.

I have done myself the pleasure of sending my portrait by this opportunity to you, of which I beg your acceptance. It is in a long deal box, with your address at length written on the top. It is done here in Madeira, by a Portuguese, who has had no other master than his own genius, no other experience than what the narrow circle of this city affords; it is said to be a strong resemblance.

I am going to request a favour of you, dear sir, but under a

condition, that if it be inconvenient to comply with my request you will omit it. I fain would have five planks of *red* cedar, to enable me to make a good large press-bed, in order to secure me from the attacks of an enemy I suffer from prodigiously in the warm seasons; I mean those most disagreeable of all insects, bugs. I am informed they avoid cedar, as sedulously as I would avoid *them*. If these could be procured without giving much trouble, I shall be much obliged.

I have now only to request you to present my best respects to Mrs. Hill, and to remain persuaded that

I am your affectionate nephew,

And most obedient humble servant,

RICHARD LAMAR BISSET.

RICHARD LAMAR BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

MADEIRA, October 6, 1785.

DEAR SIR:—

Since writing my first letter under this date, nay, this very instant almost, I have received letters from my father, wherein he gives me very urgent reasons for his stay in London, which, for the present, he seems resolved upon. He has, by the same opportunity, acquainted Mr. Gillis of my uncle's and his intention, together with your kind consent, of admitting me to a small share in the house. Let me here, dear sir, return you my warmest thanks for the kindness with which, on this occasion, you have stood forth on my behalf, and believe me, it shall ever be my sincerest wish to make myself not unworthy of it. As my father and uncle have now spoken plainly what are your intentions with respect to me, to Mr. Gillis, I shall henceforward, with less restraint converse with him on such points, as I have hitherto ever chosen to avoid; but that, you may depend upon it, with moderation and delicacy.

I subscribe myself

Your affectionate nephew,

RICHARD LAMAR BISSET.

MARY LAMAR TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, March 18, 1786.

I am happy the china suited in all respects. It is next to impossible, always to make taste and price agree, but your friends

may depend, whenever it happens otherwise, it proceeds from no want of every attention to comply with their orders. I am much obliged for your intended present of hams and meal. I hope soon to obtain something for your acceptance that will be as much esteemed in your part of the world, as your kind presents are here.

Please make my affectionate compliments to my sister Mrs. Hill, with my thanks for the nice cranberries. Before this gets to hand you will probably see Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, whom I have not seen since their return from France, although I called twice after I heard of their being in London. I am told the extreme of the French fashion, or her own taste, has made great alteration, while on the continent, in her manners, &c. When I mentioned her own taste, it was because she appeared at the opera in a hat unlike anything that ever made its appearance there before or since; fond as they are here of the French fashions. She has been introduced to their majesties, by Mr. and Mrs. Adams, our American plenipo, who, by the by, the girls have been to wait on several times, with myself. We have had them to a party of cards and tea, and she has been asked a second time, but as they have not returned the compliment, I think it unnecessary to pay them any farther attention.

They seem sensible people, one and all, but quite out of their element. Mrs. Adams has been very handsome, but an indifferent figure, being very short and fat. Miss, by some, reckoned handsome.

I have only to add that we received letters from Dick yesterday, and all seem to go on very well; Mr. Lamar and his father are quite satisfied with his attention to the house's affairs, and I hope he will continue to merit all your good opinions. I suppose you are acquainted by this time, with his being admitted as a partner, and approve it, as I wrote you some time ago there seemed to be no alternative, as both father and son are too proud to have him in any other capacity.

Excuse haste, and believe me, my dear brother,

Your sincerely affectionate sister,

MARY LAMAR.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

YORK, 10th month 13, 1786.

You might well suppose we should be agreeably surprised by our beloved brother Wells's and son's visit; their stay at York was cruelly short. Both G. D. and self felt grieved that our brother looked *less portly* than when we parted from each other in America. This may be owing to his close application to business, for I hear he has had a puzzling employment of helping to settle some difficult affair or accounts before he came over. When a man thinks himself religiously bound to engage in such business for the good of others, and now and then *only*, he may be excusable, but thus continually to submit to be made a pack-horse for the public, is doing himself and precious family great injury; his constitution cannot bear it, and if brought to a sick bed by this means, both himself and we may wish he had been engaged in less hurry. His humane, tender disposition, ever led him to serve the community; but he is well known amongst you, and were I that side of the water, would do all in my power to persuade him to spend frequently a few days at a time at Montgomery, that he might rest a little. My sweet Rachel must excuse and not be offended, for I really speak from the sadness of my heart, and without premeditation.

Dear Hannah and Lindley Murray, at whose quiet retreat I still am, request their love to you, though unknown; they are as tender of me as if nearly related. York is said to be one of the cleanest and most free from smoke and filthy smells, of any city in England, and yet I have felt my breath the worse for staying there in damp hazy weather.

Do remember me affectionately to my aunt R. M., brother and sister Hill and Wells, with theirs and yours. I love you all, my precious creatures, more than I can find words to express. My Billy Wells is indeed, I think, an agreeable, manly fellow; his black cravat, hat ribbon, and basket-hilted buttons, to be sure did not appear in the genteel London Quaker taste, but had the precious fellow stayed longer with me, I would have endeavoured to persuade him to get new rigged. B. West and Bob Barelay, with many others of fortune, were dressed so neat and plain, that one could hardly have distinguished them from Friends.

In a letter of one of the Misses Bisset to her aunt in America, without date, allusion is made to the invitation of Henry Hill to the two young sisters to come to America, in the following terms. The letter is incomplete, a page or more being wanting, and that should contain the signature.

MISS BISSET TO ONE OF HER AUNTS IN AMERICA.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

As my sister has written to my uncle, and expressed her own, as well as my sentiments on a subject we are both mutually concerned in, it makes it almost unnecessary for me to address you. I cannot, however, refrain the inclination I have to send a few lines by so favourable an opportunity, to thank you for your very sensible and kind remarks with respect to us, in those notes addressed by you to my dear uncle Hill, and transmitted by him to our father, who would not have shown them to us, but to justify the proposal. We were shocked at his making it, and which, I think, he never would have done, but in compliance to my uncle Hill's desire in the letter they accompanied.

I cannot be disingenuous enough to profess the thanks; he may, perhaps, think an offer so kindly and generously meant (*to us*) merits, and which, under different circumstances, I beg you will assure him we should have received with gratitude; but while our stay affords one gleam of comfort to her, who has been more than a mother to us, neither he or you can blame the determination we have made (if the prolongation of her life is as valuable to either as it is to us), never to leave her while we remain single, for it depends more upon this circumstance, than you may imagine, and I am quite sensible than we deserve; but her affections are strong and steady, and when once placed, almost unchangeable. That it has been thought necessary to mention that, or any other alteration, is more her misfortune than her fault. She never was extravagant, and her turn always was for retirement, and my uncle and she now live just in the same plain, though genteel style, they have done as long as I can remember; and the little she has entered into the world, has been from the desire of promoting our happiness, by introducing us to the proper and desirable connections.

Whatever may be the result, I can undertake to answer for the goodness of every motive of her actions, and when we have

the misfortune to lose my uncle Lamar and her, we shall part with relations who have shown us, from our earliest infancy, more than parental kindness, and whose protection we will never leave while single. * * * *

SARAH DILLWYN TO M. MORRIS.

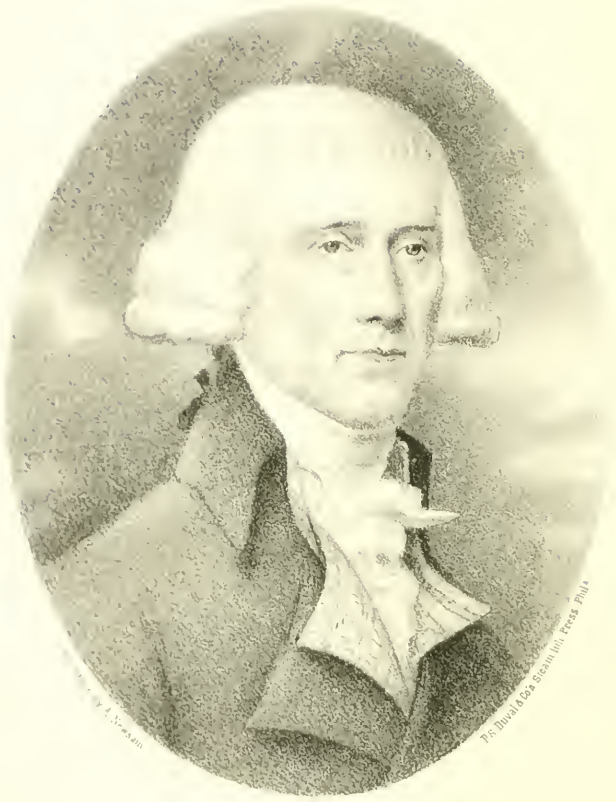
W. D.'s, HIGHAM LODGE, 4th mo. 28, 1787.

Being in town yesterday, we were agreeably surprised with the sight of cousin Jos. P. Norris and thy Sammy Fox; they were engaged, or we would gladly have detained them the remainder of the day. The first leaves London so speedily that there's no time for his giving us a visit here. He has kindly promised to take charge of this. S. F., after a little turn into the country of a few weeks, intends seeing us again.

6 mo. 14, 1787. Just now I was informed S. Fox has come. G. D. said he should not return to dinner, and I told W. D.'s maid she might not provide more than there was (cold shoulder of lamb and minced veal), and without ceremony I asked S. F. to stay. I felt so rejoiced to see a lad my precious sister H. M. used to be so fond of, that I did not consider his lately coming from France might have given him a relish for more *polite* treatment. Had W. S. D. been present, he would not have met a more cordial reception anywhere, for they seem pleased with his unaffected manly behaviour, and wish him to spend a day with them at Walthamstow. W. D. promises to take me to Bristol, in order to my going to see sister Scott, and I've half a mind to defer the journey till it suits him, for I greatly dislike travelling, except under wing of my own G. D. or some of our Americans. I sent a note expecting sister Lamar to tea yesterday, but she could not come.

Since returning from York, I spent near two weeks with Jos. and Eliz. Talvin, Bromley. Her nephew, Joseph Foster married Betsy Lloyd, daughter of the present Sampson Lloyd (of our stock), who, I think, has had sixteen children. The Lloyds here are, some of them, as fond of the Welsh family as those are in America.

London is a sad, heavy place for the poor pilgrims to be in: though, as Sarah Grubb once said of my G. D., "he still appears to glide like a swan on the smooth waters of gospel purity," when his heart is heavy as lead.



HENRY HILL.

From a Miniature in the Possession of Charles Moore Morris Esqr.

Sist^r Lamar thinks her time in this world will not be long. She was, as always, sweetly tender to me, and said she never knew the happiness of having a sister so much of her own way of thinking. The way of life she was in was all forced work, and in hope of promoting the Madeira trade and the girls' settlement in life. Brother Lamar is of so sedentary a life, that too much has been laid upon her; and the continual jars between L. and B. (she being obliged to make peace with them), has greatly hurt her health, she says. She sent the girls to take leave of us, bidding them say everything that was tender for her. They stayed tea, and till half past eight. They are really fine, industrious, good girls, and speak modestly and sensibly on almost any subject.

A. B. examined *my* watch, and it's all pinchback. M. Bisset got it new done—so suppose the remaining gold went to pay for it; the robbers took the outside!

The people seem to love G. D. much, and he has been greatly favoured in his continual round of religious visits; but then he has been favoured to keep at the feet of humble Jesus. Will my own sister Morris excuse my staining so much paper on this subject? Thou used to love him, and surely, if he ever deserved thy near sympathy, he does now, having gone, as it were, to the very bottom of Jordan, and brought a memorial up; but, if we ever meet again, we may converse on many past proving scenes.

Henry Hill's wife died in 1788. George and Sarah Dillwyn are again in England, where they remained several years. Mary Lamar writes the following note of condolence to her brother in Philadelphia. Young Susan Dillwyn, afterwards Emlen, accompanied G. and S. D. to London to visit her father, William Dillwyn.

MARY LAMAR TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, February 19, 1788.

I have just learned from my sister Dillwyn that she can get a letter from me to my dear brother, by a particular friend who leaves England to-morrow, which is the first opportunity since the reception of my sister Moore's letter that brought the ac-

count of the loss you and our family have sustained by the death of our beloved sister; such she was to me, although I had not the happiness of a personal acquaintance. Her much and patient suffering must make her memory ever dear to us all. I hope and flatter myself your unwearied assiduity and affliction during her long illness, as well as before, will be a lasting consolation to you, and that, by such heart-felt reflections, you have been enabled to pay that attention to your own dear health. I pray your life may be long and happy. Absence, my dear brother, has not in the least diminished my affliction for you, and the reflection that your health and peace of mind may be injured by the late melancholy event, makes me truly anxious. All here join me in best wishes for the contrary.

Believe me, my dear brother,

Ever your most affectionate sister,

MARY LAMAR.

SARAH DILLWYN TO HER SISTERS.

AT GEORGE STACEY'S, LONDON, 2d mo. 20, 1788.

* * * We sincerely sympathize with our precious brother under his loss of poor dear sister Hill, whose peaceful close of life is a consolation to us who survive, and who most assuredly will soon follow her. Our dear brother's tender attention and unremitted care, both to her and her father, must yield him much satisfaction to reflect upon. I am sorry they had moved into their new house, as I am afraid it will prove an inconvenience to him. Sister Lamar seems much touched with his loss; indeed, she is a very affectionate relation, and has shown great tenderness to G. S. D. Brother Lamar called to see us lately: I expect them all to take tea with us this week, and Jock Scott to be introduced. Dear sister Scott came a few days ago from Bath, with her son, four of them having taken a coach.

The showy sphere of life they are in at brother Lamar's, makes poor dear sister Lamar at her wit's end to contrive as well as she can, for the Madeira trade is nothing like so good as it was. She seems to be an excellent economist. I've discouraged her all I could from expending money for me, yet she would buy me a fine broadcloth for a riding habit. You would think I had no conscience, if I told you all; and I have

great difficulty to refuse many things. She also induced our nephew, Jock Scott, to make me presents. I am ashamed to think of it, but she would do so.

Your most affectionate sister,

SARAH DILLWYN.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

AMSTERDAM, 7th mo. 1, 1790.

* * * When I last wrote, I had only a distant prospect of again accompanying my beloved G. D. and S. Grubb to this continent. My mind was entirely united to them, but I dared not give way to the thought till mentioned to me by many friends. However, on applying to Ratcliffe monthly meeting for their consent, they readily joined in with the proposal. So many discouragements had occurred, that I should hardly have had courage to have taken any step by myself; but I am now satisfied in being with them, whether for life or death, though trials, both of body and mind, are likely to be our portion.

Next morning, after anchoring on the coast of France, we reached Dunkirk. It's a tolerably large town, well built, the people generally Roman Catholics, and much inclined to favour the Protestants, especially the families lately settled here from Nantucket, who have met with singular encouragement from government on account of the whale fishery. We were shown to Shubal and Judith Gardener's, he being abroad in the whale fishery. She takes in passing strangers as boarders, or lodgers who find themselves, but on *our* offering to pay her she refused. Benjamin Hussey, Benjamin Rotch, Jr., and a Capt. Macy, who reside here, soon came to see us, and here we met with our friend, John de Marsillac, who had been waiting several days for our arrival with intent to accompany us into Holland. This man I doubt not thou has heard of; he is of an amiable disposition, but, with all his humility, cannot conceal his having been brought up in high life. B. Rotch says his public testimonies in French are sweetly persuasive; those I have heard from him in English correspond with what our Friends hold of retirement and spiritual worship; but R. Jones is perhaps able to acquaint thee more fully with his character, if thou wishes to know it. Our Friends had several opportunities, public and

private, with the members of society, and the strangers who attended the public meetings behaved in a solid manner.

All the Nantucket Friends settled at Dunkirk treated us affectionately, saying we could hardly imagine how glad they were to see us, inviting us in turn to their houses. Poor Mary Coffin had just heard of her husband's being killed by a whale in the fishery. She appears to be much comforted by our company; had us frequently at her house, and made a large Naples cake for me to take along. After having stayed with them about a week, and our Friends having distributed a number of books, we went to Ostend, Benjamin Rotch, Jr. accompanying us. * *

* * * As S. G. and I stood waiting at the boat at Amsterdam for our party to wait on us up to J. Vanderwerf's, a man who had been eyeing us made us understand his queries (in Dutch), by pointing to our dress, if we had come out of a cloister in Brabant. This is often, I suppose, the opinion of strangers concerning us, many people retiring from the commotions of Brabant to neighbouring countries. Rotterdam is a more agreeable place than Amsterdam. The inhabitants of each place, and, indeed, nearly all others we have seen in Holland, fully seem to deserve their character of keeping clean houses. American servants would think themselves in slavery here. The common people in both places seem ferocious, and amazingly eager after money. We endeavour to steer clear of them as much as we can, for if we only ask them a question, they construe it into an offer of employment, and then it's hard to get rid of them without a compensation for their trouble. * *

The accounts from Madeira dwell this year much upon the conduct of Joe Gillis, who has evidently frequent attacks of mania-a-potu, which gives his partners there infinite trouble and mortification. Joe attempted a reform in London, whither he had been shipped by R. L. Bisset, under a pretence that he was about to accompany him to the court of the Emperor of Morocco, and thence to Gibraltar! Joe had a great dislike to going to England, where many of his relatives were, and must have been greatly disappointed when he ascertained his destination, after R. L. B. went ashore. But this was better than

having him sent by the Portuguese authorities to a hospital, which was apprehended from his dreadful noise and cries.

In 1791, George and Sarah Dillwyn are still in England. The letters of the latter continue to convey to America the particulars of his religious journeying, the yearly meetings, &c., and are a pretty good index to the motions of both English and American travelling Friends; matters of much interest, but which would, if all inserted here, too much enlarge this family history.

SARAH DILLWYN TO M. MORRIS.

LONDON, 11th mo. 10, 1790.

* * * My Patty wrote me cheerfully; she said not a word of her alarming complaint, though I fear from A. C.'s letter both herself and brother, C. M., are in a faltering way. The dear creature had been amusing herself in the new garden. In answer to what you both say on that subject, I may remark that it would be equally pleasant to be with you, either in the house or *garden*, though perhaps by the time I reach you, my desires and ability in the *trowel* way may be so much contracted as that a flower-pot or two in the parlour window will be the summit of my wish in that line; but I am ready to think, if it was put to the proof, puss would be puss still, were she but once at the covert thou so delightfully describes.

I dare not flatter myself with seeing you so soon as S. Smith's return—being so often disappointed—but hold myself in readiness. My sweetly-endear'd G. D. is as devoted as ever to his good Master's cause, and, if he cannot be clear in going, I feel it *my duty not to desert him* in the rugged path of down hill. In our late arduous journey, I was more than ever confirmed in the above; he was sometimes so poorly and spent as to alarm me. 'I am generally very well abroad, like a pine knot that bears a smart bounce without breaking, for when the mind's at ease, the body soon recruits with a little rest. I am sorry on dear brother and sister W.'s account that their son has obtained so large a fortune, as well as fear his best interests may be hurt

by the acquisition. When he has traversed as much ground in coaches as his poor old aunt, he may be as sick of the sight as she is; after all, a Jersey wagon for my money!

Dear sister Scott is in high spirits, because her son Jock is in a lucrative office in India, and in a fair way of soon obtaining an immense fortune. He's of an affectionate, easy temper, but I fear the too free use of wine *must* injure his health, if it don't shorten his life, and yet sister Lamar said it did not appear to cloud his understanding, let the dose be as large as it would.

I have not seen brother Lamar for a long time; he is corpulent, and ever leads a sedentary life; his only amusement abroad, I've learned, is to walk to the House of Commons when it sits, and listen to their debates. I wish thee would sometimes write on part of a sheet that I might show it them, for they dearly love thee. It made sister L. smile last evening, on telling her she had one niece who greatly resembled her; the name and person was desired to be described. I told her it was Rachel Wells, Jr.,* who, when I left her, was a smart, fair little creature, with her nose and mouth a little on one side. She then wiped her mouth, and, looking down, said: "I suppose you think she resembles my father Hill." Sister L. does indeed greatly resemble our dear parent, but little Rachel may be altered since I saw her.

I am sorry I cannot take notice of poor Joseph Gillis, for sister says his carbuncled face and unpolished behaviour would bring us no credit. His conduct now is quite circumspectly temperate, however.

Our very dear love to brothers Hill, Wells, C. M., and our precious aunt and sister Wells and children.

P. S.—G. D. wishes his sisters in Philadelphia to consider him as a party in his S. D.'s communication; were it not so, he could not be satisfied without addressing them sometimes in a more direct manner. Their's to his other half he also considers as intended for their joint entertainment and comfort. Peace be with thee, my beloved sister Morris.

G. D.

* Daughter of Richard Wells, who died unmarried, much beloved.

Since I took up the pen, my mind is refreshed in the sweet and endearing remembrance of our beloved sister Moore. Tell her a seated persuasion now possesses my mind, that, whatever the trials are through which she has to pass, everlasting peace will close the scene. Amen.

G. D.

SARAH DILLWYN TO M. MORRIS.

LONDON, 3d mo. 1, 1791.

* * Deaths often occur in so large a city, and it's a common practice to bring the corpse first to meeting, then to the graveyard at a considerable distance, and G. D. sometimes standing on the damp ground, occasions him to take cold. He has had several letters from those we visited on the continent, which show the people remember us with kindness, and that the visit has been a means, in some parts, of their sitting down together after the manner of Friends. These accounts did not come till our endeared S. Grubb was safely arrived at her happy mansion. Had thee known this sweet, precious woman, thou would have loved and esteemed her for her dedication of body, soul, and spirit (may I not say?), in her great Master's cause!

John de Marsillac, and two of the people in the south of France, are expected to be here at the yearly meeting in the fifth month. John's wife, we hear, had a mind to accompany him. She expressed much love for Mary Dudley and our dear S. Grubb, whose public appearances were a novelty to her, and I hope made a good impression on her mind. Though still a gay woman, she is now much better satisfied with her husband's relinquishing the Romish religion than before her acquaintance with them. * * *

If we were at liberty to do as we would, we should no doubt soon turn our faces homeward. My poor G. D. is in for it, and, cost what it will, he *must* keep to his guide. Indeed, everything but that is uncertain, and what we look to for happiness in any other way may greatly deceive us; so we endeavour to be resigned.

This is, I suppose, the last day of our Burlington Quarterly Meeting. I hope our friends there have thought of us for good. Oh! how precious a thing is that love which may be felt three

thousand miles off, as if we were only so many inches apart; and what are all outward ties without it. Let us, my dear sister, endeavour to cherish it, and then, whether we are ever permitted to see each others' faces in this world or not, it will bring us together at last, in that happy country where there will be no more parting. I long to hear more favourable accounts of thy dear afflicted patient, H. M., &c. &c.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 5th mo. 17, 1791.

Poor sister Lamar and Mary have been ill, but a note this morning acquaints us they are recovered. On the 5th, we arrived to a meeting at Bath; called on sister Scott, who went with us, and afterwards we returned and dined at her house. She was affectionate to us, and the entertainment snug and neat. She told me dear brother Wells had called to see her, and she mentioned her American family with tenderness, but said she did not know whether our meeting together gave her most pleasure or pain, as our stay was so short; but hoped we should meet again in a better place, if it should be no more in this world. She looks a good deal more broken than when we last met, and says she grows infirm. Her complexion is healthy, but she walks limping from the frequent attacks of the gout. Every meeting we attend seems as lively as the first, and the Friends say generally that G. D.'s work in this country is not over; and some frankly tell me they look on him as their own, and hope he will not go back, believing him now in his proper home. But I am not yet without a hope he will be released from service on this side the water. Indeed, a quiet, peaceful retreat looks sometimes very desirable, and your dear arms will be open to receive us, if it is in the *Lord's* time we go to you. This is all our precious G. D. waits for, as you must be sensible it will be in the cross to his own will, if we do not return with Samuel Smith, who, it is probable, will "clear out" this summer.

The above I hurried over three days ago, and have now the inexpressible satisfaction to inform thee that my G. D., with Samuel Smith, ventured to ask for clearances at the meeting for ministers and elders, yesterday morning, and were not re-

fused. As G. D. says, all were broken into tenderness, for I believe few that have visited this country are more universally beloved; and it will be very hard at last to part with many friends to whose hearts he seems knit in near unity. What a favour to part in so much love! I must confess I did not dare to look for such a move, but endeavoured to resign myself, let the event be what it would. The people's minds draw him towards them still so forcibly, that if he was not so near the close of life, I might expect he would return and finish his days with them. But I hope when he once gets on shipboard, in the open seas, the sweet draft to our own America will be free from obstruction.

William Rotch and wife, their son Benjamin, and their two daughters are here, one of whom accompanied our ever precious S. R. Grubb to Ireland; W. Rotch went for her, and has just brought her back.

I could not help thinking, in our late journey, that dear Sarah Grubb's mantle was indeed thrown over my G. D., for he several times told me that in meetings, her spirit seemed to hover over him, and as if she was sitting by his side. I never knew him to be more favoured in his testimonies and supplications. Oh! what a merey to wind up in this manner! A crown, indeed, to his labours, which have been great. May my mind be bowed in deep thankfulness under a sense of it! The parting from his friends here will be a close trial. Our very dear love is to you all, my dearest creatures, and whether our meeting together be at a late or early period, may you be partakers of that peace which I humbly hope will be the portion of your own and ever affectionate,

S. DILLWYN.

Mary Lamar writes to her brother Henry Hill, March 6, 1793, of the recent death of her husband, and regarding her interest in the Madeira house. This is the first notice I find of the decease of Thomas Lamar.

The interview between Harriet's son, John Scott, and R. L. Bisset at Calcutta, is thus described by the latter in a letter to Henry Hill. As connected with the fortunes of one of the descendants of the family, and one who is to disappear from the

scene very soon, the circumstance is preserved. R. L. Bisset has sailed on a mercantile voyage to the Isle of France and Calcutta.

RUSSAPUGLEE, NEAR CALCUTTA, May 17, 1793.

HENRY HILL, ESQ., DEAR SIR:—

I had last the pleasure of writing to you from the Isle of France. I mentioned that I was in the daily expectation of the arrival of the *Dunkerque*, but concluding her lost, I took passage in the *Hereules*, bound to Calcutta, *via* Pondicherry and Madras, and arrived at Calcutta on the 6th instant.

I had advised my cousin Jack Scott, from Pondicherry, of my arrival in India, and mentioned to him the time I expected to reach Calcutta. On my arrival, I received at my agent's a letter from him, couched in the most friendly terms, and offering me his house. He resides at the place from whence I have dated this letter, about six miles from Calcutta. He enjoys the office of collector of the "twenty-four Pergunhas," a place, he tells me, which brings him in about 1,500 rupees* per month. Having settled what little business I had to transact in Calcutta, I next day went down to my cousin's, and received from him the most affectionate and hospitable reception.

As I don't expect the President out, the ship I despatched home with sugar from the Isle of France, until June or July, I have fixed my quarters here for the present, and pass my time most agreeably in the society of my cousin; the plainness of his manners, and the solidity of his sense, are just what suit me. The society of Calcutta is too jovial infinitely for my inclination, or indeed constitution, independent of the most extraordinary degree of heat one suffers there; the thermometer about ten days ago stood at 95 to 105 degrees. The heat wholly unmans me, and produces a degree of apathy that I could scarce have thought possible. No consideration on earth would induce me to take up my residence in this country.

Mr. Scott has informed me of the death of my uncle Lamar in April, 1792. Had I been made acquainted with that event

* A rupee is about 55 cents.

before I left Madeira, I should, for many reasons, have given up my voyage to India; my father's presence in Madeira will, however, have obviated every inconvenience.

I remain, dear sir, your affectionate nephew,

And obedient servant,

R. L. BISSET.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 7th month 29, 1793.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

We were favoured to cross the ocean without a single storm, and far less disagreeable motion than could have been expected. The dear little man (S. Emlen, Sen.), took tea with us last evening. I felt mournful in looking towards my beloved sisters, who seemed nearer to my heart than ever, and wished to have the power of sending you a word of comfort, but there seemed so little of it that could really be called so, in this part of the world, that my mind got lower than common; perhaps, in sympathy with the wretched multitude that surround one in this great city. Just then S. Emlen came in, and you being the subject of conversation, he desired his love to my family, thyself and inmate, and Dr. Charles Moore and wife in particular, desiring our dear Patty would continue her motherly care over his beloved son; “put them in mind, that better in the divine estimate are the patient in spirit than the proud in spirit, and that the sympathy of our Almighty helper is very encouragingly expressed in that declaration: ‘In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saveth them. Be patient, therefore, and establish your hearts in reverent hope, for the coming of our Lord draweth nigh, with abundant glorious recompense to the upright in heart toward him.’”

Our sweet niece Henrietta came to bid us farewell the evening before her marriage (about ten or eleven days ago), to Doctor Walsby, Prebendary of Canterbury, and preceptor to the Duke of Gloucester's children. He is a handsome tall man, about 40 years old; very good-tempered, fond of domestic life, and worth £1,200 or £1,400 per year besides an expectation of preferment. Robert Bisset, in conversation with W. D., complained of sister Lamar's giving his daughter so genteel an

education, saying it would suit his circumstances better, if they had been taught to make a good pudding; but I suppose he is now convinced, that though this might have been a very good recommendation to an hungry ploughman, it would not have been a very strong one of his daughter to the Prebendary of Canterbury, who says he has always wished for a wife who had a genteel education, without the fondness for the dissipation of a court, and that such a one he has now found. Robert Bisset has settled £10,000 sterling on Henrietta, to be paid by what they call instalments, telling him that the nature of his business would not allow him to draw such a sum at once out of trade; so that if he puts his son on only the same footing, and leaves but the same for himself, he has no reason to complain of being in straitened circumstances.

I asked Mary if she intended to follow suit. She answered gravely—that she did not choose to say much on the subject, as she did not know that anything of the sort was likely to take place very soon. They told me sister Lamar had taken a very small house, about two or three miles from Henrietta, and crosses the Thames in a boat to go to see her. If their town house is not yet given up, I suppose it soon will be. Poor sister Lamar appeared very *determined* on the subject of her American affairs, thinking herself ill-used by her relations. I was fearful of touching on them, as she always seems agitated when they are named. Probably our intercourse will now be less, as G. D. has relinquished his stewardship. She was affectionate to me, and kindly inquired after all of you.

I've just received a letter from sister Scott, who mentions you affectionately. She was in bed with a fit of the gout.

GEORGE AND SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

Dear sister Lamar often calls upon us; her unsettled affairs make her very uneasy. She is an affectionate relation, and said, in the overflowings of her heart, she had begun to write to thee (but I hardly expect it will go), and that, in thinking of thee, her own afflictions seemed light. In conversation about Henrietta, said she was in higher life than ever she was herself, and that though thus married, it was no reason for her forsaking her relations; asked if we should be at home that week,

and on fixing the day would engage them to come. A few days after, Walsby and Henrietta were visiting in the neighbourhood, and called between eight and nine, while we were at supper, to acquaint us they were engaged the next day, and I expect them this afternoon. Though it was so late when they came before, we treated them with a dish of tea. He and my G. D. chatted freely together. He is a tall, large man, with large eyes, and G. D. thinks he resembles the King.—Of a frank, open carriage, much like Dr. Odell, but perhaps my partiality for the dear girl he has charge of, made me think he had rather the best of the bargain. M. B.'s character of him is that he's of a wondrous frugal turn. He seemed much pleased with dear brother Hill's congratulatory letter to his wife, and was tendered in repeating what had passed between our brother and thyself, relative to your late afflicting situation. He said he must insist on our coming with sister Lamar, to take a sociable dinner with them, and we should see how happy Mrs. Walsby and himself were in each other—we might fix our own hour (and that perhaps would be their breakfast time).

And now, in continued affection, we dearly salute you, and remain,

Your tenderly affectionate brother and sister,

GEORGE AND SARAH DILLWYN.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 9th mo. 28, 1793.

Sister Lamar and Mary both called to see us last week. They both seemed more cast down than I ever had known them to be. Sister L. wept much, saying it was not usual for her to have such relief—believed it was by seeing us—that she was broken-hearted, had no friend, &c. She was about giving up the house taken in Richmond, for the convenience of being near Henrietta Walsby, who, with her husband, are now gone to attend Prince William to Weymouth. She said her brother little knew how often she had been harassed with moving since brother L.'s decease—probably her high spirit could not descend all at once; but, as her resources fail, she may at last get still more out of her old expensive line of acquaintance, and if she cannot do better, take lodgings instead of a whole house.

My heart was wrung to see her so unhappy, and if we had had a house of our own, should freely have offered her a part of it. She tenderly inquired after you, and particularly our precious sister Hannah Moore. It must be mortifying to one that loves neatness, to be obliged to put up with *such* a carriage, horses, and attendants,* as what brought them to see us, yet even these must be, if not already, parted with.

In this letter, the good old lady regrets she had not brought over more flying and gray squirrels, to give away as pets, and requests a male and female opossum may be sent over, "skins dried," ready to set up, &c. Her husband adds in a foot note: "G. D. don't think these matters very important, but his S. D. don't know that he has dared to make this note."

For the particulars of the dreadful disasters of the yellow fever in 1793, and the ravages it committed in the family, see a future page.

MARY LAMAR TO SARAH DILLWYN.

LONDON, March 14, 1794.

My beloved sister's note, dated Uxbridge, is just come to hand. So ill, my dear, and I not know of it! Mr. W. D. told me, about a week past, that you had not been well, but were better. Mary was very near you a night or two after, at a route in the square, but had a fine lady in the carriage, or would have called. She wished to have called, but I thought ten o'clock a very improper hour, but I was much disappointed when she returned, to find she had omitted to send the servant with my message. This, my dear, is more by way of apology, and to assure my dear sister that I should not have been absent from you so long, but my unfortunate situation and bad health, joined to the great distance between us, together with the reflection that my company cannot be pleasant now, even

* G. D. differs a little from me respecting the carriage, &c., but they certainly are very different from the former; tho' her old carriage was very plain, the horses were tolerably good—the present mere hacks. G. D. adds, "N. B. This did not strike the quite as observant eye of G. D."

to my own relations. If a visit to you will be agreeable to you, let me know; the jaunt will do me good; I can stay at an inn for a day or two.

Believe me, my dear brother and sister,
Ever your affectionate

M. LAMAR.

The following letter reveals some more family matters, as well as many private and public disasters, the conjunction of which in one epistle is curious.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

(IN WALNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.)

LONDON, 7th mo. 24, 1794.

It will probably be some weeks after Wm. Rotch lands his valuable cargo of passengers, before thou seest our dear Samuel Emlen (senior), as the vessel goes to Boston. His departure from London, where he has been so long exercising his valuable gift, will be regretted by many. (Here the letter is very full of particulars regarding Martha Routh, T. Scattergood, &c. &c.)

Thy G. D. has already mentioned to brother John Cox, that a servant-maid in the neighbourhood, just before our return from Wales, hung herself in the garret of our lodgings, and the second night after our coming back, Jos. Savory's cook maid, who had been some weeks low in her mind, got out of bed between one and two at night, and threw herself out of a four-story window, on the yard pavement. I suppose she must have touched my window in the mighty fall, as I heard it distinctly, not being asleep. On lifting up the sash, there was the poor creature, laying on her face, weltering in her blood. My G. D. ran down and spoke to her, but she was too much stunned to take any notice, groaning piteously; they removed her into the back parlour, where she breathed harder and harder for about half an hour, and then expired. A surgeon was brought by poor frightened Jos. Savory, who said not one bone was broken or fractured, neither the skull, and supposed her death was caused by her breaking the jugular vein; the officers could not be immediately had, so she remained on the

floor two nights, and it being yearly meeting time, thou may judge of the family's situation!

My washing was done by Sarah Lor——, widow to a brother of thy tenant, the chairmaker; she got low in her mind (as they call it here), and a few days after the dreadful affair above mentioned, went to an apothecary and got bled; then, returning to her own hired room, put a mattress on the bed, laid down, covering herself with the clothes, undid the bandage, and with an old sheet or two caught the blood, which wet them by next morning as if they had been dipped into a tub. Her sister accidentally called to see her, and on stooping down to take leave, observed her to look very pale, opened the coverlid, and finding how it was, called for assistance to take her to Luke's Hospital, where she has been ever since.

Since these, another servant-maid in this neighbourhood threw herself off the leads of their house, and broke her limbs. I believe she's since dead, as is also a man who was a labourer at a new opposite house, who fell accidentally from a scaffold. In short, this country, and especially this part of it, affords so many instances of insanity, that I never heard the like of any other: what with this, and suicides, robberies, fires and other accidents, to say nothing of the wars, we really seem to me to be in the midst of dangers and alarms.

We have now the satisfaction of learning that our dear J. Pemberton and Alexander Wilson got on shore, near Amsterdam, the 10th inst., the captain not being able to land them in Scotland.

My G. D. has an affectionate letter from our nephew elect (Samuel Emlen, Jr., about to marry Susanna Dillwyn) on the subject nearest his heart. His reflections are sensible and solid. Dear creatures, we wish them all the happiness this world ought to afford, but hope they are both too well acquainted with it, to give it too much of their confidence. Their friends here all speak with pleasure of their union.

Hearing that the ship stays another day gives me an opportunity of informing thee as well as I at present know how, of a most dreadful fire, that broke out yesterday afternoon, in a saltpetre works, somewhere about Ratcliffe High Cross, which drove furiously down by the river, consuming whole streets in its way: unfortunately, the ground was so dry, that

they could not command the water-pipes, so that several hundred houses were consumed, some lives lost, a ship or two blown up, another burnt, and how much more damage done we have not yet learned. Samuel Marsh's house, with Weston's house and bakehouse; also the Ratcliffe old meeting-house. It's about two miles from us. I watched the light from our front window till near morning, when a little rain fell, but it did not last long. The wind continuing the contrary way from the King's ships, &c., we hope they are safe. William Rotch's vessel had lain right in the way of it but about two days before.

In this neighbourhood, about three months ago, an Inn was burned in the night, and the whole family, consisting of seven persons, lost their lives. It was said to be lighted designedly.

Our nephew, R. H. Bisset, called again to see us, and the other day sent me an affectionate letter with a present of one dozen of Madeira from his father. This I was really sorry for, tho' I wrote a note of acknowledgment; for we have it not in our power to entertain them, on account of our situation, G. D. being generally part of every day out at meetings, &c., and often several days together, when I accompany him. Besides, tho' we have the use of a dining-room to entertain transient company, it is not convenient to the family, or our short purses, to keep a servant here; which, and its attendant consequences, would soon enroach on our principal, which we wish (if possible), to keep whole for retirement in our loved country.

My precious brother Hill's letter was very acceptable. Tell him I love him as well as ever; perhaps his London correspondents may inform him of sister Scott's going with her son John to the sea-side, on account of his enervated health. I've not lately seen sister Lamar, but she generally affectionately comes when she thinks I'm poorly, or when I send for her.

The fire began by a boatman's tar-pot boiling over, while he was gone for a few minutes. He attempted to put it out; then ran up stairs to save his children, which he did, and jumping out of the window broke his limbs and back, of which he is dead. The East India Company lost £70,000 not insured.

Ever thy affectionate sister,

SARAH DILLWYN.

HARRIET SCOTT TO SARAH DILLWYN.

BATH, December 13, 1794.

I am sorry I am not able to bear even so short a journey as from Bath to Bristol, or I should have immediately set out to have had the pleasure once more of embracing my dear and much loved sister. My son, however, hopes to see you and my brother on Wednesday, the 17th. He will tell you how ill I have been, and how slowly I am recovering.

Last summer my health made it absolutely necessary for me to leave Bath a few weeks for change of air, but I was at no watering-place. My son accompanied me, and I passed two months very agreeably in retirement, and I returned much better. Winters bear hard upon me. I have been seven weeks confined to the house with the gout in my stomach and head, and now flying about all over me.

I had a letter, the day I received yours, from our sister Lamar that has almost petrified me. She tells me she is in great distress for money, and complains greatly of Bisset and his son's behaviour to her. I wish I could prevail upon her to quit that hateful and expensive place, London, lay down her carriage, and fix in Bath, in a smaller house, and keep fewer servants. You know not how her distresses wring my heart, as do my dear sister Moore's and sister Morris's. What a blessed consolation to the just there is an hereafter!

I have had no letters from America by the last arrivals. My agents, Cheap and Longman, had a letter from my brother accompanying the money, my part of my father's estate, but no mention was made of any of our family. Though I wish to say a great deal more, my head is so confused, I dare not venture to hold it longer down. Mr. Scott unites with me in affectionate love to you and my dear worthy brother.

Ever your sincerely affectionate sister,

HARRIET SCOTT.

SARAH DILLWYN TO ———

LOOE, 1st mo. 31, 1795.

We are now on the sea-coast, about forty-four miles from Falmouth (on their return from France), to which place we look forward with a mournful expectation of hearing, through our W. D.'s means, that some of your families may have suffered by a return of the malignant fever.

The account of thy poor dear patient's (Hannah Moore) continued affliction is grievous to us. We have lately heard that many had been cured of fits in England by using Steers's Fit Drops. Oh, how desirable it is that she might have an interval of ease and serenity before the close of all her sorrows.

We learn that Bisset set off for Madeira some months ago. We knew the *son* was not permitted to see his aunt, but he had visited his sister under the same roof. Our nephew, J. Scott, came to our lodgings with a note from his mother, but we were gone, and he was disappointed, as indeed we were, in passing so near without calling upon them, but hope to do so on our return.

It would give us great satisfaction to hear that thy dear D—— S—— was reconciled to her trying allotment, and endeavoured to recover her health and cheerfulness, for thine and her lovely children's sakes. We must remember that He who gives, has a right to take away, and the way to enjoy remaining blessings, is to learn to say—"Thy will be done."

* * My G. D. has lost some of his fore teeth, and thy poor Sally her two upper butter-teeth; notwithstanding, we pass for a tolerable looking couple—for *Americans*. * * *

RICHARD L. BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, No. 8 NEW INN, April 13, 1795.

DEAR SIR:—

I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter of January 26th, and should have answered it before, had I not been hurried down to Bath by the alarming indisposition of my cousin Scott. Poor fellow! he expired on Tuesday last; two short months have carried *himself and mother* to the grave.

The disposition he has made of his fortune, has given room for a good deal of surprise among his friends. He has given £1,000 to Alexander Scott, grandson of your old friend of that name, and son of David Scott, formerly of Antigua, and who married Miss Jarvis of that island. This little boy, for he is not, I believe, above eight years old, my late aunt took a great liking to, and ever expressed a wish to provide for. Some few legacies among his friends, among whom he has included me for £200. The bulk of his fortune he has left to his executor, Mr. Robert Scott, son of the purser you knew in Madeira of that name. I conclude from what insight he gave me into the state of his affairs, that my cousin could not die worth less than £20,000 sterling.

I remain, dear sir,

Your affectionate nephew and

Obedient servant,

R. L. BISSET.

Mary Lamar applied, in May, 1795, for more money, and R. L. Bisset, at the instigation of her friend Daniel Cox, of Philadelphia, then in London, induced the partners to present her with £300 to settle her tradesmen's bills, and enable her to remove to a small house at a rent of £50. Bisset tells this to his uncle, Henry Hill, and then enters (rather coolly) into an account of a little love affair of his—in which he was, however, not successful—as follows:—

RICHARD L. BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, NEW INN, May 13, 1795.

During my attendance upon my late cousin at Bath, I became acquainted with a very particular friend of his, Mr. Hustler, a gentleman of family and fortune, who has been an intimate with my aunt Scott since the time she resided at York, in which county his estate lies. My relationship to his friends, I am inclined to think, made him more partial to me than I deserved. In a word, I have reason to think, from his conduct to me, that he saw with no unfavourable eye a partiality I entertained for his youngest daughter, a very amiable, prudent

girl. He told me he should now give her a fortune of £4,000, independent of what he could save for her at his death; and, in truth, communicated every circumstance relative to himself and family in a manner which would have certainly been irrelevant had he neither perceived any partiality to the young lady, or been inclined to discourage it.

Since my return to town, I have kept up a correspondence with them, and, in consequence of the encouragement I have met (though I have not as yet made any positive declaration), I propose to-morrow setting off to Bath. If the young lady will consent to follow me to Madeira, I shall consider myself fortunate. Our society will tend to render my father's life more pleasant to him there than I fear it is now. A connection, the consequence of which would be a residence in this country, I certainly will avoid. The extravagance of living here (nay, the very first articles of life) are now so intolerable as to render an establishment in this town ruinous to any person not in possession of a large and independent fortune. Upon my return to town, I will communicate to you my success, and hope in the mean time to obtain your good wishes towards it.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

RICHARD L. BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, NEW INN, July 11, 1795.

DEAR SIR:—

My last mentioned to you my intentions of going down to Bath, in the prosecution of what appeared to me an advantageous connection. I was not successful; the leaving of this country seems, to most persons (of the other sex at least), an almost insurmountable obstacle, more especially when they are in the enjoyment of any fortune in it.

I have the pleasure of informing you that my aunt Lamar has disposed of the lease of her house in Baker Street to advantage. She proposes to remove shortly to a smaller one.

I remain, dear sir, your affectionate nephew,

And obedient servant,

R. L. BISSET.

Mary Lamar placed her affairs in the hands of a lawyer in London. By the reply of Henry Hill to his respectful demand of a settlement of her affairs, it appears that he still retained a strong brotherly affection for her, and had invited her to reside with him in Philadelphia:—

“The family,” he says, in reply to the attorney, “was invited and entreated to come over to this city, but unhappily in vain. The fascinating capital of Great Britain, however suitable for a person of high taste, health, and fortune, for the complete artist and thorough man of business, suited not them. They might, I naturally hoped, make a more acceptable link of society in their native country, and enjoy all rational gratification with fewer alloys than probably occur in any part of Europe. I return you assurances that to enforce a sister’s claim on me, not much auxiliary eloquence is requisite.

“Previous to Independence, our American wine trade turned out almost a monopoly to Madeira, where in my time two-thirds of it flowed through my father’s house, he being here, Mr. and Mrs. Lamar in London on a jaunt of relaxation, due, as I believed, to a meritorious partner, but its effects remarkably depreccated by our wise founder. They were invested with an extra allowance of £250; they might now, without danger, educated as they had been in the school of their predecessor’s trials,

“Give a rich invention ease,
And construe scripture as they please.”

“In lieu of dividends, I heard little else than wants and demands upon me for twenty years, and my best estates were prematurely sold.

“It is a fact that an indulgent father-in-law, the house’s staunchest friend, together with some pay for serving the public in honourable offices, were my chief support through the war: nor since, could the income derived by me from the will of his benevolent deceased daughter, be conveniently spared.

“Neither of you explain to my satisfaction the principle on which Mr. Lamar appropriated the large sum, drawn afterwards out of the public funds. I cannot suppose it a dividend, nor tell how it arose. I feel myself, however, possessed of a spirit of accommodation independent enough to promise that if my

sister and her husband have not been more liberally dealt by than any other partner ever was, or can in future expect to be, she shall receive measure heaped up.

"Having been called on, you are less astonished I should introduce to your perusal so tedious a family detail, interesting only to the parties themselves, whose discretion, I fear, is thus exposed to the world's merited censure. At the same time, I should take great pleasure in proving that the instance is unexampled among the rest of my intimate connections, and that I am, with all due respect.

"HENRY HILL."

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 2d month 10, 1797.

My G. D. and I spent an afternoon with sister Lamar about three weeks past; they were at Kensington, the house hired for a few summer months. She was just recovered from an indisposition, caused by the heat. We were well satisfied in going, and I believe herself and many were pleased with seeing us, although *our carriage* was only the common stage-coach.

Sometimes you were the subject of our chat; among other things our dear sister Hannah Moore's affectionate expressions to my G. D. were repeated, viz.: "My dear brother Dillwyn, may my lot be with thine here and forever." Sister L., looking affectionately earnest at him, said, "And I hope mine will also be with you." It was very comfortable to find her understanding so clear, but there seems no hope for the recovery of her limbs. The hand begins to look more withered, and as the finger sinews are more inclined to close than open, I fear they will contract in time, like thy poor patient's. She was sitting in a newly invented machine, which is turned by a wheel, and by holding some part, both the arms as well as the feet and body, are put in motion. Mary complains of the vast expense they are at with doctors, &c., and yet, one would think what comes from Madeira and America, was no trifle. Mary does all the offices of a nurse; they had but one maid and a lad, and one maid to take care of the town house; all on board wages, which people in higher life are much in the practice of in this country. Dear sister L. mentioned *before* her niece, how tenderly attentive she

was to her, and that she thought it but right to leave her all she had in the world. Perhaps, in the long run there may not be a great deal left. They both take it hard our dear brother Hill has never wrote since sister L.'s sickness.

By what sister L. mentioned (may be three years ago), relative to poor J. Gillis, we understood he was boarded in a decent coffee-house, at the best end of the town, and we believe he continued there to the time of his death. When she first found him out, he seemed astonished at her kind attention to so poor a creature as he called himself; for he was a piteous object to look upon indeed: his eyesight nearly gone, sad blotched face, and a leg so bad, that at one time it was apprehended a mortification would take place. She told me that she had reminded him of his sisters. A little before his decease he sent for Richard, and altered his will, but probably nothing can be expected in their favour now, except R. (Richard L. Bisset), will be generous enough to give them something. At worst, they have the old-fashioned blessing of not being disappointed if they expected nothing.

We join in very dear love to you all, with our dear connections at Oxmead (John Cox's), Green Hill (John Smith's), and Montgomery (Dr. C. M. Moore's).

Thy ever affectionate,

G. S. D.

Sarah Dillwyn took to England the MSS. of the "Miscellanies" collected by her sister M. M. Moore; they were first published in London. I find the following *copy* of S. D.'s letter to the publisher, J. Phillips, which she had no doubt forwarded to the compiler in America.

SARAH DILLWYN TO J. PHILLIPS.

LONDON, 6th mo. 1, 1797.

ESTEEMED FRIEND:—

My brother W. D.'s long residence at Brighton, and thy own unsettled state of health, has in some measure prevented thy sooner being reminded of the poor little orphan (shall I call it?) which I brought from America and gave into thy hands in the year 1794, and which thou intended to print on thy own

account, saying thou would allow me any sum that was thought reasonable by J. G. Bevan and brother W. D. Had the manuscripts been my own, be assured, dear friend, it would have been far more pleasant to have desired thy acceptance of them; but being only an agent for another, I cannot help wishing that a small portion of the profits arising from the extensive sales of the books may be applied to the use intended by the compiler, which was to be added to a small fund placed under the care of the meeting at North Wales in America, towards the education of a few poor girls whose parents could not afford to pay for their schooling. Such an institution was much wanted in that remote part, and my sister threw in her mite, as thou hast seen, on the occasion.

I wrote her, some time ago, that I had received nothing as yet to add to her favourite scheme. In her answer, she begs me not to "give myself a moment's uneasiness, for if the MSS. are not thought worth paying for, it is no matter. If they do no good in the way I intend, they may in some other, and if ever so little, that little will amply pay me for the trouble of transcribing them. If a third volume is printed, I fear some people may think I have spent all my life in reading and scribbling; but it has not been the case. I remember our dear mother and sister used to make me write some little piece of prose or poetry every day, and as I knew it would please them, I continued it for many years after I grew up. I suppose many hundred of the 'Miscellanies' were selected by them for me to copy, when I was a child, and afterwards given me by my elder sister."

So here's a little history for thee, and if the perusal of it neither offends nor tires thee, it will add to the esteem with which I am thy really

Affectionate friend,

S. G. DILLWYN.

(INDORSED.)

From a rough copy sent, but no answer or compensation ever returned.

This may show my dear Patty that the printer has been *reminded*, at least once, and his son many times, but I've nothing yet, to send for the valuable manuscripts.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 6th mo. 12, 1797.

I hope our precious Deborah Smith and children were benefited by the change of air into the Jerseys, and that our Gulielma got well over the fatigue of nursing her family in the small-pox. I don't recollect if all thy little flock have weathered this disease.

Our dear Henrietta Walsby seems lost both to sister Lamar and ourselves, since she was married. We have only seen her twice. They still live in Kent, and seldom come to London. R. L. Bisset called to see us about a fortnight ago, and said he had been several months with them, and should have stayed longer, had he not been sent for in Jos. Gillis's last illness, who died in 4th month, and hath altered his will, leaving our two nieces £100 each, his natural daughter £500, and Rd. L. Bisset residuary legatee. I told him it was a pity J. G. did not remember sister Lamar, who had been really kind to him, and that his own sisters in Maryland (who are far from being in affluent circumstances) should have been *entirely* left out of his will; but R. L. B. said, had they been mentioned, demands might have been made on the Madeira house, and given them trouble, by they knew not who. By Mary Bisset's last letter, we find they have not gone to Bath. I am glad thou wrote to her.

My beloved sister Morris may be assured we cherish the hope of returning to you when it can be done with peace to G. D.'s mind, for he is constantly on the lookout for the right time of departure. Nothing but a sense of duty detains *him*, and a tender sympathy with him reconciles *my* mind to a separation from what, he excepted, is the most dear to me in this world. I mean the dear companions of my youth, my precious sisters and their children. It is some little comfort to us that our dear sister Hannah Moore don't seem to be in much pain. My G. D. says that his love to her is unabated, and what is more, that he firmly believes that she is under the compassionate care of our Heavenly Father.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 8th mo. 2d, 1797.

In a former letter sister Lamar was mentioned, and Mary also wrote in answer to thine; she is a tender, attentive nurse. Sister has had a fainting fit, having just before been taken out in a sedan chair for the air; she was seated in the parlour, and unexpectedly fell down senseless; her face was sadly bruised by the fall, and her nose bled much, which it is thought favoured her recovery. She appeared sweetly resigned, saying she was thankful it was no worse with her. They are at Kensington, where they give thirty shillings a week for a furnished house. The dear creature makes no complaints, but exerts herself as much as possible, having a strong tape like a stirrup to the lame foot, which she helps to lift with the hand, but she could not stand without a person on each side to support her. She had a nurse at a guinea per week for several months, but on being taken sick, she has endeavoured to do with only a common housemaid, but she did not answer so well as this other strong one, being awkward, and once fell down with her, for sister is very heavy. Could poor brother L. have foreseen the perplexities she was to encounter after his death, it might have induced him to have left her in a suitable retreat. But that is too late now, and perhaps her means will last as long as her occasions. As R. L. Bisset is now independent, he will hardly go to America.

8th mo. 19. It's a great favour poor dear sister Lamar's senses are so clear, and that she exerts herself as much as she possibly can, which prevents her being bedridden; her hand and all down one side, are as much dead as our dear sister Hannah Moore's are. She uses the elastic seat, and sometimes a go-cart (or pen as she calls it) to support herself upright. This was made by her own direction. Her behaviour is sweetly calm and resigned, though to one so near as a sister, her situation is very affecting.

Thy ever affectionate sister.

S. G. DILLWYN.

R. L. BISSET TO HENRY HILL.

LONDON, Sept. 8, 1797.

DEAR SIR:—

I have this morning only been favoured with yours of June, relative to the disposition made by the late Mr. Gillis of his fortune, principally in my favour.

When Mr. Gillis's death took place, I immediately communicated it to my father and yourself, my mind still struck with the recent event, and not yet perfectly decided in what manner to act upon the occasion.

I gave you a simple narrative of all that had passed between Mr. Gillis and myself, leaving you to form your own opinion thereon, persuaded you would candidly communicate to me (even unsolicited) your sentiments upon the subject, and resolved ultimately to pursue that line of conduct which you should both deem it proper for me afterwards to adopt.

I cannot, therefore, now hesitate an instant in coinciding with your views. You know the different branches of Mr. Gillis's family. Consult my father upon the mode in which it is prudent for the House to liquidate his fortune, which is still undiminished, except by the charge of the legacies and some trifling demands. Consult your own equity in making the division, and you have my most ample concurrence.

I should wish, however, to settle an annuity upon Miss Gillis of 200 milreis for her life, independent of the sum left her by her father. I shall moreover direct the estate of the Cova de Beirao to be transferred to her, being more immediately valuable to her as a native of the Island, and giving her a stable settlement thereon. The whole of the balance shall be at your disposal. By Mr. Gillis's will, his great object will be obtained—namely, our avoiding all litigation with numerous relatives. The shadow of a doubt remaining upon the propriety of my conduct in this matter would most sensibly affect me, and the clearing myself from (tho' I solemnly protest to you I merit it not) the least suspicion of having, in any manner, induced the disposition made by Mr. Gillis in my favour, will be a sufficient

compensation for foregoing the advantages that would have accrued to me by the will.

I remain, dear sir,

Your affectionate nephew and obedient servant,

R. L. BISSET.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 10th mo. 22, 1797.

Thy last informs us that another of thy precious little lambs was removed; may I not say, from a dangerous wilderness into the fold of everlasting safety. We are informed by brother and sister Cox, and our dear Susan Emlen, that the report we had before heard of the yellow fever being in Philadelphia is true, and that thou and our beloved sister Moore, and thy Deborah Smith were removed to Burlington. What relief must this have afforded to thy children at Green Hill, as well as pleasure in having you so much nearer to them.

Do tell me, my dear sister, if any place in Burlington has occurred to thee as likely to suit us? We understand that S. & S. Emlen's present situation was thought rather damp, on which account perhaps they may think it right to hasten their intended building at West Hill;* Oxmead air seemed to be dry and healthy, and I suppose that at West Hill must be like it. Poor cousin Hannah Griffiths must miss thee. I should like to know how she has rubbed along in her lonely situation. Our dear sister Lamar has been lately very sick, yet looks comely in the face; she grows a little out in the back, not having strength to hold herself upright, and I believe sits pretty much at the newly invented machine I told thee of. R. L. Bisset tells us that Henrietta and her husband always lived together in the greatest harmony, and he did not recollect an unkind word passing between them. Mary complains that with all their care, their income is insufficient. If the Philadelphia rents are withheld long, they must be straitened.

* Afterwards the property of my brother Richard M. Smith, and now of Eliza, widow of Jos. John Gurney. J. J. S.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 2nd mo. 26, 1798.

It seems poor A. Griffiths's daughter was not present at her sudden close. There is a consolation in having our nearest and dearest connections by us in time of illness, and at the final change; and yet these outward comforters can stand us in little stead, if our love and confidence is not centred in an Almighty and merciful Redeemer.

It's very pleasant to learn thy dear Richard (Hill Morris) continues with thee—the same tender affectionate son and friend he has ever been; our love is to him. This must help to console thee under thy trials, which, indeed, have been many, but better things await thee, my dear, in the end.

5th mo. 16, 1798.

Dear Mary Pryor's relatives and friends had to rejoice at her safety, tho' not till a week had elapsed after the first sorrowful tidings of the ship's being lost at sea reached us. Thou may easily suppose what a trial it was to her husband and children; but as she was safe, the account did not cast them down below hope, and during the suspense, the similar situation of Paul, and his speech to his fellow-passengers occurred, and helped to encourage us. It was remarkable that G. D. said from the first, if M. Pryor was lost, it was hidden from him. We all believed while the vessel lay in the Thames, M. P. would be made a blessing to her shipmates, and so no doubt she was. We have heard to-day, that when Captain Macy was taking the rest of the passengers out of the *Fame*, Mary, with another woman, was in the cabin, and the rest were going off without them; but on his querying if none were missing, the women were remembered, sitting in the cabin, and found up to the waist in water. I suppose these particulars, if true, were thought to be too affecting to be handed to us. Another report, taken from a Philadelphia paper, says, that as soon as she got on shore, she kneeled down and returned thanks for their deliverance.

9th mo. 28, 1798.

It is comfortable to learn that dear cousin G. M. S. had got safely through her trial. I think the D. is a pleasing addition to the little stranger's name; as it is perhaps the only *one* remaining in America; and with the John, may serve to keep up the remembrance, not only of your G. S. D. and the other Dillwyns here, but also those worthies of the two families Dillwyn and Smith, who have joined no doubt company in a more peaceful country. We feel much for dear John Smith, but trust the late proofs of dedication to the most honourable of all causes, will be blessed to him and his connections. Our precious Susan's (Dillwyn afterwards Emlen) letter to us, was particularly acceptable. I join with thee in sentiment respecting her amiable, condescending disposition, and the grateful returns of affection to her dear Aunt Ann Cox, as well as to our own M. M. M. who dearly loves her, are proofs of the goodness of her heart. I intend to take an early opportunity to acknowledge her letter.

If thou should be taken from thy little orphans; oh! that their loss may be made up to them; but we must cast our care on Providence, who hath hitherto helped.

We had a hint in regard to our R. H. Morris's frequent trips to Jersey. His affectionate disposition entitles him to a kind partner, and if the one he has chosen proves so, it will add to thy comfort as well as his own.

Dear sister Lamar and Mary Bisset are very affectionate when we meet; we saw them lately, and I think there's no probability of the first's ever recovering the use of her right side; the physicians did flatter her a long time, and they continue to electrify her, &c. &c., which helps to quicken the circulation, and keep her in better spirits. She is quite clear in her understanding. Everything thou mentions with regard to our dear family is particularly acceptable. I don't know that any of our letters to or from you have miscarried.

We are very desirous to learn how it has fared with poor Philadelphia, and if our beloved family, with our other friends, have been favoured to escape the infection.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

MONTGOMERY, 5th month 11, 1798.

I write thee a few lines to let thee know our Henry Hill talks of paying you a visit on first day next, and thought it would be agreeable to thee to have notice of it.

A great riot happened on fourth day evening, and hints thrown out of a design to fire the city; the light-horse were out all night, and the militia and private citizens were on guard, patrolling also, but it was passed in quiet, but we are still suspicious that the evil spirit is not wholly at rest, only lulled asleep. "Young Lightning Rod" had his house guarded by armed men, within and without, being fearful of having it pulled down.

I think I never saw so many people at one time in my life, as on that evening. What a world we live in, and what tumultuous times! How happy those who are landed on the peaceful shore; where I do hope my beloved sister and her unworthy correspondent will, in the right time, be favoured to join the goodly company of those whose removal from us we have sorrowfully regretted. Farewell, my sweet Patty, take care of thyself for all our sakes, and believe me, with love to all,

Thy own affectionate sister,

MARGARET MORRIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

7th month 24, 1798.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

I write to tell thee that instead of my jaunt to Montgomery, I shall be obliged to go to Burlington, as R. H. M.'s affair is so forward they are to appear in public next second day week.

If thee has not already heard it, I may now tell thee that after many sore temptations and trials, and deep conflicts, — has been obliged to give up the heavenly call, and has appeared in public several times, to the humbling of many minds: his first appearance was in prayer. Awful and reverend, so that the whole meeting seemed to be baptized with him. When I was there, my mind was impressed with a belief that he was pre-

paring for some great service, and when he told me his situation, I ventured to hint to him that obedience was better than sacrifice, and I sincerely hope he may be preserved steady and faithful.

Our dear H. H. had a fall from his horse last week, but without being hurt, returning from the club; he and another gentleman began a race; they both fell off. "Grand clinacteric follies!"

With dear love, I am ever
Thy most affectionate sister,
MARGARET MORRIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 9th month 8, 1798.

I have received my beloved sister's letter, and desire to be truly thankful that your family are at present well; it seems as if the dreadful fever, now prevailing in Philadelphia, would wholly depopulate that once flourishing city; the accounts daily coming to us of the malignancy of the fever, looks as if it was indeed the plague. I saw a person to-day who left the city this morning; he said Dr. Griffiths told him it was as bad in Walnut Street and the neighbourhood, as in any part of the town, and that his valuable maid Polly, who has lived with him many years, lay dead in his house, and that himself was so saturated with the disease that he could not attend his patients, having upwards of sixty. Dr. Wistar is also ill, and Gibson, brother Wells's best clerk at the bank, dead. Several have died here, who came from Philadelphia well; and a son of James Sterling, who was pretty well yesterday, is now thought to be at the point of death. A young woman at my son John Smith's went to the burial of one who was said to have died of a putrid fever; she was yesterday taken sick, and they sent her home to her mother. Henry Haydock, of New York, and two of his daughters died within a few days of each other. S. Savory and S. Scattergood are on the recovery, but S. Scattergood's eldest daughter is dead. I heard to-night that a man named Hicks was sick or dead at Germantown; poor D. H. is very unhappy, not knowing where her brother is. All the banks, I hear, are moved to Germantown.

R. H. Morris was at Turner's Lane on fourth day: they are all well there, but brother Wells much fatigued with moving the bank, most of his clerks being sick or dead. I most sincerely hope he may be spared. Our sweet Susan Emlen has been dangerously ill, but now recovered. She was over-fatigued preparing for the raising of their new house, and in the evening went into the bath and stayed too long.

My poor dear patient (Hannah Moore) is as well as usual; she has had fits three times since we came here. Gideon Wells is at Frankfort: he and his wife imprudently went to town last week; and I heard he was poorly yesterday with a headache and chillness. I hope he may not get sick. The women in this town have been for some days engaged in providing clothing for the poor at the tents on Schuylkill, and have got about 200 shirts and shifts, with coats, jackets, breeches, trowsers, gowns, petticoats, and other articles in proportion, all made up in bales, ready to send down on second day. I have just heard that the Hicks mentioned, is an Englishman, partner of Elijah Waring.

My beloved sister must not expect me to venture from home, while we are in such an unsettled way; my mind is so affected by the accounts daily coming in, that it seems as if I could think of nothing but the poor suffering sick. I heard that our dear brother Henry was well last third day, and still in town. All my family are well at present.

9th month 14, 1798.

I am now at Turner's Lane. A letter from Gideon Wells came to me yesterday with the account of our dear Henry Hill being ill, and I wished to go into town; but on Dr. Rush telling R. H. Morris that the disease now prevalent was plague-like, I have concluded to remain here, and wait the awful issue. Dr. Rush saw him yesterday—says he is cheerful and lively and well attended. Nancy Emerson, his housekeeper, is with him, and he is lodged in a large, airy room with three windows. I wrote a few lines to him to let him know I was here, and if he would allow me to come to him I would cheerfully go down. Dr. Rush's family is near him, and he goes in every day. R. J. says he will send his son to thee at any time we desire, to inform thee how it may issue.

I left my dear patient much as usual. Our D. H. was at

Germantown last first day, and taken ill on third day; the doctor says the symptoms are dangerous.

THE SAME TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR CHILD:—

When I left home, I was in hopes of returning next day, but the situation of my beloved brother being so very critical, I was induced to stay longer, and have to acquaint thee with the sorrowful event. My brother Henry deceased about 10 o'clock on seventh day evening, and was interred yesterday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock. I had intended to go to Montgomery yesterday, to mingle my tears with dear sister Patty's; but lo! before we were ready to go, the account came that Nancy Emerson's daughter was taken ill. This made it necessary for me to stay here, in order to devise some means for the relief of the good creature, who, at the risk of her life, stayed with my dear brother. We have sent to Dr. Rush to attend her child, and wrote to William Gray to go to Nancy, and assist her in all she may want; and a house is promised for Nancy in Frankfort when she can come out. These things will probably detain me a few days longer from home. In the mean time, take care of my dear sister Hannah, and conceal from her the sorrowful tidings. I am very well myself, and the family here the same. Farewell my dear, give my love to my sister, the children, &c.

From thy affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

BURLINGTON, 9th mo. 29, 1798.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

I left Turner's Lane last fourth day, having been at Frankfort the day before, where I signed my name, with Gideon Wells's, as administratrix, a seal being left for dear brother Charles Moore. I heard from coz. T. M. on second day, by a friend who dined at his house that day. He was well; but have since heard that P. Langdale, her niece, and maid are all dead.

I found my dear patient as well as I left her, and when she saw me said I must never leave her again till death parted us; and, indeed, my inclination to go from home will now be less than ever it was. My mind felt as if emancipated from bondage, when I was fairly on my way homewards. I've heard by brother Wells's man that Naney Emerson's daughter, who was recovering when I came away, had taken cold and relapsed.

Dear love to all from

Thy tenderly affectionate sister,

M. MORRIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 10th mo. 27, 1798.

I have been very unhappy in not hearing from you, or seeing my beloved C. M. M., as I fully expected you at R. H. Morris's wedding, which was accomplished last fifth day.

I am now hurried, and can only say my dear sister has had a severe return of the bilious vomiting, from which she is now recovering. Rachel came to the wedding, but none of the family besides. William Savory arrived here last night, and brought me a letter. Do, my love, try to come and see us before the cold weather. * * *

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 12th mo. 15, 1798.

We have received our dear sister Morris's letters of 10th month 1st, and 11th month 5th, bringing the sorrowful tidings of our dear and only brother's removal from the present scene of woes which but few parts of the world seem to be now exempt from. He had lately written sister Lamar an affectionate letter, in answer to one from her, and, as a reconciliation had taken place, it appears to be a cause of much comfort and satisfaction to her.

Thy affectionate though hazardous visit to our dear brother, so near the awful close, though it exposed thee to the censure of many, was no doubt soothing to his dear mind, and must be a satisfaction to thyself on reflection, as indeed it is to us.

My G. D. wrote brother Wells so fully by the packet respect-

ing the proposed release* in favour of his children, that I need only add, that R. and H. Walsby were written to, and that the writings only wait for their answer to be executed.

We are, as ever,

Yours, and thy affectionate

G. AND S. DILLWYN.

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE TO SARAH DILLWYN.

MONTGOMERY, 2d mo. 12, 1799.

MY BELOVED SISTER:--

Before this will reach thee, you in all probability will have received the account of the late affecting changes in our family, and your affectionate hearts, I know, will share in the sympathy which the removal of a beloved brother and sister have excited in the minds of the *few* of the surviving relations. Time will not admit of my giving you a particular account of the awful and affecting scenes we have lately passed through. By the good Providence of the Almighty we escaped the dreadful fever, though some about the country took the infection and died.

It was truly distressing to me that I could not be more with our beloved sister Moore; about the time she began to change for the worse, the river and roads were almost impassable; as soon as ever it was thought safe to cross, and I was well enough to leave home, I went to Burlington, but the precious creature had breathed her last the night before I arrived; after sleeping easily for several days, she awoke, I hope, to better prospects; there remained on her countenance an angelic smile and sweetness that began to take place before the change. What a comforting thought it must be to us all, that she expressed before her close, that she felt a gleam of hope, and seemed happy.

Please to remember me affectionately to my ever dear brother Dillwyn, sister Lamar, and our nieces, not forgetting coz. Wm. Dillwyn's family; my C. M. joins in the above, and wishes me to acquaint brother D. that if temporal concerns have any influence with him, his return as soon as he can to Philadelphia,

* This was a lapsed legacy of Henry Hill's.

and joining in the settlement of brother H. H.'s, and dear sister's estates may be very much to his own advantage, as well as to that of others of his wife's family.

With sincere wishes for your welfare every way, I conclude,
my much loved brother and sister,

Your tenderly affectionate

M. M. MOORE.

P. S. I must add brother Mordecai Moore's love to you both; he breaks very fast, seems in a sweet, composed state of mind, and was much pleased with the visit Mary Pryor paid at his house. You have heard, I suppose, that our nephew, R. H. Morris, is married to a daughter of Richard Smith, late of Moorestown; she is a very agreeable woman, and I believe will make him a good wife. We lodged there one night lately, and she seemed very kind and affectionate.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

AMERSHAM (ENGLAND), 2d mo. 15, 1799.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

We were not a little disappointed at receiving no letter from thee by a vessel lately arrived, which brought communications to brother D. from his dear Susan and brother Cox. They speak of thy being well, and that our dear sister Patty had been at Burlington, but that our good sister H. M., it was thought, could not continue a great while longer. Dear brother Moore's observation respecting our family seems to be again verified, that when the grave was opened for one of them, others soon followed. Hardly has the account of our dear brother Hill reached us when another removal has taken place! By a letter from Edward Walsby, Henrietta's husband, to G. D. of the 11th, we are informed that our precious sister Lamar, who was suddenly taken ill (or I should say the change took place suddenly) a few days before, had quietly expired that morning at about 2 o'clock, and that the interment was proposed to be on the 18th. Her complaint, I believe, was the influenza, and much oppressed by phlegm, which she was too much weakened to bring up. In our last visit to her, previous to our coming here, she appeared uncommonly well, excepting a cold,

which the delicacy of her frame often subjected her to in winter time; her mind was easy and her conversation cheerful. I did not apprehend it was likely to be a final parting, but so it has proved. I may again repeat that she was an affectionate sister to us from our first coming over to this country, and latterly seemed more united to us, and fond of having us with her.

By messages, we find they are all desirous of having us present at the funeral, and also at the reading of the will, but my G. D. not having quite recovered from a fall on the ice, and the weather and roads are so unfavourable for travelling, that I think it hardly likely we shall attend.

I need not repeat what G. D. has already written brother Cox respecting our removal to this place, near a month ago, and although the intimation appeared to be right to himself, the London Friends seemed as much surprised when he mentioned it, as if it was clearing out for America. He, however, seems easy with what he has done, and I'm ready to think it is permitted that he may be loose at least for awhile, from the thicket of London, and see whether any farther use is to be made of him in this land.

This Amersham is a manufacturing town, and, *as usual* with such, abounds with poor. Robert Eccles, the kind Friend with whom we have taken lodgings, is about 70 years old, an upright, good-tempered man, and a widower. The situation of his house is airy, and his family consists of only one niece and a servant-girl, both of them kindly disposed to us, which with the society of our two neighbours E. Raper and M. Wilkinson, who have been long acquainted with us, and are like sisters, renders our situation superior as a retirement to most in the nation.

Brother Bisset arrived from Lisbon a few weeks ago; I understood he had visited our dear sister; he was confined with a cold, and our hurry in coming away did not allow of going to see him.

Till we are favoured to meet each other, my precious sister. I hope thou wilt continue to mention what thou knowest of our relatives and old acquaintances, the remembrance of whom is at times still pleasant. We unite in love to them, and with a very large portion to thyself and children, we remain as ever,

Thy affectionate

G. AND S. DILLWYN.

MARY H. BISSET TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, March 5, 1799.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I have the misfortune to announce the death of my dearest aunt Lamar, which took place on the 11th of February. She was confined to her bed eleven days with an epidemic complaint called the influenza, which she had in a very violent degree, attended with a violent pain in her side, and inflammation of her chest. Her inward heat was so great that she could not take anything but ice cream and very cold water, and those in very small quantities. The cough racked her to death. She was patient and resigned, and often expressed great satisfaction that her end was approaching. As to myself, it is impossible to say how severely I feel her loss. She was everything to me; the kindest, best of friends, and I loved her as a mother.

Having been constantly about her since her infirm situation, endeared her more to me; and it is indeed a satisfaction to me to reflect that I, in some measure, softened the evening of her life, by being always with her. She used to say that I was her only comfort, and that but for me life would not be worth preserving.

She never left her room after she heard of my uncle Henry's death, which affected her very much, and I do not think she ever was so well after. She is gone, I trust, to meet a reward for all her goodness and troubles in this world. She made a will about a month before, and has left her own estate, that Mr. Bond has the management of, to my brother and your son, to be equally divided; her English property to myself; and she has left me residuary legatee of all her share of her brother's estate, after certain legacies are discharged. An exemplified copy of the will is preparing, and will be sent as soon as possible. I do not know if it will be ready by this opportunity. I have not seen my uncle and aunt Dillwyn since this melancholy event; they are at Amersham. I beg to be remembered to all the family, and shall hope to hear from you.

I am my dear aunt's affectionate niece,

MARY H. BISSET.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

5th mo. 23, 1799.

* * * The inclosed letter from London has greatly affected me, and I have thought of little else. Our *number* is lessening fast; I am now the eldest survivor of our large family. It seems strange that no letters from G. S. D. have come to hand. I hope dear sister D. was with our beloved sister Lamar.

My precious sister, I do entreat thee not to let it be long before thee comes here. I feel myself very much stripped, for though I was not personally acquainted with our dear sister Lamar, I have always entertained the kindest regard for her, and feel anxious to know the particulars of her closing scene. My very dear love to my beloved C. M. M., &c., from their tenderly affectionate sister,

MARGARET MORRIS.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 5th mo. 22, 1799.

* * * My dear sister Patty's and thine, by M. Pryor, met me here. The expressions of our dear sister, Hannah Moore, near her last moments, which thou hast kindly penned for us, are comforting. What a favour that such a lively prospect of futurity was vouchsafed before the awful closing scene! Dear creature, she is most tenderly and affectionately remembered by us, as well as by many on your side of the water. You will, no doubt, long before this reaches you, have heard of the removal of our dear sister Lamar. Her close was sweetly serene and peaceful; quite sensible to the last. Perhaps M. H. Bisset may have sent thee the particulars, with the copy of the will, wherein thy R. H. M. is distinguished.

Our American friends here generally are well, and all at the yearly meeting. You are likely to have John Hall, of Cumberland, and William Crotch, of Suffolk, to visit you before long. We still wait in the patience for our turn, but, much as I long to fold you to my arms, I dare not think of leaving my

poor pilgrim, or say anything to urge his going, till he receives his Master's command.

Thy ever affectionate sister,

S. G. DILLWYN.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

AMERSHAM, 7th mo. 12, 1799.

My G. D. is so much more ready with the pen than myself, that I often hope, when my precious sisters get a sight of his letters, that you will think of us as one, and continue us in your best desires for preservation. Thy last dear letter mentions thy own and our beloved Patty's health, also that of brother Wells, being on the decline, which, with our many recent losses, cannot but affect our tender feelings; but, if they are sanctified to us, they may be esteemed blessings in disguise, for, according to the course of nature, we must soon follow them to the house appointed for all living.

Our dear sister Lamar often mentioned a future state, as having a hope that a place of rest awaited her. She desired that a Church of England minister, named Montgomery, might officiate at her funeral. There was a misunderstanding between Henrietta's husband and sister L., and also with R. Bisset, but we learn with satisfaction that she permitted them to visit her, and appeared reconciled.

We learn from one of the family that William Wells (son of Rachel) stands high in Congress, and is there what the English call a lord here—"A determined enemy to all disorganizers, &c." G. D.'s appointment by the yearly meeting to a service which is likely to engage him several months, does not allow us to hope for a return to America this year. We must endeavour to exercise patience, but wherever we are, if it be but in the direction of best Wisdom, we may humbly hope for preservation, and that all will be well with us at last. In continued love to all,

Thy tenderly, &c.,

G. AND S. DILLWYN.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 8th mo. 12, 1799.

Perhaps I may have mentioned to thee in more than one letter, that a schoolfellow of R. L. Bisset's had lately died and left him, by will, an estate of £40,000 sterling, and M. H. B. wrote me this morning that he has arrived in England to take possession of it. Her father has quitted his lodgings to be entirely with her, and her brother is also expected to quarter at her house near Uxbridge, which is about eleven miles from Amersham. We are told that a nice furnished house, with several acres of land, have fallen to R. L. B. in the estate. As we shall be neighbours, if we stay long enough, we may sometimes visit. Poor sister L. was very partial to Marien Lamar,* whom she much wished might be taken into the Madeira house of trade, and he went to Madeira in his uncle T. L.'s life time, for that purpose, but by harsh treatment of the rulers there, he was obliged to turn out, and seek his bread among strangers. Now, by the intervention of M. H. Bisset, and a good word from us, R. L. B. has left him in charge of the Madeira house, with £200 per year salary, and if he conducts himself well, is to be taken into partnership. Robert Bisset's objection was, that he had not capital enough, but if Phineas Bond should succeed in getting him the consulship, that objection will be removed. I formerly had an opportunity of seeing him often, and thought him a steady, well disposed young man; his person was as agreeable as his uncle Marien's, and not inclined to fashionable vices.

Thy own affectionate,

G. AND S. DILLWYN.

In 1801 Richard L. Bisset paid a flying visit to America. He formed a strong attachment to his aunt Margaret Morris, making her his confidante in a heartless love affair; quite as heartless it appears to have been as his former one confided, in previously inserted letters to Henry Hill. The following correspondence passed between them, and, being brief, is here copied.

* This young gentleman was some time, also, in Philadelphia.

RICHARD L. BISSET TO MARGARET MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2, 1801.

MY DEAREST AUNT:—

I should consider myself as extremely deficient towards you, were I not to take the earliest opportunity of expressing how sensible I am of the maternal attention you have shown me during the whole time I have been under your hospitable roof, as well also of the civilities I have received from your good friends in and about Burlington. Please to make my best respects to them.

I have already communicated to you my intention of passing a few years in Madeira, and the motives I have for so doing. It is my wish, however, not to go there alone, but as uncle Moore advises, to take a good wife with me, as the best house-keeper I can have. You promised, my dear Aunt, to be my advocate when I should fix upon any one whom I conceived likely to make such a one. Know then, from what I have *seen* of my little cousin Hannah Cox, and what you have told me of her disposition, and particularly from the manner in which she has been brought up by her excellent father and mother, I conceive her to be calculated to form the happiness of the man to whom she shall attach herself; in a word, exactly the wife I could wish.

How far a difference of persuasion in point of religious opinions, from your society, and ten years more over my head than I could wish, might prove a barrier to her father's listening to a proposal of this nature on my behalf, you probably can better judge than I can. If, however, you perceive no great impropriety in it, I could wish you to *hint* in a distant manner to John Cox, what you can say, "*you imagine from my conversation with you to be my wishes in regard to his daughter.*" You will soon perceive how he inclines, and act accordingly.

If he opposes it, you drop the matter without committing me further. If, on the contrary, he seems to listen to it, you can candidly announce my wish to address his daughter; explain to him my situation in point of fortune, which I can fairly call one thousand pounds sterling per annum; of this I would

willingly settle £300 sterling a year upon Hannah, independent of her own fortune.

After a few years' residence in Madeira, my settling in America or England would depend upon the respective situation of the countries in point of politics. In one or the other I shall certainly purchase a farm, and retire upon it, as a situation more congenial to my own wishes, as well, I am fully persuaded as most likely to contribute to my happiness. * * *

I remain, my dearest aunt

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, June 16, 1801.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I have been employed for some days past in drawing you the picture of my villa in Madeira; it is finished, and I shall send it to cousin Richard's, that he may carry it with him when he goes for his wife. I have been expecting you would favour me with a line upon the subject I wrote you; pray stand upon no ceremony, if you have met with anything like a negative. I am desirous of hearing from you in order that I may arrange my departure, or else take measures to the contrary. Pray write me by return of post. I remain, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, June 19, 1801.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I have received your very kind letter, the subject in question of course falls to the ground. I shall now think of looking towards England. Before I go, I will either see or write to you. Believe me, my dearest aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22, 1801.

MY DEAREST AUNT:—

On Thursday next I shall take my departure for New York, and shall from thence embark for England. Be pleased to make my best remembrance to our friends in and about Burlington, and assure them I leave America impressed with a grateful sense of their civilities towards me. I shall be happy to be the bearer of any letters. I shall, my dear aunt, reflect with the greatest pleasure that my voyage to this country has obtained me the acquaintance of so kind a relative as yourself, and not soon forget your affectionate kindness towards,

My dear aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

Pray do not forget remembering me kindly to your neighbour Wallace.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1801.

MY DEAREST AUNT:—

I have this instant received your most affectionate letter, which calls for my earliest and grateful thanks. How noble and how good has been the conduct of your friend. How few of us like him can acknowledge the failings of those so nearly connected with us!

I fear you have been rendered unhappy from the idea of my having been made so by the result of our late correspondence; let me, at least, before I quit this country, relieve you from this thought; it is not so; my heart, though sufficiently susceptible, is not surrendered at first view, nor is it alone in the power of beauty to influence it. This has been an affair of reason. I have mentioned to you my motives for wishing to enter into the married state. I saw H. C.; I fairly confess I was forcibly struck with her appearance. You may remember I was anxious to have your opinion of her. You conceived her as amiable in

her disposition as in her person. I knew I had felt the solidity of your judgment from the first day of our acquaintance. I was persuaded you could not err in regard to a person you so frequently saw, and must have an opportunity of so well knowing; the near connection of our families next struck me—her fortune had little influence with me, though it certainly threw no disadvantage into the opposite scale. I saw; I admired her good father; brought up in retirement under the guidance of so good a man, she must have formed her mind upon his model.

The day I dined there, the obedience she paid her parents, her very silence strengthened my good opinion of her; so good a daughter, said I, must make a good wife. I felt a wish to promote a farther acquaintance with her. I saw this, however, from her father's living so far from Burlington, would be difficult without being aided by him. I saw, moreover, if ever this difficulty were conquered, some serious objections might be started by the father to the completion of my views; his religious persuasion, certainly an inequality of age, the necessity of my removing from this country, &c.

Under these circumstances, I conceived my first and best step to take, would be to sound the father. "If he objects not, I shall have the facility of seeing H. C. I will pass a month or two with my good aunt, I will judge of the disposition of H. C., I will endeavour to gain her good opinion." This was my reasoning on the subject. The foundation has sunk, the superstructure has naturally fallen in, though without wounding me by its ruins. My heart is exactly where it was before I visited Burlington, but I feel a gratitude towards your good and virtuous friend, for his conduct on this occasion, which, if delicacy permitted it, I would express myself sensible of to him.

I shall not sail, I believe, till Monday or Tuesday. I could fain wish for a line from you, if only to tell me you pardon all the trouble I have given you in this affair. How unlucky I did not see you; how kind in you to cross over to Bristol the day I passed through; I, on my part, cast an affectionate look at Burlington, and regretted my being so near you, without having it in my power to see you.

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

This young and beautiful lady H. C. afterwards made a run-away match with Dr. Davis.

MARGARET MORRIS TO R. L. BISSET.

The contents of thy favour per post, has relieved my mind from much uneasiness, having entertained some fears of thy putting us in disgust, but shall *now* indulge the hope that thy *right partner* has not been lost on the road, and that you will one day meet and join hearts and hands before the end of the journey. I shall take as a favour thy sparing time on thy arrival in good old England, to inform me of thy own welfare and that of our other dear relatives, for whom I feel sincere esteem though personally unknown.

Adieu, my dear nephew, and believe me to be thy truly affectionate and obliged aunt,

MARGARET MORRIS.

R. L. BISSET TO MARGARET MORRIS.

51 UPPER BERKLEY SQUARE, LONDON, SEPT. 28, 1801.

MY DEAREST AUNT:—

In compliance with my promise, I take up my pen to inform you of my safe arrival in England, after rather a tedious, tho' in other respects a pleasant passage. I landed at Falmouth, and on reaching London, found all the family had been for some time down at Ramsgate, for the benefit of the sea-air; they are all in good health. * *

Pray remember me affectionately to all your family, and believe me, my dearest aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, 6th mo. 2, 1801.

Thy last is dated 2d mo. 25th, mentioning the removal of dear brother Richard Wells. Thy R. H. M. had informed us of the event; and till the receipt of thine, we were entirely ignorant of any particulars relative to his close. The place of

rest, which infinite mercy has provided for the weary, we trust, will make ample amends for the perplexities which so much overspread his path through this vale of tears! Now, indeed, as thou observes, the old stock we left is reduced to a small number; but if our lives are spared, we shall esteem it a favour to fold that remainder in our arms, and share in each other's joys and sorrows once more; and tho' our coming might only (as my G. D. says) be like going to our own burial, yet there is a right place to die in as well as to live in.

We have sometimes had the company of our dear country friends in small parties, as well as in a more public way. To me they all appeared clothed with more than usual gospel dignity, and have borne a proper share of the yearly meeting's labour and exercise. The gatherings were well attended, and very large, and on the women's side ended last evening, with a holy covering in much quietness. What a favour.

Hannah Barnard slipped in at the bottom of the meeting one day, when Richard Jordan and S. S., accompanied by our G. D., paid us a visit; and truly *she* got her own—a something that might have penetrated a rocky heart. * * * *

There has been here a noble company; dear M. S., E. C., D. Sands, D. Darby, R. Jordan, and a number of others.

Our dear Henrietta's husband, E. Walsby, called this afternoon, and brought a copy of the division of our poor dear sister H. Moore's estate among us—he appeared extremely eager to have a conference with G. D. on the subject, desiring it might be sealed up for him when he called to-morrow, which is First day. He asked if I had seen the statement, and on my answering no—expressing rather an indifference, believing it was not a great deal—he caught at it, and said—“Why, aye—we think it a great deal less than we expected.” They say he lives like a petty prince in a palace. He was quite teasing to make an appointment for us to dine there, but I told him G. D. could make none till our meeting was ended. He saluted me in a very frank open manner when we met.

Hannah Barnard's affair is under trial with the committee of appeals, who have not yet reported to the yearly meeting, so that, unless the present vessel is detained, it will not convey the result of that affecting case to America. E. Coggeshall's husband has been arrived some days; he was told abruptly, that

his wife had gone home before he reached London; which surprised him very much.

I hope our dear niece may be enabled to bear up, and not be too much discouraged on account of the present dispensation of Providence; remembering that many minds, religiously exercised, have been brought through such trials, and been the better for them.

P. S. H. Barnard's affair was last night concluded in a weighty and solid manner, by confirming the advice of the Quarterly meeting given her to cease from travelling and to return home.

I remain thy affectionate

G. AND S. D.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

BURLINGTON, 8th mo. 12, 1801.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

* * As soon as my daughter G. M. S. is safe, John Smith will take me to thee, my own precious sister, and though I am such a poor, worn out body, that I can do little for thee, or my sick brother C. M. M., we may, when together, assist each other to centre the anxious mind within the sacred inclosure of resignation to the Divine will; for, after all, it is that alone, which will be like an anchor to the tossed vessel, and keep it steady in every storm and trial. *This* my beloved sister knows from her own experience, and needs not that I should remind her of it.

With dearest love, I am, my precious brother and sister,

Your most affectionate sister,

MARGARET MORRIS.

Dr. Charles Moore died just one week after the above was penned. The following obituary of this valued member of the family is worthy of preservation.

“On the 19th inst. departed this life, at his dwelling in Montgomery County, Dr. Charles Moore, in the 77th year of his age. Of him it may be truly said, that blessed with a mind enriched with every qualification to adorn the Christian and the Gentleman, he was equally distinguished for his piety to

God, and the most unaffected urbanity to man. His remains were interred at North Wales on the 20th inst.”*

The following lines, claiming “the Flitch of Bacon,” were penned by Dr. Charles Moore. They typify the beautiful union and harmony in which this good, but unostentatious couple passed their happy married life. Dr. Moore wrote much, and was poetically inclined:—

A CLAIM FOR THE “FLITCH OF BACON.”

A year and a day
Having now passed away,
Since my Patsy accepted my hand,
I can truly declare
That a happier pair
Is not to be found in the land.

And were I again
An unmarried man,
No other so soon as my wife,
Would I choose to espouse,
And take to my house
As a bosom companion for life.

Not a pshaw nor a pish
Nor an ill-natured wish
Hath escaped since the bargain was closed,
Whence I hope I may claim
For myself and my dame
The flitch by Sir Philip proposed.

With affections thus warm
We therefore in form
The Wichnover bounty demand;
For a servant and friend
May be got to attend,
As vouchers you cannot withstand.

CHARLES MOORE.

MARTHA M. MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2, 1768.

Immediately after Dr. Charles Moore's death, his wife removed to Burlington, to be near her beloved sister Morris; the latter

* Beside his twin brother Thomas. A simple stone with their initials marks the spot.

repaired to Montgomery to assist in the removal, having previously sent the following epistle:—

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. MOORE.

GREEN HILL, 8th mo. 26, 1801.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

* * I will come again to thee, my own precious sister, as soon as ever I can, and help thee prepare for moving, &c. As thee will be obliged to dispose of many things, I thought I might take the liberty to say it would be a pity to part with thy little still,* which would be an amusement to thee, and there is plenty of room to fix it, either in the cellar or yard; excuse this liberty and use thy own judgment.

When good old Robert Proud heard of thy loss, he said he was very thoughtful about thee, and that it would be clever if Patsy and her sister could be fixed near each other, and went to J. Thomson and told him he wished he would not let that house, but keep it in reserve until it was known whether Patty would go to Burlington. I long to hear from thee, my dear sister, and hope the late fatigue, and trying scenes thee has passed through may not occasion sickness, as thy great exertions on the mournful occasion seemed to me too much for thy weak body to bear; but I trust the never failing Helper will be thy support. I am thy tender, affectionate, and sympathizing sister,

MARGARET MORRIS.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

AMERSHAM, 12th mo. 10, 1801.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER:—

From dear sister Morris's last letter, we please ourselves with a hope that by this time thou hast quitted Montgomery and become her neighbour. The company and sympathy of our near relations, under such a trial as thine, being exceed-

* This little copper still was my wonder and admiration when a boy. From it emanated rose and lavender waters, distributed throughout the family and neighbourhood. Aunt Moore was famous for her garden, in which everything planted by her hand seemed to succeed.

J. J. S.

ingly desirable, has been no small reason with us to think anxiously of getting to you (if it is ever to be) before either my G. D. or myself is tried in the like manner. It was a comfort to us to learn that thou wert enabled to bear the loss of our beloved brother with that resignation to the Divine will which lays the mind open to those consolations and assurances that can alone truly reconcile us to such sorrowful but unavoidable events.

We have long and often meditated a return to you, that if consistent with best wisdom, we might at least have the satisfaction of seeing one another's faces once more in mutability, and it has grieved my G. D. and me that the earnestness with which we have answered the often repeated wishes of our friends on that subject, has fostered a hope which has hitherto been disappointed, and may have left room for them to suppose that we are more indifferent about it than we really were; but perhaps like an outward object, we have held it too near to be properly distinguished in all its parts.

We begin now to think seriously of returning home, but desire, as it is no small task to break up an encampment of so long continuance as this has been, to be strengthened by your sympathy and prayers that we may stay the right time, and find nothing in the retrospect, to lessen the peace we came abroad in quest of.

One of the greatest trials we anticipate, is that of parting with our beloved brother and sister W. S. D., both of them being in a faltering state of health, and several of their children being arrived at a time of life that renders the care and counsel of their parents important; but as all states and stages of this life have their peculiar difficulties, it is consolatory to the wayfarer, to remember that there are not two right ways for him at one time, and if the right is but happily discovered and faithfully pursued, it will no doubt prove for the best.

Sister Morris mentions a house she intended for thee at Burlington, but we cannot make out exactly where and what it is. Perhaps we may be indulged from thy hand with a description both of that and M. M.'s, and if one of that proposed for us accompanies it, it will give us some idea how near neighbours we may be to each other.

We remain thy affectionate brother and sister,

G. AND S. DILLWYN.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS.

AMERSHAM, 12th mo. 10, 1801.

Having finished a few lines to dear sister Patty, who we expect is removed by this time to Burlington, my G. D. says let us now begin a letter to dear sister Morris. Thine we received 11th mo. 20, which was upwards of a month after we heard from R. L. Bisset of dear brother C. M.'s death, but as it gave an account of his peaceful close, the gracious support afforded to our dear sister under the trial, and thy dear G. M. S.'s escape (with her Morris) from hers, was particularly interesting to us.

The call with which thy letter concludes, "Come away, my own G. S. D., and let us have one parting embrace," was truly animating, and has several times revived, with a hope that the time is not far off when, through the kindness of Him to whom we desire to commit our steps, we shall be permitted to realize the pleasing prospect. But alas! how often have these affectionate *calls* been repeated, and how long must we have seemed to you like persons dull of hearing! G. D. says they remind him of a wide ferry at which he was detained on returning from Wales; the day was pretty far spent, and after landing, there would be some distance to ride; but the boat being on the opposite shore, where the tide had left it aground, no impatience of theirs could float it, before the time; at length, however, the tide rose; but then the wind was unfavourable, and though they hoisted signal after signal, the boatman still delayed setting off. Thus were G. D. and companions kept for hours; but finding it in vain to be urgent, they gave the point up, supposing they must stay at the ferry all night; and then the wind changed, the boat soon arrived, over they went, and reached their stage before dark. Now if thou canst make anything favourable to our mutual wishes of this occurrence, do so, and let us all wait patiently for wind and tide, for when these are fair, and undoubted direction is vouchsafed, thou may rest assured that it must be something more than a dislike to the great ferry between us, though that is rather formidable to poor G. D., that will detain us from you.

And farther to convince thee that we are really in earnest to carry this long desired removal into effect as soon as we safely

may, and in a degree of hope that we shall be permitted so to do in the course of a few months, we give thee liberty to call a confidential council of John and Ann Cox, and our M. M. Moore, and if you are all quite easy with the proposal, thou mayest take a convenient house for us in Burlington, and furnish it with such necessaries as we could not well do without at our expense and risk.

With the nearest affection,
Thy affectionate sister,
SARAH DILLWYN.

SARAH DILLWYN TO MARGARET MORRIS AND M. M. M.

AMERSHAM, 1st mo. 31, 1802.

MY DEAR SISTERS:—

* * The exact period of our dismissal is yet uncertain; the day is far spent with us, but if we are permitted to pass a little of the evening with you, what a favour and comfort it will be to each of us. I much wish to know how dear sister M. M. M. likes her change of situation, and whether it agrees with her health.

Mary Bisset writes me that when they last heard from their brother, he was very well; she adds, "He seemed to be vastly interested about my Aunt Morris, and I believe felt a sincere affection for her; it would give me pleasure to see the few relations we have now left, but I fear I never shall, as I do not think it probable I shall ever visit America, and it is as improbable they will ever come to this country." Her father enjoys a fine state of health; when last with him, he said he was perfectly embalmed in Madeira wine; yet don't get much disguised, nor look like an intemperate man.

With united dear love to you all, we remain,
Your ever affectionate,
G. AND S. DILLWYN.

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE TO GEORGE DILLWYN.

BURLINGTON, 2d mo. 24, 1802.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

Thy sympathy with me, my dear brother, on the late sorrowful occasion, and the regard so kindly expressed for my

tenderly beloved and invaluable companion, was a comfort to me;—the loss of him has indeed been a heavy stroke, on which I know that I ought not to look back with a repining thought, but, on the contrary, with humble thankfulness and gratitude to the giver of every good, that I have been supported under it.

I believe it was my dear C. M.'s principal care for many years past, to be fitted and prepared for the awful change, and I humbly trust that he is now rejoicing in a happier state of being, not liable to sickness and sorrow.

He was favoured in a most remarkable manner with patience and resignation to the Divine Will, and several times told me during his illness, that he trusted, through mercy, he should be received from the present scene of exercise and trouble to an endless kingdom of peace and rest.

It seemed to be his study to make all comfortable with whom he had any concern in this life, and to promote, as far as in him lay, their happiness in that which is to come. With what peace must such a person meet death, who is assured its sting is broken by him that offers pardon to all his faithful followers. Oh! that we, who are left to mourn his loss, and must probably soon follow in the same solemn path, to the same tribunal, may learn like him to submit to the will of our heavenly Father—then come life or death, we shall be enabled to say “Thy will be done.”

It is now about three months since I removed with my family to Burlington; we are fixed in a small, convenient house, about a square from my sister Morris's, for whose sake alone I came to this place, believing that her company would add to the enjoyment of such further time as Providence should please to allot me, on this side the grave. I am more than ever sensible of the comfort of living near those who are joined to us by the strong ties of nature and affection—whose friendship and assistance in such melancholy seasons, as truly divides grief as it doubles joy in the happier moments of life. My dear Cousin Ann Cox, is like an own sister to me; I shall not soon forget hers, and my dear Susan Emlen's kindness since I came here.

Please remember me to Cousin Wm. Dillwyn's family, and the rest of our relations. I hope this will be safely conveyed,

and received by my beloved brother and sister, as an assurance of the continued affection of their afflicted sister.

MILCAH M. MOORE.

RICHARD L. BISSET TO MARGARET MORRIS.

MADEIRA, June 2, 1802.

MY DEAREST AUNT:—

I received your affectionate letter of February only a few days ago—it should otherwise have met with an earlier answer. By this vessel I have the pleasure of sending you a quarter cask of wine, and a quarter cask of malmsey, for Aunt Moore, as you have desired, and both will I hope turn out to your and her satisfaction. I hope you will however not consider it absolutely as a medicine, and take it oftener than you do physick. Citron, there is none at present.

Once again, my dear Aunt, here I am, managing the business of the house. Marien Lamar has been imprudent in a partnership and sailed for America, greatly involved.

I see no alternative but my fixing myself here quietly in the island, for a few years. Not in fact that a residence in Madeira is at all disagreeable to me in any other point of view, than as it separates me from those I love and esteem.

I lament much that my stay in America was not longer; I might then have perhaps persuaded some pretty Quaker to have accompanied me to Madeira, whose society might have a little enlivened this vast mansion; as it is, I find myself in it, just like a mouse in the corner of a large barn, where, tho' there are very good accommodations for himself, there is also plenty of room for a great many more. I shall ultimately, I suppose, take a trip either to England or America, in search of such a companion, unless, indeed, I could prevail on some pretty, enthusiastic preacher to come over here and endeavour to make a convert of me. Your sect is not desirous, however, as I have read, to make proselytes, and I really don't recollect to have seen any of your preachers that were pretty, tho' many very pretty without being preachers. Your good nature, my dear aunt, will pardon my joking a little.

Your neighbour W.'s son has been lately in Madeira, and I had an opportunity of seeing a good deal of him. I found him

a sensible and amiable young man. Pray make my best respects to his family in Burlington. By the by, I sometimes wish I had cultivated their acquaintance more; his second daughter * seemed an amiable young woman, and would not, I think, have made me a bad wife. I had, however, to use a Billingsgate expression, "other fish to fry," as *you* probably recollect, which wholly prevented my turning my thoughts that way. Pray return my best thanks to your friends for their remembrance of me—neither your little parlour nor your great kindness to me are yet, nor will they ever be forgot by

My dear aunt's affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

George and Sarah Dillwyn returned to America in 1802, and cast anchor *near* in every respect their attached relatives John and Ann Cox, Margaret Morris, Milcah Martha Moore, Samuel and Susan Emlen, my father and mother John and Gulielma M. Smith, and Deborah Smith. A most united band of brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, continued for some time in the enjoyment of as much happiness as often falls to the lot of mortals, till the scene was changed by the loss of my father, John Smith, with consumption, very soon after he removed to his new dwelling on Green Hill. Though the pleasant letters of G. and S. Dillwyn now ceased, there was a regular correspondence kept up with England and English friends and relations, which I well remember. William Dillwyn was intimately connected with Clarkson and Wilberforce, and all the philanthropic movements of the day were known and discussed in this amiable and virtuous circle. New and good books found their way to our quiet neighbourhood, and a personal intercourse with the world was kept up by visits to Philadelphia, and from visitors from abroad.

Samuel and Susan Emlen paid a visit to England soon after,

* Tho' always looking for a wife, R. L. B. in his latter days married his housekeeper.

to see her aged father William Dillwyn, and another long series of letters from England resulted, which kept us *au courant* of the most prominent events abroad, and of our English connections, the Dillwyns, with whom I renewed a most agreeable friendship in 1845, and brightened its chain in 1850.

The remainder of the story must be written hereafter; a few letters will conclude what I have now undertaken.

HENRIETTA WALSBY TO SARAH DILLWYN.

BATH, Oct 26, 1802.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I had the pleasure of receiving your kind letter, which you were so good as to forward me by the Pilot. I hope soon to hear from you that my good uncle was not so great a sufferer from sea-sickness as formerly.

I trust you are long ere this arrived in America, and are happily settled amongst all our amiable and affectionate relations there. My brother, who has had the pleasure of knowing them personally, speaks in the highest terms of them. I hope you will be so kind as to offer my best remembrances to them all.

My poor father, you will all lament to hear, has had a most severe and tedious illness, and I am sorry to say, is now very far indeed from being recovered. The physician who attends him gives us great hopes that he will recover, but it will be a work of time, and require great attention to restore his health and strength.

My dear Walsby came with me to Bath, and stayed here a fortnight, having indispensable business to settle, previous to the approaching audit. He was then obliged to return to Canterbury. He was, however, so kind as to spare me to assist my sister in nursing my dear father. She, poor thing, has had a long confinement, and I am very happy in being some relief to her, as well as having it in my power to pay some attention to the most excellent of fathers, which he has ever been to us all.

My brother is much better since his return from Madeira.

I hope, when you have leisure, my dear aunt, that I shall sometimes have the pleasure of hearing from you. Please to

give my uncle a kiss for me, and accept both, of the love of,
my dear aunt,

Your affectionate niece,

HENRIETTA WALSBY.

RICHARD L. BISSET TO MARGARET MORRIS.

LONDON, Dec. 20, 1802.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I have many thanks to return you, for a very kind letter which I have lately received from you, and am happy to hear of the safe arrival of my uncle and aunt Dillwyn in their native land.

I quitted Madeira in August, and went to Lisbon; from the day I put my foot on board of ship, I sensibly improved in health, and by the time I reached Falmouth, I was nearly recovered. At that place I found letters from my sisters, mentioning the very bad state of my poor father's health, and his then being at Bath for the benefit of the waters. I joined them there, and upon seeing my father concluded he could not long survive. You may naturally suppose, my dear aunt, what a satisfaction it was to my father to have all his children about him at such a period. Nothing could exceed the tender attention of my two sisters towards their poor patient—it seemed indeed to smooth the passage to the grave, for my father's last moments were unattended by the least symptoms of pain or uneasiness. On the third of November he expired; his age was about 76—so that he had fulfilled, nay, rather passed, the term commonly allotted here. I had his body placed near my late aunt and cousin Scott.

My love to all your family circle, and best respects to our friends in the neighbourhood of Burlington.

I remain my dear aunt's

Affectionate nephew,

R. L. BISSET.

Mary H. Bisset (afterwards Davis) writes on the 5th of July, 1803, regarding the loss of her father, and adds:—

“My brother often says, he thinks his voyage to America would have been well worth undertaking, had it only been to have known aunt Morris.”

Her sister, in a letter of about the same date, fully confirms this. Mary removed to Canterbury after her bereavement, and resides, she says, within five minutes walk of her sister Walsby; her house has the country on one side, and the town on the other, a complete "Rus in urbe;" the mansion planned and built for her by her brother Walsby.

Harriet describes their own house as "very good quarters—a charming Prebendal mansion," adding: "We have very pleasant society, and keep old-fashioned hours, which is to us a great object." She sends an affectionate kiss to her "dear and only uncle" Dillwyn. She continues: "Before I close, I must mention one circumstance, which will, I think, afford my aunt Moore great satisfaction. The beautiful patch-work counterpane which she sent to my dear aunt Lamar so many years ago, is still in high preservation, and now adorns the best bed in my sister's house, where it has been universally admired, for not only the taste and elegance of the design, but likewise the beauty and neatness of the work. Indeed, without meaning to compliment, I really think it the most beautiful patch-work I ever saw."

HENRIETTA WALSBY TO SARAH DILLWYN.

COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, Sept. 19, 1810.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

You will receive this by Capt. Hunt, of the Hornet sloop, who has been stationed here for some time.

By the kind invitation of the Duke of Gloucester and his sister the Princess Sophia, we have been at this sweet place for some weeks, and propose remaining here, with them, until the beginning of October, when we shall return to Canterbury.

It appears quite an age, my dear aunt, since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. I assure you I have written frequently, but I fear my letters have miscarried, for the kindness and affection always shown me by yourself and my dear uncle, when in England, prevents my drawing any other conclusion from your silence.

I have lately heard from my brother and sister, who are both well. The latter has changed her name to Davis, and is settled at Walmer, near Deal, in Kent, which being only 16 miles from Canterbury, we frequently have the satisfaction of seeing each other. Mrs. Davis's husband is a military man, and is Aide-de-Camp to the Hon. Gen. Charles Hope.

Having now, my dear aunt, told you all the little matters relative to our own family on this side the Atlantic, permit me to inquire how all our near and dear connections do in your part of the world. Being personally acquainted only with you and my uncle Dillwyn, to you alone I write, but I hope they will all believe I feel most sincerely interested in their welfare, and I must beg the favour of you to remember me, as well as Dr. Walsby, to them all, in the kindest and most affectionate manner.

Let me now particularly enquire how you do, my dear aunt—your health was in a delicate state when you were in England; may I hope that returning to your native air was of use, and that you and my dear uncle enjoy that and every other blessing you both so well deserve.

In the most affectionate regard to all the rest of our relations, believe me,

My dear aunt,

Your most affectionate niece,

HENRIETTA WALSBY.

MARY H. DAVIS TO SARAH DILLWYN.

CANTERBURY, March 25, 1812.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I am now on a visit to my sister at Canterbury, and have taken up my pen to address a few lines to you. I have written twice to you since my marriage, but as I trusted them to the post, they have probably not reached you. It gave me great pleasure to see by your letter some time since, to Mrs. Walsby, that we still retain a share of your remembrance. I have not had any letters from you since you left England more than twice, and I really begin to think we were quite forgotten by all our relations in America.

I have been very happily married three years, and we reside

constantly at Walmer, a pretty village near Deal, in Kent. My husband is in the 7th Dragoon Guards, and was for seven years on the staff of General Charles Hope, as his Aide-de-Camp, but a short time before he was made Lieut.-General, he procured the situation of Brigade-Major for him at this place. I have been fortunate in meeting with a most domestic man, and though in the Army, one of excellent principles, for which he is indebted to his sister, who brought him up, she being some years older than himself. I have also been particularly lucky that he has not been sent to Portugal; the regiment was under orders for service last summer, but it was countermanded, and it is now thought they will not go at all.

We live very retired, as there is not much society here, and as we are neither of us fond of dissipation, are content and happy at home. I rejoice to hear my uncle and you keep your health so well. My dear Aunt Morris always suffered much with rheumatism; she is an extraordinary woman, and has had much trouble. It would give me great pleasure to see you and my uncle in England again, but I fear there is no probability of that. I beg to be most affectionately remembered to all our dear aunts, and uncle D., and hope you will allow my dear Davis a little share in your regard. I know you are not fond of writing, but it would make me very happy to have a few lines from you when at leisure.

With every good wish, in which my good man unites,

I am, my dear aunt's affectionate niece,

M. H. DAVIS.

MARY H. DAVIS TO SARAH DILLWYN.

CANTERBURY, June 25, 1815.

MY DEAREST AUNT:—

My letter from Liverpool, dated on the 8th of June, I fear alarmed you. I then informed you that we had just received a summons to this place, on an alarming change in the health of poor Dr. Walsby, and although we immediately set off and travelled night and day, he was dead four days previous to our arrival. It is impossible to describe the great affliction of my dear sister; she did not shed a tear, and seemed almost stupe-

died. Notwithstanding there never was a better wife, and that she has every reason to reflect with satisfaction on her past conduct, she is continually upbraiding herself with want of attention to him. She is reduced to a skeleton, and I really am alarmed for her own health; she says her peace of mind is gone forever; how I wish our good uncle could be here to advise her.

The poor doctor had suffered from gout very much at times, but when we parted with them in August last, I thought him looking very well, and had not the least idea of his being so near his end; they went to town as usual in March, for six weeks, and returned here on the 10th of May, and in a little more than a month, I heard of his death. There never was a happier couple, nor I believe any one more beloved than both.

We found my brother here, and he promises to remain until she is fixed somewhere, and her mind more composed. Unfortunately, as events have turned out, Davis and myself are settled at Liverpool, at least 261 miles from this place; he is so good, however, as to allow me to remain some time with her. He has been near three weeks with us, but must return to his duty to-morrow. He was removed last July from his situation on the staff at Walmer, where we were five years. We then went to Ireland to join his regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards, but being offered, by Gen. Barlow, the situation of his Aide-de-Camp, we arrived at Liverpool in November last. How very fortunate I have hitherto been that my dear Davis has not been sent abroad; he has been three times under orders, and countermanded; before the peace, I mean, I do believe, had his regiment not been in Ireland, at the renewal of the war, it would have been one of the first sent out. I never can be sufficiently thankful.

What a dreadful battle there was this day week. What a shocking carnage there has been in consequence of the escape of that cruel wretch Bonaparte; it is the general opinion that it is all over, or very soon will be, with him; what a sad thing that his boundless ambition should have caused the loss of so many lives. I hope to hear from you, my dear Aunt. Many ships come from your part of the world to Liverpool, and should we be removed from this, it would be sent after us. Please to

say everything affectionate to all our relations; and Davis wishes, with me, that you may long enjoy health and happiness.

I am, my dear aunt,

Your most affectionate niece,

M. H. DAVIS.

MARY H. DAVIS TO SARAH DILLWYN.

LIVERPOOL, January 20, 1816.

MY DEAR AUNT:—

I had the pleasure of receiving your affectionate letter of the 15th of December last a few days ago, and rejoice to hear all our dear aunts and relations were in health.

Before this reaches you, I make no doubt our cousin, R. H. Morris, will have received my brother's letter of about the same date, informing him of the sad loss we have sustained by the death of my dear sister on the 3d of December. My last letter to you was from Canterbury, informing you we had been sent for on Dr. Walsby's death. Davis was so good as to leave me with her better than two months, and during that time I saw no amendment either in her health or spirits. She told me she had some time before that (near a year) felt an oppression in her breathing, and that she thought there was something wrong within; and so it proved, for she requested to be examined, and her lungs were found ulcerated and gone. She removed on the 30th of October to a house in the Oaks, in Canterbury, that Dr. Walsby built with an idea of her surviving him many years, and where I lived three years before I married. She was taken the next day with a violent pain in her left side, and must have died had she not been immediately and plentifully bled; that relieved her for a few days, and she got about again, but very soon her weakness was so great that she kept her room entirely, and my brother lifted her in and out of bed like a child at last. For near three weeks before her end, her cough was so troublesome and her breath so short, she could only set upright in her bed. She went off without a struggle, thirty-six hours before the doctors thought she would, and sensible to the last. From the time of Dr. Walsby's death, and long before, she never got more than about three hours of disturbed rest through the night, and that by a quantity of laudanum. She earnestly

prayed for death; and, though we are assured it is a happy release, it has hurt me exceedingly that I was not with her: she would not permit it, saying that where two duties clashed, I should attend to the greatest, and that she would be miserable if Davis and I were separated, and that the meeting, in her weak state would agitate us both, and perhaps hurry her end. I therefore, by my brother's advice, acted as she wished, as I was well assured she did not think it was from want of affection, and I know every comfort this world could procure she had. My brother's conduct has been truly affectionate; he remained with her from the death of the doctor, settled all her concerns, and has devoted his whole time to her. I certainly think but for his society she would have gone out of her mind. I have been thus particular, my dear aunt, because I know you dearly loved her, and will sympathize with me in her loss.

Until the last eighteen months, we have been seventeen years near each other, and meeting twice every year—they with us and we with them in turn. She was the kindest, best of sisters, and was universally beloved in Canterbury, where they had lived twenty-two years.

You will probably hear, before this reaches you, of the death of our excellent friend Phineas Bond, after a few weeks' illness. I never saw him, but I heard long since that he was breaking. We know the estates are sold in America (H. Hill's, &c.), but have had no remittances or account whatever. I wish our good uncle, who is a man of business, when he has time, would give us a little information, and if the Chew family are likely to dispute it.

My sister left her part in America to my brother, who is her residuary legatee. To us she left what she had in the funds, say £4,000, in trust to my brother, to pay the interest during my life; and her house in Canterbury, and everything in it, to him. My better half joins me most affectionately in kind love to all our relations, particularly to my uncle and yourself.

I am, my dear aunt,

Your most affectionate niece,

MARY H. DAVIS.

They tell me Mrs. W. Dillwyn is dead. She had been blind some years.

The last letter I find is from R. L. Bisset, relating to the business funds of the family, and only communicates the fact that the Achada estate, purchased by Dr. Richard Hill to secure an annuity to his sisters and daughters, was sold for £4,400 sterling, and that there was no more money to be expected from the Madeira house!

Mary Davis survived a few years; R. L. Bisset still longer; but they are now deceased, and all trace of Dr. Richard Hill's family in England is gone.

Our narrative of the Hill family will suitably close with the life of Margaret Morris, from whose pen the ensuing precious moreeaux are fortunately in our possession.

•

•

THE
PRIVATE DIARY

OF

MARGARET MORRIS,

DAUGHTER OF

DOCTOR RICHARD HILL.

SECTION III.

MARGARET MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

“Her children arise up, and call her blessed.”—PROVERBS, xxxi. 28.

THUS far the narrative has been consecutive, following mostly the order of dates, and I doubt not those relatives who have perused it, have become sufficiently interested in the character of MARGARET MORRIS to read with pleasure and improvement the ensuing additional fragments from her pen.

Her private diary, commenced at the early age of fourteen, and continued at intervals until 1768, would alone stamp her character for piety; her prayers, uttered in the fulness of a pure heart, her resignation and just views of human life and its duties, are of extraordinary beauty. Her whole character, displayed in her expressions under all her privations and afflictions of body, is worthy of study. Hers was a life-long struggle with a feeble constitution, but her mind was always sound on the great topic of her duty to God; her confidence and reliance on the goodness of an overruling Providence never wavered; and, while she rejoiced in the name of a humble Christian, her religion was far from ascetic; a vein of genuine humour made her company the delight of old and young. The intellectual and distinguished of her neighbours wherever she dwelt, sought her society, admired, loved, and respected her. She shared her moderate means with the needy,

comforted and administered to the sick and afflicted, being often their physician as well as nurse; cheered the weary on their way; nursed the poor as well as the rich; forgave the backslider, and encouraged the broken-hearted; in fine, Margaret Morris, in all the relations of life, was an example worthy of imitation. Very many profited by her counsel and example while she lived, and, now that we see her no more, her casual productions have been piously collected to pass to the succeeding generations of her descendants and relatives, as heir-looms and treasures of precept to which the seal of truth was set in her own example.

Some additional letters, which were not necessary to the continuity of the previous narrative of the family story, are hereafter inserted.

THE
PRIVATE DIARY OF MARGARET MORRIS,
DAUGHTER OF DR. RICHARD HILL.

OBSERVE, oh! man, how swift thy moments fly away, and how soon death may overtake thee, and send Faith as a spy into the Holy Land; try to taste some of the fruits of it, and it will quicken thy desires after it, and strip Death of its terrors.

Think awhile in what a mean circle of service thou movest to serve the demands of thy frail body, and let this wing thy soul in the pursuit of those more noble joys that attend those bright beings who, in the humblest manner, pay their homage in the presence of the great King of Heaven and Earth. The young as well as the old are daily summoned to the silent grave, whilst the soul, the higher and more noble part of the man, ascends into the presence of God, or to a den of horror and despair, as it has behaved whilst here in the body. How pleasing a prospect has the dying saint when he comes to take his final farewell of this world and look into the other, when he sees his sins pardoned, through the blood of Christ, and all his guilt washed away; his Saviour smiling upon him and ready to receive him into the arms of his mercy and love; the holy angels to attend him, and safely to convey his happy spirit to a blissful seat of rest! Whilst the sinner (full of horror and despair) is driven from all the pleasing scenes of life, and plunged into a gulf of misery, without the least hope of a reprieve.

Margaret Hill's writing, November 21, 1751. Written on my birth-day—fourteen years old.

Philadelphia, ———. My dear and honoured mamma, Deborah Hill, left this for a better life, December 19, 1751, aged about 46, and her dear body was attended by the merchants and other gentlemen of Madeira to the sea, where she had a grave: a watery one indeed. But at the last great day the sea shall give up her dead. Then may I hope to see my dear parent, arrayed in the robes of spotless innocence, appear before the great and just tribunal to receive a full reward for all the virtues she practised while on earth.

1752. My dear aunt, Mary Moore, my brother, Henry Hill, and my sister, Mileah Hill, arrived at Philadelphia, July 16, from Madeira, and August 20 my dear brother, Richard Hill, and my dear sister, Debby Hill, took a solemn leave of us, and took passage for Madeira. Oh, what does this solemn parting portend!

April 29, 1753. My dear H. Hill left Philadelphia for Madeira. May God, who has always been good to us, send him a safe passage.

September 8, 1754. Let me, Lord, give thanks to thee for this great favour bestowed upon us. How shall I find words to express my gratitude for this long-wished for favour! And am I permitted to know the dear person to whom I owe my being! Is it a dream! or have my eyes indeed beheld my parent! Oh, blessed certainty! I do not dream; I have seen my parent. For this greatest favour I ever asked, oh, Lord! let me praise and magnify thy name. Let me never forget it. Suffer me not to abuse thy blessings, but oh, be pleased to make me very humble. Let thy arm, oh, Lord, protect my parent by land as well as by sea.

May 1, 1755. Richard Wells left Philadelphia and took shipping for London. August 11th, Richard Wells arrived at Philadelphia from London.

May 19, 1755. What strange vicissitudes of fortune have I gone thro' ever since I knew what it was to love my relations. I have been parted from them. My life has been so intermixed

with grief and joy that I hardly know which weighed heaviest, till this last dreadful and most afflicting stroke. From the most vigorous life and strength, he lies a pale and breathless lump of clay. Oh afflicting thought! I was flattering myself with the hope of seeing him in a few months. But all my delightful prospects in this world, are suddenly damped by the arrival of news of his death! Oh my brother! my dear brother, I shall never see him till we meet to part no more! Hasten the time, oh Lord, and let us join in praises to thy name to all eternity.

March 11, 1755. Richard Hill, Jr., died at Madeira.

October 9. My papa, sister Moore, and Patsy, set off on their journey to Maryland this day.

November 3. Brother Moore went to accompany them home, my papa being gone for Virginia.

November 8. Four o'clock in the morning—a very great shock of an earthquake felt at Philadelphia. How terrible art thou, oh Lord; for in one moment of time Thou could destroy all this strong built city. But thou art still long suffering; slow in anger, and of great kindness. Oh that this awful and tremendous shaking of the earth may make a lasting impression on my mind.

December. At Lisbon, the 1st of November, was an earthquake, which entirely demolished that beautiful and flourishing city.

Harriet Hill married to John Scott, of Madeira, July 21, 1755, and left Madeira with him, and went to London the 3d day of August following.

Henry Hill left Philadelphia June 13th for Boston, from whence he took shipping for Madeira July 22d. My dear papa returned from Virginia December 25th.

June 23, 1756. At Philadelphia a very hard storm of rain,

wind and hail, which did great damage to several people and houses. But the Lord suffered none of our family to be damaged thereby. How many unmerited favours have we received at Thy gracious hand, oh Lord! and how shall we be able to humble ourselves sufficiently!

July 20. My dear aunts Mary and Rachel Moore went out of town to stay at M. Moore's.

My dear papa left Thomas Hamilton's, where he retired on account of the smallpox being in town, and went to Maryland and Virginia.

November 20, 1756. H. Moore, Rachel, Sally, Milcah Hill and myself set out in a chaise for Maryland, attended by C. Moore; and December the 1st we took a solemn leave of my dear papa, who went soon after by land to Virginia and took shipping for Madeira; but, mark the gracious dealings of our Lord, the ship sprung a leak at sea, and my dear papa went on board a vessel bound for Virginia, and escaped the danger to which the ship's crew were exposed by proceeding on their voyage. The ship, it is thought, was lost on the coast of Bermudas. Can we, oh Lord, sufficiently praise and adore thy protecting arm, which preserved my parent from such imminent danger.

The beginning of May, 1757, I was taken very ill with a nervous fever, and languished under it for a year. All medicines proved ineffectual to remove my complaint, and the Lord was pleased to put it into my dear sister Moore's heart to propose the use of breast milk, and was pleased to favour that simple remedy with the wished success; for, without the use of one medicine, it restored me to so good a state of health as to prevent my keeping my room constantly.

Oh Lord! who art often pleased to hear and answer the earnest petition of thy poor creatures, make me thankful unto thee for this great favour of being restored to health again, and suffer me to employ the precious time I am favoured with, that it may redound to thy honour and the everlasting good of my soul. Oh let it be a theme of praise for me. Keep me from

misspending my future time as I have done the past. Oh Lord forgive the follies of my youth, and now I am arrived at riper years, enable me to escape the dangers to which every stage of life is subject. Give me an humble sense of thy mercies, and let it animate my soul to go forward in the way that is pleasing in thy sight. Oh Lord! thou who knowest all things and sees the secrets of all hearts, thou knowest it has been my earnest prayer to be directed right in this great undertaking of marriage.—I am now going to enter into solemn engagements with one who I trust fears and loves thee, Oh Lord: Be pleased, oh my God! to favour us with thy presence on the solemn occasion, and be thou pleased to be the principal guest at the wedding. Let thy protecting arm which has been graciously with me from my very infancy, still be with me oh Lord! I entreat thee on my bended knees to keep me in thy fear; keep me I pray thee from being lifted up when thou shalt be pleased to favour me with an abundance of the good things of this life; but favour me with a heart to dispense thy blessings to thy servants who may have less, and keep me likewise from being depressed when thou may see fit to make trial of my faith to deprive me of these worldly blessings.

Oh Lord! I cannot enough praise thee for thy condescending goodness in answering my earnest prayer—it was what thy former goodness to me encouraged me to hope for, and thou wast graciously pleased to grant—Oh my soul! love the Lord, for he has been very good to thee.

Oh my God! what do I not owe thee for all thy mercies and favours; every day brings an addition of thy goodness, the very least of which I am utterly unworthy of; Oh Thou! whose mercy is unlimited, extend thy gracious hand to me, let it touch my heart and all my affections shall be changed—shall be taken from those lower enjoyments and fixed on the durable treasures of eternity.

Each day I see others carried to the silent grave, while I am spared; and for what am I spared? surely such a worthless creature as I am can bring no additional honour to thy glorious name—no—it is I trust in mercy, that my life has been

lengthened out—Oh Lord, I pray thee give me grace so to employ the time that is yet lent to me, that when thou shalt see fit to send the solemn messenger of death to me, I may without terror receive the solemn message, and leave this body of clay to be disposed of as others are, while my better part joins in praise to thy great and glorious name. Thou, oh Lord! art worthy of more praise than men and angels with one united voice can utter. Oh grant that my soul may join in the glad concert, and sing hallelujah to thee and to thy son the Lamb forever.

September 23, 1758. Oh, my soul! amidst the serious and general joy on this happy occasion, forget not to look up to Him, the great and good Giver of all Good, and to be seriously thankful that it has pleased him to favour thee with so much peace and serenity on the occasion. Great and Almighty Being! it is with the most thankful sincerity that I now present myself before the throne of mercy, to beg thee to favour me with thy grace to conduct myself in a manner to promote thy honour and glory, and to entreat thee to enable me to use thy gifts with moderation; and suffer me not, I earnestly pray thee, to be too much lifted up at the prospect I have in view. But, oh Lord! be graciously pleased to lend an ear to the petition of my soul, and keep me near thee; enable me to look through all thy gifts to thee, the bountiful giver, and favour me with a heart to dispense thy blessings to those of thy people who have but few of the good things of this life.

Great and All-powerful Being! once more do I presume to present myself before thee, to beg thee to favour me with a portion of thy good spirit to conduct myself in a manner agreeable to thee. Oh, Lord! keep me, I earnestly entreat thee, from being lifted up at the prospect of outward happiness which is now before me. I love the things of this world only as thy gifts, and wish and pray that it may please thee to give me an humble and thankful heart for all thy favours. And oh, my God! be pleased to continue to favour me with a heart to dispense thy blessings to others; keep me in thy fear, and teach my soul to love thee more than all.

Oh, Lord! thou great and merciful being, be pleased to bow thy gracious ear to hear the petition of my soul. It is with fear and reverence I approach thy throne, to beg the protection of thy glorious arm for my dear aged parent. Oh, Lord! forsake him not now he is old, and take not thy goodness from him. And oh, thou Gracious Being, pardon me if I presume too much on thy former goodness, and if I offend thee by begging that it may please thee to spare his life yet a little longer, and conduct him once more safe to this land. Oh, let thy arm be over him, and keep him from the dangers of the seas; at one single look thou canst command the seas, and they shall obey thy voice, and be still and calm. Glory to thy great and everlasting name. Amen.

By what action of my life have I merited so many favours? Oh, no—I have merited none—'tis thy own mercy, oh, Lord! has made thee graciously confer so many favours on a worthless object. Oh, grant that a consciousness of my own unworthiness may enable me to look through all thy gifts to thee, the bountiful giver, and suffer me to use them with a becoming moderation, and as the gifts of so bountiful a giver. My soul longs for a more near acquaintance with thee, and an intimate union, whereby I shall be able to prize thy mercies as I ought.

"They shall dwell in perfect peace, whose minds are stayed on me." Is my mind stayed as it ought to be on thee, oh, my God? Or is the sweet peace that fills my breast from any other source? I trust thou art the great object of my soul's desires. How shall I appear before thee, oh, Lord! and what returns can I make for all thy benefits bestowed on me! Thou knowest that I earnestly desire to do the thing that is right in thy sight.

Once more, oh, my adorable Creator! do I present myself before thee, to beg thee to fill my heart with praise and thanksgiving for the assistance thou wast pleased to afford a poor, helpless, worthless creature, and for bringing me safe through the dangers of childbirth. I cried to thee, and thy everlasting goodness heard and lent assistance in the extremity of pain. I promised to give up the dear babes to thy will, and I here

renew the promise with begging thou would be pleased to favour me with resignation if thou should take one or both from me. Thou who sees the future as well as the present, knows what's best for them and me. Oh, let me never forget thy gracious goodness! Teach me each day to be humbly acknowledging thy favours, and let me look through all thy gifts to Thee, the great Giver. Glory to thy name.

January, 1760. Many were the favours bestowed on me the last year by a most bountiful God, who has been pleased to bless me beyond what I had dared to hope for. My dear and aged parent preserved in health; my sisters, for whom I was anxiously concerned, happily married; myself still happy in the tender affections of a beloved husband, who, notwithstanding his youth, has been preserved from falling into the fashionable vices and follies of the town; and next, to crown all, I have to praise thy glorious name for my safe deliverance in childbirth. Oh, my God! let it be a constant theme of gratitude to me. Thy arm was stretched out, and thou afforded relief, at a time when my unbelieving heart was ready to say—"Is he a God that hears prayer? If he is, why am I denied relief?" But, gracious God! thou suffered me not to remain in doubt, for thy arm assisted, and I was delivered. Glory to thy name forever. Amen.

Wilt thou, supreme Jehovah! condescend
To be my guide, my guardian, and my friend?
Dare I, self-conscious, once presume to claim
Or hope a refuge in thy glorious name?
I, who erroneous from thy laws have strayed,
And shared thy gifts, nor grateful homage paid;
Though grace my reason to correct was meant,
How oft resisted, all the graces lent!
Thy preservations are an endless chain—
And yet how few in memory remain!
Thy mercy boundless, unrestrained thy love,
No virtue drew thy bounty from above.
Alas! no works of merit have been mine;
Before all worlds, the kind decree was thine.

If aught of worth my guilty nature claim,
From Jesus's side that worth imputed came:
The more my guilt, redeeming love more bright,
As day more radiant when opposed to night.

I plead his merit—thence my humble claim
To find protection in his sacred name.
Oh! for his sake, deny not special aid,
While here I stray through life's perplexing shade;
And, all my wanderings o'er, permit my soul
To join thy courts above yon starry pole;
There with the heavenly host my voice I'll raise,
To sing thy wonders and exalt thy praise.

Most Gracious Goodness! I thank thee for thy condescension that thou has been pleased to favour me with so perfect a resignation to thy will that I had not a wish but this: that, whether the dear child lived or died, I might be resigned. Oh, Lord! thou who gave him best knows when to take him; from his birth have I endeavoured to live loose from him, and not to let my natural affection make me desirous of his life, when I'm certain that if thy wisdom sees fit to recall him, it will be best for him. I have long and frequently begged of thee, oh, Lord! to accept of him, if it was an acceptable offering, and, if my heart deceives me not, it has been a willing one. I've endeavoured not to hold him back, and it has been a close trial to me, this, his tedious sickness, often fearing that for some omission of mine the dear babe was afflicted. But thou, who art merciful, wilt not visit the sins of the fathers upon their children, for thou hast said, the soul that sins *it* shall die. Blessed God! be pleased, I pray, still to continue to favour me with resignation. I dare not wish his life or death. Thy will be done.

September, 1760. Oh, thou, whose bounteous hand has given me many sweet and delightful cups to drink, be pleased, I pray thee, to sanctify to my soul this which appears at present to be a bitter one. I have endeavoured to arm myself with Christian courage to bear what is now come upon me. My darling first-born child thou hast been pleased to take from me; and, as thy wisdom saw fit not to accept of him as a servant, I thank thee that thou art pleased to accept of him a saint, spotless and innocent as I received him from thee. Oh, that he may be as acceptable an offering as Abraham's only son was in thy sight! Great God! I pray thee to pardon me if at times nature—fond nature—should so far prevail as to make me wish it had been

thy will to spare him to me. But, when I retire and witness the sweets of thy glorious presence, then it is that I rejoice at being thought worthy to bear a child for heaven. Oh, grant, I pray thee, that I may more frequently witness it, and let not the world and my fond connexions in it draw me away, but be pleased, I entreat thee, oh, Mighty Goodness! to hear, and grant that the loss of this dear child may make way for the cherishing of another (even a child of grace), which I fear has been too much neglected since my fond affections were engaged by the one which thy wisdom saw good to deprive me of.

A very dreadful fire happened in town on this night (the sabbath), and near the dwelling of my beloved brother and sister M., which greatly terrified and alarmed my too timorous spirits, insomuch that I was fearful of a fit of illness from it; but the Lord kindly sustained my drooping spirits, and I was grieved upon my pillow to think that I, who had so often experienced the great and preserving arm of the Lord to be nigh in times of danger should distrust it now; but oh thou Almighty power, increase my faith. He was pleased to extinguish the flames before they reached the peaceful habitation of my dear friends, and made them thankful for the favour.

November 29, 1760. I have once more to celebrate the goodness and favour of the Almighty, in preserving me in childbirth, and raising me from a bed of sickness, and making me the mother of a perfect child. Oh Thou, whose mercy is unlimited, how shall I sufficiently extol and thank thee for this last favour; I pray thee to grant that every action of my future life may be agreeable to thee: grant, oh mighty God, that I may be enabled to teach this child to love and fear thee, and that she may bring no dishonour to thy name, nor be cause of sorrow to her parents, but be pleased to let her be a comfort and support if it should be thy will to continue us here to old age. Thy will be done.

1761. With this new year, oh Lord, be pleased to grant that I may begin a new life of righteousness, and let every future day and year, as it brings me nearer to the grave, bring me

nearer to the God of life. Oh Lord, be pleased to change my vile affections. I fear I am not, nay, I know I am not worthy the least of thy mercies, yet is thy bounteous hand continually heaping favours upon me. I strive to love thee more than all; yet oh! how weak and frail I am—temptations beset me, and to my sorrow I find I too often give way to them—oh! make my every wish and action tend to the honour of thy ever-glorious name, for thou art worthy world without end.

May, 1761. A general sickness has afflicted the inhabitants of this town, but the good and merciful God has been pleased to spare me and my family, while the whole neighbourhood round has been sorely afflicted. How shall I find words to thank thee, oh thou ever-gracious Being! who has enabled us to hold up our heads in this general calamity! no merit of ours has claimed this favour, 'tis thy mercy alone has made thee exempt us; oh! teach me to be humbly thankful for so great a favour.

If it is thy will, oh Lord! be pleased to bow thy gracious ear to hear the petition which my soul is putting up to thee for the preservation of my darling child. I ask not his life, nor anything thy wisdom sees fit to withhold; I only beg thou would be pleased to suffer the guardian angel of thy presence to be with him, and grant that an untimely or accidental (as I call it) end may not be his lot; but, oh forgive my presumption; I do not dare to prescribe to thee, thou Almighty Being! I pray thee to favour me with a perfect resignation to thy all-wise will.

July. The Lord was pleased to make me thankful for his goodness in withholding sickness from my family in the general calamity, and I hope prepared me for the sickness that followed soon after. My dear child being taken ill, its life despaired of, and myself brought very low in mind and body; but, glory to thee, thou King of Saints, who hast raised me up once more from a bed of sickness, and brought me from the vale of death and darkness to praise and give unfeigned thanks to thee, who art the true God, and will help and preserve all who trust in thee.

September 19, 1761. Thanks to thee, oh! ever-living God and father, who hath permitted our dear and aged parent to return once more to his native land, and to rejoice his children with a continuance among them—thou made us hope for his return, and gave us faith when we almost despaired. I may with truth say, we thank thee, oh blessed Father, and thou who hath favoured us with a sight of him, grant that when thy wisdom sees good to remove him, we may give up the dear blessing without repining.

Oh gracious God! enable me, I pray thee, with more firmness and Christian courage to bear up under the many besetments and temptations of the wicked one; fain, very fain, would I stand firm, but when left by my guardian God, when he withdraws his presence from me, oh how I wander and lose myself amidst a world of folly and sin. Lord strengthen me to put a double guard and restraint on the weakest side. Oh that I might be so far favoured, as to overcome this great propensity in my nature to sin; this sin of anger, a passion which besets me before I know where I am. Oh! leave me not at these times, If thou dost, I am undone.

I have been greatly distressed in mind, and have gone thro' a very trying exercise upon discovering (oh! that it had ever been concealed from me) a failing in a darling and beloved friend, yet have not had courage to let her know that it is no secret to me. Lord, why should I be so fearful of incurring her displeasure. Is not thine harder to bear, and dare I to expect thou wilt pardon me if I suffer sin in a brother? Thou who hast said, "Thou shalt in any wise reprove thy neighbour, and not suffer sin in a brother," oh pardon my neglect therein hitherto, and I here make a solemn promise, that if I am again witness to an excess my soul shrinks from with horror, I will not be backward to warn her of her great danger, and endeavour, with thy assistance, to prevail on her to desist. But without thy gracious aid what can such a worm as I do. Be pleased to assist my endeavours herein, that, for her immortal soul's sake, and thy name, she may be weaned from it.

When I look back to the year 1751, at which time, to the best

of my recollection, the Lord was pleased to begin to draw me near to him, and to enlighten and enliven my soul with a desire and anxious hope for an intimate acquaintance with him, I say, when I look back to that time, how am I ashamed to think my progress has been so small. Notwithstanding the many invitations from a merciful God, how have I gone backward instead of forward in the road of life. Lord thou knowest for what end and purpose I am still loitering in the Broadway. Altho' a merciful Saviour frequently says to my soul, "This is the way, walk in it," yet the hurries, the surfeiting cares of this world choke up the way, that the good seed has not room to grow—how often do I hear the still small voice (which my soul now longs for) calling me from the wilderness, from the fond connections of this life, to the enjoyment of more lasting happiness; but frail nature overcomes me, and draws and holds me fast to earth, even when I most desire to be with my Redeemer. Lord strengthen me to become a conqueror over these pernicious enjoyments.

January 29, 1762. On this day it pleased the Lord to bring a heavy affliction upon us, by sending the awful messenger of death to summon our dear parent to the grave—Sanctify, Eternal Father, I pray thee, this cup unto us, and as thou who gave the dear blessing to us, had a right to recall it in thy own time, suffer us not to murmur at thy all-wise dispensations—be pleased to grant, that his children who survive, may ever live in love and harmony, and that no earthly consideration may ever be able to dissolve or in the least to weaken our union. Oh! enable us to live and die in that peace which his last hours were favoured with. Amen.

June 20, 1762. On this day a memorable accident happened near the house of my dear W. M.'s father.—A hopeful young man, the stay and prop of aged parents, was drowned, who came to that water to bathe for his health; and I trust and hope that he was not only restored to eternal health and happiness, but wish it may please the great Disposer of all human affairs to make it a means of reformation to some who stand in need of it.

September 5, 1762. Be pleased, Almighty Goodness, to accept of my thanks and unfeigned gratitude to thee, who hast raised me once more from a bed of death, and made me again a hopeful mother of a perfect child. Blessed God! I praise thy goodness and extol thy name. Oh! who but thy glorious self could have given ease in an instant, as it were, and put an end to unutterable torture. Glory to thee, thou King of Saints, and Saviour of mankind; I adore thy matchless love, and pray that the dear blessings may not stick too close to my fond heart, but when thou sees fit to deprive me of them, I may, without one murmuring sigh, return what thou hast lent to thy servant.
M. M.

December 6, 1762. This day I put my dear child J. M. to school. Oh! that he may be taught in the best and most perfect school, even the school of Christ. Grant, oh Father of mercies, that the dear child may grow in grace as he grows in years, and that his understanding may be enlightened; and may he never bring dishonour to thy name, nor be the cause of sorrow to his expecting anxious parents—more anxious for his soul's good than his body. Blessed Father, be pleased to hear a mother's prayer, and bless this dear, this precious child, with a quick apprehension, and grant that his learning may become his pleasure; and as he advances in years, that thy blessed word the holy Bible, may be his delight; and oh! Almighty Father, be pleased to grant that thy book may be expounded to him, and thy will made known to him, even in his early years. Amen.

April 1763. I received as a gift of my dear deceased parent a negro boy: but, how inconsistent with true Christianity is the barbarous custom of keeping in slavery any one of our poor fellow creatures; it has ever been a burden to my mind the thoughts of it, and I have endeavoured all in my power to make it an easy servitude—a slavery it shall never be—may the Almighty be graciously pleased to enlighten his mind as well as others. I was greatly affected (on the very day he arrived here) by a memorable sermon of H. Harris, on the duty of parents towards their children and mistresses towards their servants. I endeavour and hope I do discharge mine to those

of my household. Lord! grant that they may not be hard-hearted, but that I may be able, with the assistance of thy good spirit, to teach them the way of truth.

How true is the saying of our blessed Lord, "In the world ye shall have trouble;"—how inseparable from mortality is trouble. Those who to outward view have the least, are often oppressed with griefs unknown to all the world. Lord, who knowest my travail, be pleased to hear the breathings of my spirit, and grant relief—the busy enemy attacks me at every unguarded avenue; how shall I escape his snares?—turn which way I will, the tempter is still at hand with something or other to draw me aside. Lord! be pleased to lend thy assistance, or I shall be betrayed; I am so weak; alas for my poor soul, what will become of me, where shall I fly? Gracious God, are the arms of thy mercy open to such an offending, wilfully offending wretch as I am?

Oh! deceitful, vain, flattering world! what are thy prospects to one who wisheth for immortality, and hopes through the merits of her blessed Redeemer to be made a partaker of life eternal. How have I been deceived—where is the joy, the happiness that was hung out to my view—how are they vanished and passed away as a shadow—oh! what would I not give to be made a partaker of the privileges the servants of the Lord are favoured with—the sweet comfort that flows from thy presence.

June 19, 1764. Again have I cause to bless thee, thou King of Saints and Father of mercies; how many favours hast thou bestowed on me; how many times has thy delivering hand been nigh to me in the time of trouble. I thank thee, oh! Father, for thy gracious condescension in helping in this trying time—no human art could have brought me relief without the concurrence of thy will: for this favour I praise thy name—I love, I adore, I fear thee, Almighty Goodness; oh increase my love, adoration and fear.

November 1764. Oh! Thou who knows the heart of man, and each secret thought, thou knows at thy dispensations I

have not murmured, neither did I indulge in immoderate grief when thy wisdom was pleased to deprive me of my first-born darling son by a strange and grievous distemper, and now that I am again tried in the same manner, by having a sweet and desirable child afflicted in much the same way, graciously be pleased to enable me to bow to the rod, and discover to me for what failure in my duty I have this sorrowful stroke to bear: as far as hath been manifested to me to be my duty as a wife, mother, daughter, I have endeavoured to discharge it—oh! be pleased to make known thy will, and incline my heart to do it—I have endeavoured to say, thy will be done—grant that it may be done in me, and that through thy gracious assistance I may be enabled to teach my dear little ones to do thy will. Oh! Lord, be pleased to lead them in the narrow path, and to learn them to walk in the footsteps of their and my glorious Redeemer, for this, and this alone, can lead us to that gate which, tho' straight is the entrance to Everlasting Life.

February 14, 1765. It pleased the Almighty on this day to take to himself my dear little daughter, Mary Morris; but at the same time, his gracious arm was near to support my poor weak frame, and to preserve me from one murmuring thought or word. Thou, oh Lord! gave the dear blessing of children to me; I do desire to live loose from them; I hope and pray that thou may be pleased to enable me to give them all up, one after the other, if thy wisdom sees it meet for my purification.

December 11, 1765. My dear sister-in-law, M. Potts, was delivered of a son, and on the 19th of the same month, the Lord in his unsearchable wisdom saw meet to remove her from this to a better life. Oh! who shall say to the Lord what doest thou? or why is it thus? that a fond husband and indulgent parents are left to mourn the loss of a beloved wife and child.

Thou, oh! Lord, who knows what I stand in need of for my purification, hast seen good to try me divers times with the loss of dear parents, children and friends; and at none of thy dispensations has my heart murmured or repined, but have constantly and daily endeavoured to say, thy will be done in me; but oh! the awful and trying stroke which now thou hast permitted to overtake me, is almost too much for frail nature to

bear without thy assistance. Had it been thy will to have accepted of my willing soul as a sacrifice for the life, the precious life of my dearly beloved husband, my poor infants would then have had a father and a friend to direct their steps, and to lead them as it were thro' the rugged road of life; but I, a poor weak woman, what am I but frailty—incapable of directing myself along—oh! remove not far from me, but continue thy loving kindness to me and to my helpless orphans, who now are thine in a more particular manner—to the cries of the young ravens thy ears are ever open, and wilt thou shut them when the fatherless cry to thee—no, surely—for thou has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a friend to the afflicted. Oh! then, permit a worm, in the depth of humility, groaning under the pressure of thy afflicting rod, to approach, as formerly, the throne of mercy; hear, oh! Lord, and grant the petition of my soul, which is this day offered up in fear and dread. Oh! be pleased to be with me, and preserve my soul from repining at this dispensation. I believe it was necessary, for only to my dear companion was my soul wedded on earth; to all else I was loose, but could it be that he, the dear partner of my joys and griefs, was in the way? did he stand, as it were, between me and my God? and did I love him more than God? Surely no—but thou art wise and good, and thy ways past finding out. Gracious God! be pleased to guide and direct my dear little orphans in the way of truth;—oh! be pleased to keep them near thee; do thou be a father to them, and let thy gracious hand lead them along—keep them, I pray thee, from lying vanities, and from all that's displeasing in thy sight; and when thou sees meet to remove them from hence, oh! may they be found worthy a place in their dear Redeemer's bosom, where I trust their dear earthly parent is at rest.

Philadelphia, May 21, 1766. On this melancholy day I left the once sweet and delightful habitation where I enjoyed an uninterrupted happiness for seven years and seven months, and removed with my dear little orphans to our lonely dwelling in A. B.'s house, and hope and pray that the good hand who has led me hitherto will not leave me now in my deep distress, but that thro' his grace I may be enabled so to conduct with regard to the dear children now more particularly committed to my care,

that they may bring no dishonour to his great name, who has seen meet in his wisdom to deprive them and me of our greatest earthly comfort and blessing. Oh Lord! be thou my director, and I shall not err in my management of the precious charge: if thou art pleased to counsel and advise me, I shall walk uprightly, and lead them in the right way.

M. M.

August 18, 1766. My sixth child born—distressing situation; no husband to comfort with the voice of love my languishing state; no father to receive with open arms the pledge of happy love. Oh God! I dare not ask why it is thus; thou knowest, and that is sufficient—may deep humility and resignation be afforded to me, and gracious goodness permit me to crave thy blessing on this dear last pledge of happiest love; be thou the guardian of the orphan's steps, I ask no more, for if thou guides them, they will walk in the right way, and for myself, I dare ask no more than resignation—the bitter cup is reached to me by that hand which I can't refuse—mayst thou sanctify every one to my soul, prays thy afflicted servant,

M. M.

July 13, 1767. Oh God! my father's God! my beloved husband's God! my trust has ever been in thee, and I have abundant cause to say that gracious trust has never deceived me—still mayst thou condescend to be my trust, my dependence is on thee; thou art good, thou know'st that the desire of this world's riches was never the subject of my petitions to thee. Thy will be done.

Accept, most gracious father and God! of the unfeigned thanks of thy afflicted child and creature, which I now most humbly offer, for the mercies and benefits bestowed upon me; thy bountiful hand has fed, has clothed the orphan and (oh, sorrowful name!) the widow—the cruse has never failed—the meal has held out; our bodies have been comfortably clothed, and whose hand but thine has done it; destitute as I was made, and stripped of almost my whole outward support—oh! now I see why it was so—altho' I never dared to ask, it was, I firmly believe, to make me wholly dependent on thy arm, and there I

have trusted; and in the midst of my afflictions this hope never failed me, that food and raiment should be afforded; and tho' at times coarse and mean, yet far better than I deserve—the little was sufficient and for more than us—for thy hungry poor have been fed from the table which thou hast spread for me and mine. Oh! make me thankful, humbly thankful for all thy favours, and permit the cruse still to hold out and feed thy orphans and thy widows with bread from heaven, with angels' food, even sweet resignation.

I have been often comforted in the midst of my afflictions when I have looked round on my dear little family, and a prayer has been formed in my heart—oh! preserve them in the right way, and altho' surrounded by temptations, suffer them not to yield to it, but keep them pure and innocent—alas! what will my prayers do for them unless thou, gracious God! art pleased to be their guide and guardian, and to give them strength to withstand temptation, and to put thy law in their hearts—this is what I am anxious for. As to what the world calls wealth, I ask it not for them or myself, and if thy goodness should increase my little store, oh! my God, give me withal I pray thee a heart to communicate to thy distressed servants—I never loved to eat my morsel alone, and if thou should increase it to a plentiful meal, oh continue to me the blessing of a feeling and sympathizing heart, that others may bless the hand that made my cup to overflow.

When I take a retrospect of my past life (to begin no farther back than my union with the dear companion of seven happy years), I am amazed to think what a variety of scenes I have gone thro'—raised from almost a bed of death by miracle, and permitted to join in marriage to a man my soul loved, blessed with hopeful children, and in the height of human happiness (for such was mine), tried many ways in the mean time, by shocks which have sapped the foundation of some, yet I was upheld by that arm of power which was underneath all, and works unseen the good of his creatures. Was I, oh! my Father, was I an unthankful receiver? I hope I was not. The blessings thou lent thou had an undoubted right to resume. In a trying hour the awful messenger was sent to summon my dearest earthly

good to appear before his God and my God! Then it was that I began to fear my foundation was not sure, and that I should do as Job's wife advised him to do; but blessed be that goodness which preserved me in the hour of temptation, and gave me to hope that I was fixed on the rock of ages; for, notwithstanding my condition, and the afflicting circumstance of being left alone with a family of helpless orphans, I was so far preserved as never to repine at what his hand inflicted, and since the heavy stroke my heart has been humbled in the dust, and at some times and on some occasions been ready to think that my purification was not effected; but there are yet farther trials, fiery trials for me to go through, and if so, oh! my God! enable me to say, "Thy will be done."—Thou hast been pleased in thy wisdom to try me with prosperity, and in those days it was my prayer to be kept humble, and the bread thy bounteous hand fed us with was administered in part to others more worthy than myself, and thy poor creatures were fed with a part; and I thank thee, oh! Father of mercies, that with the power to do it, thou also gave the will.—Thou hast seen good to try me with adversity, to strip me in a manner of great part of what at my first setting out in life was very desirable, and, in my most necessitous circumstances, thou hast been pleased to favour me with thankfulness for the blessings still left. And now, oh! my God! what shall I render thee for all thy mercies? what but the tribute of praise and thanksgiving? Thou who was with me in my prosperity, and left me not in the trying times of adversity and temptation; Thou who was my morning sun, my noontide glory; it is thou, who I trust, will ever be my evening song. Oh! my soul, bless the Lord, for he has been very good to thee, and he it is that shall teach the orphans to join their widowed mother in the grateful hymns of praise and thankfulness to Him and to His Son, the Redeemer and preserver of all that love, and fear, and worship Him.

How very ungrateful should we deem that person who could neglect the brother, the friend, that administered comfort and relief in any of the trying scenes of this life; and to some it has pleased the Lord to raise up friends in a strange and inhospitable land. To me, his unworthy creature, he has been graciously pleased to continue the blessing of kind and

sympathizing relations, and although deprived of the dearest and most agreeable connection, has not left me without a hope, a most sweet and comfortable hope, that in his own good time we shall be reunited in the kingdom of his blessed Son. For all thy mercies and benefits bestowed upon me, I do desire to be made truly thankful; and grant, oh! my God! that I may not neglect the hand from whence they flow. Enable me to look through the gifts to thee, the bountiful giver—for it is of thee that my dear friends are made to sympathize and bear a part in my sorrows, and, although they cannot lighten them, yet it is a comfort to have such friends. Hitherto, my God and my beloved husband's God (by which name my soul delights to address thee), has been pleased to give me pleasing hopes that the dear children I received from thee, dedicated to thee from their birth, would grow in thy fear. I have endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to instil right notions into their tender minds, and I trust my labour has not been in vain, but that it may be like bread cast on the waters, and that through thy blessing and in thy own time, they may be permitted to arrive at such a state of perfection as to be found worthy of a place among thy Redeemed! Oh! thou Father of the fatherless, bless, preserve, and keep my orphans in thy care; suffer not the enemy to enter the camp, but guard every avenue, and on the weakest side permit a double guard; teach them to love the truth, and hate a lie. Keep them in moderation in all things. To thy protection I dare to commit them, and leave the issue to thee. Amen.

If it was required of me to form a wish for my children, and I was certain of having it granted—if my heart deceive me not, it should not be an immense portion of this world's goods, but such a share thereof as was sufficient for the calls of nature, and above all, a blessing and content therewith. This portion, oh! my Father! Thou hast promised to mine, when thou said by the mouth of thy prophet, "Leave thy fatherless children; I will preserve them, and let thy widows trust in me." To thee I have ever desired to leave mine, and my trust has been in thy goodness and mercy, and never has this precious trust deceived me, but has always been a true and gracious support to me. Oh teach my heart to be truly thankful for the great favour,

and continue it to me through life, and when the time comes that my mortal shall put on immortality, Oh! be pleased to let the angel of thy presence be with me and enlighten the gloomy way; do thou be pleased to make my bed in sickness, and loosen the fond bands that may then hold me to earth, and give me an assurance of a place among thy perfect ones, who have been made perfect through sufferings, and who have been purified in the furnace of affliction.

When I meet with any disagreeable or trying thing here, the enemy of my soul's peace suggests to me that I am slighted and despised, and that it would not be thus if I was rich or independent; and weak, frail nature is very apt to give in to such an opinion. But it is my earnest desire to be kept firm, and not lose any ground. Was not my blessed pattern despised, slighted, spit upon, and shall I repine if it is my lot to be scorned and slighted? He murmured not, nor returned evil for evil, but healed a wound given in his own defence. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. And shall I repine that his Father and my Father has allotted me a portion among those that mourn? 'Tis true I sorrow, but not without the balm of hope. And if it please my God to enable me to act well my part here below, I am well content to leave the issue of everything to the disposal of his wisdom who is oftentimes pleased to lead his poor creatures through the thorny paths of affliction to unexpected happiness. This happiness I look not for in this troublesome world, where we are told in Scripture we shall have trouble, but in the Lord peace. This peace the world cannot give nor take away, and I thank thee, my gracious Father, that thou hast not suffered the world to take it from me, thy poor, sorrowful, afflicted creature; for miserable would my lot have been, if I had depended wholly on that. 'Tis true, my outward dependence was once on a person who was all the world to me—

But, wise and good, the object thou removed,
Which seem'd o'ervalued, and an idol proved—

and I so desire to be preserved, through thy grace, from being again wedded to any earthly enjoyment as I was to the dear companion of my youth, for very hard was the trial when we

came to part. And, oh, my heart often misgives me that I have not fully resigned him, else why this frequent and fond remembrance of the happy connection, and looking back to scenes of joy which never, oh, never, can return! Lord pardon the poor being whom thou created with a tender and loving heart, capable of enjoying the blessings thou lent, and who was very loth to part with them, even though I knew at the time they were but lent. And when (early in life) I was about to enter into the solemn engagement, I did earnestly desire to be kept from loving the gifts more than the Giver; but, for want of a due guard on myself, I fear I valued too much my happiness, without being so thankful as I ought to have been to the great Giver. Oh, my God! if I offended therein, pardon, I pray thee, for the past, and preserve for the future, thy poor creature, and enable me to live loose to all that's left me, which, though small in comparison of what is taken, yet I find a strong inclination to hold close to my heart. Oh, my God! be pleased to keep me in thy fear, and suffer me not to offend thee, my great and good benefactor, and best and truest friend, who, when thou art pleased to wound, in thy own good time art likewise graciously pleased to heal the wounded heart.

August 7, 1769. How many favours has my good and bountiful Benefactor bestowed on me! They are more than I can recount. How often have I experienced his preserving hand and careful eye to be over me! and he has cared for me when none other has seemed to regard me. What shall I render to thee, my God, for this last and great favour of preserving the life of my dear and precious sister, which was on this day in great and imminent danger by the oversetting of the carriage in which the dear creature was going to meeting, and she was dragged a considerable way in it; and yet such was thy goodness to her and to me, that she was taken out of it without the least injury. Oh, my gracious Father! every instance of thy goodness to my beloved friends and relations is a double favour bestowed on me, for if thy wisdom had been pleased to permit that accident to have been the cause of her death, it would have been doubly afflicting to me, as every friend that is taken from me leaves me more destitute in a world that has really no charms for me. Grant, I pray thee, that both she and myself

may ever have a grateful remembrance of thy all-preserving providence, which alone was the means of her safety, and which watches over thy poor, dependent creatures, and cares for them when none else cares for them. Glory to thy great name!

In times of distress, thou, oh, my Father! hast been my refuge and support. My afflictions were but beginning at the time I was stripped of my dearest earthly good. Since then, many and various have been my trials. Oh, my God! leave me not, I pray, but reach out thy all-saving and supporting arm to bear me safely through. I have none to lean upon; no earthly friend, and none in Heaven but thyself that is able to remove the difficulties that surround me, and appear to my short-sighted view to be insurmountable. If it be thy will that the present trial be made easy, open a way, I pray thee, and remove the surrounding difficulties that appear so very great. I wholly depend on thee. Oh, leave me not now, thou who hast been my guide hitherto.

I know not where to begin to recount the favours of an all-bountiful God! From infancy to this day I have had cause for daily and hourly thankfulness. Although deprived of parents very early in life, it pleased the Almighty to raise up those in their stead who supplied the place of parents. He was graciously pleased to bless me beyond my deserts with a dear and much-loved husband, with whom I was happy—almost too happy for a state of mortality. And when the dear blessing was loved almost to idolatry, to prevent that dreadful sin, it was removed; and, in that trying time, I experienced him to be indeed a God of consolation, who preserved me in the hour of temptation, and suffered me not to repine, though his rod was very heavy, and my daily prayer is still for resignation, which I trust I shall be enabled to arrive at in the Lord's good time. He has been pleased to straiten me, at times, in my circumstances, so that I have hardly known where to look for my next day's supply of food, which has been unexpectedly sent me as from Heaven, and I hope I have received it with thankfulness. I acknowledge it is all more than I deserved; and now, when he has tried me almost to a hair's breadth (oh, that I may be found faithful!), it hath pleased him to open a

way to me, unexpected and unlooked for, by permitting the heart of a dear and much loved relative to expand towards me; one whom he has blessed and greatly favoured with the good things of this life. I dare appeal to my God that my prayer has been for humility, and in my most prosperous days I was afraid of being lifted up when thy gracious and bounteous hand was filled with blessings. And I here again repeat my humble request to thee, my Father and my God; let me not be raised from my low and humble station in life, if thereby I shall be made to lose myself and the sense I ought to have of thy favours, but continue to me through life, I pray thee, an humble and low heart, and at the same time a feeling one, that others may have cause to bless the hand which has made my cup to overflow. And oh, my Father! be pleased to grant that the dear person who has been made willing to assist the widow and feed the orphans, may never want what he has bestowed on them. But do thou, if it be thy will, enable him to do more and more good to others with what is so kindly lent to him. Let him not abuse thy gifts. It is thou alone, oh, my merciful God! who art worthy of all my thankfulness for favours unexpected; to thee be it rendered and ascribed, with all humility and reverence, by thy poor dependent servant.

June 7, 1770. This day I left Philadelphia, with my four children, to remove to Burlington, to the house inhabited by my beloved brother and sister G. and S. D., the friends of my inmost soul. Oh! that the God of peace may inhabit with us, and make us comforts to each other. Yet while I pray for it, I feel my own inability to contribute to it so great, that I fear I shall not be able to make it agreeable to them to remain with me. Yet if thou strengthen me, oh, God! to overcome the vileness of my own evil nature, we shall be comforts and supports to each other. For I know the goodness of my darling sister's heart; and if causes of uneasiness arise between us, the fault must be mine. Sickness and sorrow have so soured and fretted my temper, that I feel and grieve at the change. What can I do? Assist me, dear God of Love, for thy Son's sake, to rise above it, and bear the rod of thy chastisement with patience. Oh, be pleased to unite us in thy love, and let not my poor orphans be a bar to our union. If I love anything on

earth above them, it is the dear inmates who have condescended to take up their abode with me.

1772. I do not deserve the least of thy favours, oh, my God! yet thy bountiful hand is still reached out to me. What shall I render to thee, oh, my good Father! Thou hast supplied my poor little ones with a father, in the brother I love, my dear G. D., whose careful eye watcheth over them for good. Bless him, if it be thy good pleasure, with the continuance of thy favour, and give unto his bosom the answer of peace for all his labours of love. May it stand good in thy will to unite us still nearer in thy own love. And oh, if I dared to ask it of thee, I would entreat that thou would be pleased to permit us to continue together. It is not (I appeal to thee, thou Searcher of hearts) for the profit I receive for their board that I desire it; but from the sense of the good my family received from his uniform conduct and sweet mild advice, which, in thy fear, oh, God! he is sometimes constrained to give. Bless it to the family, I pray thee, and bless it even to me, the least worthy but most needy of all; and bless, if it be thy will, my dear inmates, with the choicest of all thy blessings. Amen!

Dearest Father! permit thy poor child to approach thee, and beg the continuance of thy favour, love, and goodness, to her little family. Keep them near to thee. Oh, let them not be drawn out into the follies and vices of the times, and strengthen my weak hands to hold fast the reins of that authority which thou hast committed to me. Enable me to govern them in thy fear. Oh, help me, for I am very weak. Keep my sons pure. Oh, God of Mercies! preserve them from pollutions. Let not their bodies or minds be stained with the sins which are so hard to be wiped out. Oh, may they be preserved chaste and spotless; that when thou callest for them at my hands, I may be enabled to return them to thee with joy, saying, "Not one of them have I lost." Preserve, I pray thee, my daughters pure and undefiled, even in thought; for with thee it is possible. Oh, keep them in that purity which thou lovest; inspire them with desires after thee; and fill their tender minds with thy love, which shuts the door of the heart against the immoderate desire of earthly loves.

1774. As the time draws near when it is expected I should put my eldest son apprentice, my heart has been often bowed before the Lord, entreating the favour of being rightly directed in the choice of a master. As yet I have had no answer, as formerly, to my petitions. In the Lord's time I hope to have it, and I can safely bide by it; for (with reverence let me say it) my gracious God has often condescended to answer my petitions in such a manner, that I have been sure it was his own voice. Oh, thou whose ears are open to the cries of the young ravens, hear a widowed mother's voice when she cries to thee for her children. Let not this child of promise be lost; he is the *Isaac!* and I dedicated him to thee in the womb; and often, as thou knowest, I have offered him to thee, a willing sacrifice. Oh, accept, at his mother's hand, the child of promise! If not as a sacrifice, yet deign to accept him for a servant. Let him, as Samuel of old, hear thy voice, and answer in like manner, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."

I very often fear my heart is not right towards God, or else I should be enabled to overcome the vile sin that easily besets me on some occasions, viz. peevishness and anger, which I strive against, and my wet pillow at night can bear witness of the tears I shed for my omissions of duty in the course of the day. I sin and repent, but what good does it do me; the next occasion that occurs throws me off my guard. Oh, Lord! help the poor creature who has no might of her own.

The two following were written on the blank leaves of her Day-Book, at the commencement and end of the year.

Philadelphia, January 9, 1759. This day I came with my W. M. to housekeeping, and hope and pray it may please the Almighty to keep me near him, and not suffer me to fall into any gross sins; for this state into which I am now entered is attended with many and various temptations; but do thou, oh, Lord! be pleased to preserve me, and keep me in the path of rectitude, and suffer me to maintain the station I'm placed in, so that it may not bring dishonour to thy great and glorious name; to thy goodness and the direction of thy pure will I

commit myself, humbly hoping that thou wilt not forsake one thou hast favoured as I have been favoured.

December 31, 1759. It is with a thankful and humble heart, oh, Almighty Goodness! that I approach once more thy throne to acknowledge the many favours I have received from thy bountiful hand in the course of the last year, and to implore the continuance of them for the next and every succeeding year thou shalt be pleased to suffer me to live on this earth; and, when thy wisdom shall see fit to call me hence, grant, I pray thee, that I may leave all the tender connections of this life without regret, and that I may, through the merits of thy Son, my glorious Redeemer, ascend the mansions of rest, and join my weak and feeble voice to praise thee, for thou art worthy of more than the united voice of men and angels can utter.

1763. On the 23d of April, it pleased the Lord to take to himself my dearly-beloved sister D. B., who, in a foreign land, was destined to undergo many sorrows; but the Lord was good to her, and enabled her to bear them without repining, and to be made willing, in the trying hour, to give up all to his disposal, and to part from a tender husband and hopeful children without regret, having, no doubt, a well-grounded assurance that she should rest in peace, and that her dear babes should be preserved, and a parent raised up to them in her stead. Oh, thou, who hast promised to be the orphan's parent! be such to those dear little innocents, and keep them near thee; but grant that the blessing promised to their ancestors may be extended to them, and grant that the person who is to supply a mother's place may be endued with wisdom from on high, and that they may be kept in thy fear, and be the inheritors of thy blessed kingdom when time here shall be no more.

Oh, why delays the bridegroom his coming, after so many repeated, and, as I thought, certain indications of his meeting me on the way! This poor tabernacle is nearly shaken down; when will it mix with its native dust, and the immortal spirit return to him that first animated it with a spirit that longs to be united to the first great moving cause! Oh, come and re-

lease me from this frail and wicked habitation, the seat of vice and black corruption, the sink of uncleanness, and folly, and ingratitude.

MEMORANDUM, *January 1, 1768.* As it hath always been my practice, ever since I was married and went to housekeeping, to keep an account of my family expenses, which I every year showed to my dear husband that I might not, even by him, be accused of want of economy, which always met with the approbation from him that every action of mine merited in his sight; but for near two years last past, my mind has been so much engaged by my sorrows for the loss of my greatest earthly comfort, that I have not been at leisure to attend to, or make memorandums of my expenses, &c.; but now I have begun with this year to minute down every article; which I think the more necessary, as it is not my own money I spend, but the gift of charity—to which mortifying circumstance I pray to be resigned. And let none into whose hands this may fall, accuse me of prodigality in the manner of laying out my small income, which I am well assured could not support such a family as mine, unless managed with economy.

M. M.

During the early widowhood of our excellent grandmother, M. Morris, *in a dream*, her husband addressed to her the following beautiful lines of encouragement. They were so forcibly impressed on her mind, that immediately on awaking she placed them on paper.

Proceed, my love, nor dread the task, though large;
Thy guardian angel hovers o'er his charge;
The smiles of Heaven thy little flock shall bless,
And crown thy toilsome labours with success;
The hand of Time will smooth thy rugged road,
And Patience lead thee to my blest abode.

ANOTHER DREAM.

1761. I thought I was walking abroad, and lost myself in a strange place, and could by no means find my way home, and stood still looking about if haply I might see some person to

direct me, when a very old woman came to me, and I told her my situation. She said she would conduct me safe home, if I would follow her. So we travelled a long way through briers and thorns, and over a stony, rough road, till we came to a river, which she said we must cross over, or I should never get home. But there was no boat, and I expressed my fears of being drowned if I attempted to wade through it. She said: "Follow me, and thou shalt arrive safe." She went before, and beckoned me to follow her, which I did; and, as I set my feet on the waters, a prayer was raised in my heart—let the same hand that led Israel through the Red Sea conduct me to my own home—and instantly I felt as if walking on dry ground. When we reached the opposite shore, the woman seemed a little inclined to upbraid my want of confidence in her, &c., which I excused as well as I could. She then said: "Seeing I have brought thee save over the river, if thou wilt accept of me, I'll come and live with thee, and take care of thy children." I told her I had a careful woman who had suited me well, and I could not part with her and take a stranger. "But," said she, "I shall not ask wages. I am a prophetess, and, if I live with thee, I will bless thy children and make them happy." I replied: "Oh, then, come along and bless my babes." We soon got home, and I conducted her to the nursery, where my dear little boy, J. M., was sleeping in the cradle. She went to the child, kneeled down on the floor, spread her hands over him, and prayed fervently. As I attentively observed all this, I perceived a wonderful change in the child; he lost all appearance of a human being, and seemed transformed into an angel. I cried out, in ecstasy, "My child is an angel; what hast thou done to him?" She said: "I have blest him, and he shall be blest." I said: "But I have another, a sweet little girl, come and bless her too." So we went into the room where my dear little Debby was laid, and the woman kneeled down by the bedside, and prayed as before; then stood up, and, spreading her hands over the child, she said, "In blessings thou shalt be blest; the fatness of the earth shall be thine, the dew of heaven shall be upon thy head, and the Lord shall guide thy steps." At these words, I cried out, "It is enough—I ask no more—for, if the Lord will guide her steps, she must, she will be happy." Here the woman chid me for interrupting her, and said, "There

is yet a greater blessing in store for this child." But I said: "I can ask no more—I am satisfied." And then I awoke in a kind of ecstasy, and found my sweet infant in my bosom, and my heart humbly affected, believing it was more than a common dream, and that there might be good things in store for my dear little ones.

On my telling the dream to Margaret Ellis, who had a gift in the interpretation of dreams, she said "the woman signified the *Church*, which would care for my children when I was removed; but that I should live to see them all brought up." Let the Lord, the God of the spirits of all flesh, keep them in a safe pavilion!

M. M.

Memorandum by the same, evidently of a late date, and in a very tremulous hand.

Afflicted with pain of body, and a mind oppressed with anxious cares and fears, to whom should I go but to Him who hath told me to cast all my cares upon him who careth for his poor creatures, and will not lay more on them than he will enable them to sustain! Wherefore, my most merciful God and Father, I come unto thee in full confidence and hope of succor in the present trial, and pray thee to grant relief, and that I may patiently wait thy time, which is the best time. Oh, thou good remembrancer! be pleased to call to mind the past times, wherein thou wast pleased to chastise me sorely by the father of this very child, who seems risen as it were from the very dead to fill up the measure of my outward sorrows. I pray thee, oh, God! to make me submit to the chastening of thy holy hand, and in mercy be pleased to visit this son of my sorrows; and, if it be thy will, be pleased to make use of me, an unworthy creature, as an instrument of good in thy holy hand, to bring back my wandering sheep to the fold and flock. And, though it may seem good to thee to cause me to wait long for an answer to my prayer, give me faith to believe that, in thy own time, thou wilt fulfil all my desires. And this, oh, Lord! I hope and pray for, in the name and for the sake of thy dear Son, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen! So be it.

M. M.

CHAPTER II.

MARGARET MORRIS.—THE RAVAGES OF THE YELLOW FEVER
IN 1793.

THE pestilence which desolated Philadelphia in the year 1793, fell heavily upon the family of MARGARET MORRIS, and called forth all her fortitude and resignation to bear up against the calamities which overwhelmed her.

In the early stage of the epidemic, she was urged by her son Richard to leave the city for a place of safety; and her reply is characteristic of her unselfish heroism. The coming events seem already to have cast their shadows upon her spirit.

MARGARET MORRIS TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, 8th month 31, 1793.

Under the present awful visitation, I think I would not dare to seek a retreat from the spot where Providence has placed me, and flee a place more polluted with the sins of its inhabitants than the infectious fever now raging amongst us. We cannot fly from the rod commissioned to strike *us* among the rest, and the hand that directs it can preserve us amidst the thousands slain.

May you, my beloved children, with me, be preserved in humble, holy confidence in that all-sufficient arm which hath hitherto helped us!

It is, indeed, an awful time in our city. The dead and dying are carried by our door, yet the infection hath not appeared near us. My family are as yet all well, and for myself I have not been afraid to go where duty calls me. I burn tar and tobacco many times a day in all our rooms, and have done the

same at Debby's, and sent tar to thy brother's; but they seem as if they would not submit to use any precaution. How they will fare I know not.

MARGARET MORRIS.

Eight days after the date of that letter, her eldest son, Dr. John Morris, had fallen a victim to the disease, under circumstances that wrung the heart of his widowed parent. Her own pen must describe the agonies which she endured, and the ensuing sorrows. The following to J. and G. M. S. is without date, but appears to have been the first written by her after the melancholy event.

MARGARET MORRIS TO J. AND G. M. SMITH.

MY DEAR SON AND DAUGHTER:—

I have received your several affectionate letters, and desire to be thankful that, in the midst of the present afflictive scene, it hath pleased the Divine Goodness to leave me blessings which call for the tribute of gratitude and praise from my chastened heart. My dear Abby's* pulse is rather better this afternoon, and I am almost ready to flatter myself that her life may be spared for my future comfort and the benefit of her little ones. Has anybody told you I was three nights and days in Pear Street, with no other help than little Polly and our Tommy, and both my sick children to wait upon? Late on seventh day, dear B. S. sent a black man and woman to me, and my dear son inclining to doze, I lay down by him and got a couple of hours' sleep, and, waking, found him much altered. I sat by him till it was time to send out, and sent the man to B. S., and placed the woman with Abby; and there, by myself, I watched the parting breath. The closing scene was all still; no sigh, or groan, or struggle discomposed his face and limbs; and then, oh, then! "the hands of the pitiful mother" prepared her child's body for the grave. And well would it have been if I could have contented myself with doing thus much. But, vain and foolish, I thought myself strong enough to do every-

* Wife of Dr. John Morris, whose death is recorded in this letter.

thing, and insisted on seeing the dear remains deposited by the beloved companion of my youth. Presuming on my own strength, I went—but what followed I know not.

When I awoke, after two days of delirium, I found myself in bed in my own front parlour, with my dear D. S. and others tenderly watching me. I believe, from my present weakness, I have been ill, but hope soon to be able to go about again.

Let my suffering be a means of preservation to you, my tenderly beloved children. Presume not on your own strength in any case, and learn from your mother's example and experience, that resignation is the road to peace. Adieu.

MARGARET MORRIS.

We continue the narrative as contained in her letters. So completely, in some cases, had the terror of the pestilence palsied the heart, that even amiable and estimable persons acted under its influence as if they were devoid of natural afflictions, and refused, from a dread of the contagion, to assist or to shelter their nearest kindred.

The case related in the following letter was not the only one of the kind that occurred in that day of darkness and dismay. How strong and beautiful is the contrast of the heroic kindness of the family of Richard Wells! Surely the prayer of Dr. Richard Hill had been answered, and his children were still a family of love—now, no less than when prosperity illumined the serene evening of their days.

MARGARET MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, 9th month 19, 1793.

MY BELOVED SON:—

I have seen thy letter to B. S. of this day, and have undertaken to reply to it. In the first place, I may inform thee that, through the mercy of Providence, I am recruiting from my late fatigue, and endeavouring to reconcile my mind to the dispensations of unerring Wisdom.

My dear, sweet Abby Morris was laid by her husband on second day last. *Thy* dear uncle, and *my* beloved brother

Wells, was taken yesterday with an ague. The doctor (Rush) pronounced it to be the prevailing fever, though mild in its appearance. He took the medicines and was twice bled, and this evening, at nine o'clock, I had a note from his daughter Hannah, who tells me, with heartfelt pleasure, the doctor says her dear father is in a safe way. Little Patty Marsh was taken down at the same time, and I sent E. Hicks there to attend her. Though it may seem tedious to thee at present, I am going to give a short detail of what I've passed through since I saw thee. On sixth day, after thee left me, I was compelled to be with our friend S. Lewis. Her niece, Sally, was dying, and I could not refuse her. When I came home, I heard my dear Debby was poorly, but deferred going there till seventh day, when I found her very ill, and thy dear brother assured me she had the infectious fever, though rather in a milder way than some others. I continued with her every day, coming home at night only, till the 5th of this month.

When I came home that evening, I was told thy brother was ill, and had sent for me. I went there, and found him, as I thought, struck with death. Drs. Parke and Griffitts both had been there. His wife and myself sat up with him, and next morning Dr. Rush attended, Dr. Griffitts being taken ill in the morning. I got A. M. to write a note requesting her father to let two of the children stay at his house, as her maid had gone away sick. They soon returned with an answer they could not stay there—he was sick too. This greatly alarmed my dear A., and she begged me to let her go and see him. While she was gone, my dear son had a strong fit—nobody in the house but myself and the children. She returned in a couple of hours, came up stairs, undressed, and went to bed in the other room, saying her father was ill, and she had got the disorder, and should certainly die. Think of my situation; my poor son and daughter both ill, four children down stairs, and no creature to call upon. Every person in the neighbourhood sick and dying. At last D. Hicks returned, and took Molly to my house, and I sent Patty to her grandfather's; but still there was my poor W. and P. to take care of.

When B. S. heard of their illness, he came and got a black man and woman for me on seventh day night; and, after my dear child was laid by his father, brother Wells went to B. D.,

and told him the situation I was in, and that his daughter was ill and alone; that I was worn out and taken home, and asked him if his daughter should be taken to *his* house. "No—I can't take her in!" Brother W. then went and consulted his dear wife and girls; they readily consented to her coming there, where she was tenderly taken care of; and there she closed her sorrows with her close of life.

The dear little baby is put out to a careful woman for the present, recommended by J. D., who, with his brother Leonard, have been kindly attentive to my dear A. in her sickness.

On first day morning, my little William was sent to tell his grandfather the sorrowful news of his father's death, and there he has been ever since. I've never heard from thence, except when I sent for the dear little ones to come and see me, and think it best that things remain as they are at present. I have not been out, nor am I yet able to go abroad. My daughter D. S. is still with me. I have a bed in the front parlour, where I lodge. As to going out of town, it's an impracticable thing for me. I can't leave my poor bedridden sister Moore, and the children are not liable to infection. The prospect is indeed gloomy. Many are dead of our acquaintance, and numbers have gone out of town. How it will be with us the Lord only knows. As yet my two maids keep well, also the boys. William Nekervis has been beyond my expectation useful and kind, and deserves all the praise I can give him.

There were eight or ten died in Pear Street in the course of two or three days. W. Waring died the day after my poor son. Every house there is shut up. Dr. G. is better, and getting out again. Adieu, my love, may Heaven preserve thee. This is the affectionate and daily prayer of

Thy tender mother,

M. MORRIS.

TO THE SAME.

9th month 23, 1793.

I wrote thee, my beloved son, a long letter a few days since—I think on sixth day—and sent the clothes thou desired. Thy dear uncle Wells has been extremely ill of the prevailing fever, but, through the mercy of Heaven, we hope he is out of danger now, though very low and weak. Thy aunt Wells and her lovely girls are as yet well. Patty Marsh has recovered. B.

S. has wrote to thee or G. W. almost every day. My dear D. S. is still with me. I am not yet able to go about as I used to do, and continue to lodge in the front parlour. Thy sister's little Daniel is now ill; she keeps well, and B. S., knowing the comfort it gives me to have her with me, kindly consents to her staying here. My maids, with W. N. and the children, are well, but I can't flatter myself it will long be so, as the fatal fever is very near us. * * *

Thus we are in the midst of danger, and whose turn it may be next we know not. Charles Lee was buried yesterday. Sally Dorsey and the man who attended B. D.'s store are both confined; in short, it is endless to say who are sick and dead; it seems as if the hearses were going by day and night. This day week, we were told, 126 were buried; but the number has gradually lessened since that time, and though many are sick, yet fewer die now than in the beginning. Thy poor aunt is much in the old way, except that her fits return more frequently. Do write to me as often as thee can, and take care of thyself for my sake, and for the sake of our dear little orphans, who now claim all our care, and a double share of tender affection from thee as well as from me, who, with unabated love, am,

My beloved son,

Thy tenderly affectionate and anxious mother,

M. M.

P.S.—As to myself, I dare not quit the post assigned me by Infinite Wisdom. Alas! whither should I go, and for what? I've heard of some who, in the moment they were putting the goods into a cart to remove from their own house, were seized with a fever, and before their goods were unloaded at another place have died. The doctors say that, though more are now sick, yet fewer die now than in the beginning; they seem to understand the fever better than they did.

B. W. Morris and his family are removed to his father's house; Caspar and Kitty, I hear, are better. Thy sister is still with me, and her little boy is recovering from his late illness.

Dear B. S. has been more than a son to me; and amidst the late and present trials, I desire to be truly thankful for the blessings still left me; amongst which, I account thy absence from the city not the least, and entreat thee not to attempt a

visit to us. The time may come when thy personal appearance here may be indispensably necessary, and then will be the proper time to come, and not till then.

I wish thee, my love, to take great care of thy health; avoid fatigue, and take moderate exercise. From, my beloved son,

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

9th mo. 21, 4th day evening.

TO THE SAME.

* * * As for myself, I am endeavouring to reconcile my mind to the dispensations of Infinite Wisdom; but it will be long before my poor tabernacle recovers from the shock it has sustained. S. Dorsey is sick of the fever, but the doctor thinks it is not at present of the malignant kind. My W. M. and Patty are at B. D.'s for the present. S. and Molly are here, and the dear little baby is put out to nurse for the moment. As soon as I am able to get abroad, I expect to have all my dear little orphans brought home. What a charge it will be at my time of life! But the hand that has appointed my portion, I doubt not, will qualify me to perform all that he shall be pleased to require of me. If I am favoured to act my part well, it matters not whether I have a rough or a smooth path to walk in, while walking through this vale of tears to the promised land, of which I have lately thought I had a little glimpse. And, oh, what a mere nothing did the world, and all the goodly things in it, appear to my mind, when endeavouring to reach after the enjoyment of ever-enduring happiness. May thy mind, my dear child, often seek and be favoured with a foretaste of what I hope is in store for thee, and thy dear companion, to whom, with thyself and children, I shall ever remain,

A tender and affectionate mother,

M. M.

9th mo. 25, 1793.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 9th month 26, 5th day morning.

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

I wrote thee last evening, and knowing thy anxiety to hear from us, intended to send it to John Pemberton, in hopes of a

conveyance. Thy dear uncle W. continues to mend. Patty is at liberty, and E. Hicks almost well enough to return to me. I hear this evening, by B. Smith, who is a daily visitor in Third Street, that my sweet H. Wells is a little poorly, but with no symptoms of the fever; fatigue and want of rest had pulled her down. On looking over thine of yesterday, I find I did not fully reply to the contents. In the first place, B. never sent to Pear Street to inquire how they did, nor one of the family to brother Wells's, except the store-keeper, and he would knock at the door, and step off to the gutter and wait for an answer. A. sent for her sister; the answer was she would come when the danger was over—but she never did. The store-keeper is now very ill, the daughter recovering, and the father, panic-struck, confines himself to the house. The mother and youngest daughter are out of town. In reply to thy uncle C. M.'s kind offer of going to his house in the court, it's no safer than our own; the people in that quarter die as fast as around us. As we don't go out, and see hardly anybody but B. Smith, hope we may escape, though it's hardly to be expected we should.

Thy sister, who has been with me since my late loss, intends to go home to-morrow, her little girl being poorly. B. S. has been more than a son to me in my troubles; he continues well as yet, but has had a sad, lonesome time at home.

My poor A. M. had so little of a fever that I was amazed when I heard she was in danger. It is true that our sweet H. and R. Wells nursed her day and night, though Leonard Dorsey sent one of his servants there, and, towards the last, had two black women, for she was so heavy that the dear girls could not turn her in bed. They used to sit in the easy chair in the entry, and the black women lay down in the room at night. I fear it will be long ere they recover the fatigue they have gone through, and never, never shall I think myself out of their debt.

Sixth day morning. I have just heard from brother W.; they still continue mending. Thy sister is gone home this morning; her little Peggy is sick. B. S. keeps well as yet. My maid Sally had a fine night, no fever at all, and seems getting better of her cold. B. D.'s store-keeper is dead. Dr. Griffiths is bet-

ter to-day. Thus we hear of one and another sick and gone, and it may be our turn next. * * *

Pray keep up thy spirits, and, above all, endeavour to gain access to the throne of mercy, and join thy intercessions to those who are engaged to implore the Divine Goodness to give command to the destroying angel to stay his hand, that a remnant may be spared to tell to others what the Lord has done for them. Our sweet H. Wells is bravely to-day; she must long feel the effects of her great fatigue of mind and body.

Farewell, my beloved child, take care of thyself for the sake of the dear little orphans, and

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.—(WITHOUT DATE.)

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

I think thy handwriting was never more acceptable than this day, as I have not had a line nor heard from thee since thy brother Richard left your house to go to Germantown; and I let in a notion that thee was dead and they concealed it from me. Since I last wrote thee, I have gone through a scene of trial; my poor maid, whom we hoped was getting better, grew much worse. Dr. Rush was ill at the time, and could not come out, but sent one or two of his young men to visit her daily. They all said it was over with her, but that did not make me give over my attentions. I followed their directions, and, through the mercy of Providence, she is now recovered, and able to help herself. * * *

MARGARET MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, 9th month 28, 1793.

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

* * * I have now got my four little orphans with me. Yesterday, at 9 o'clock, B. D.'s store-keeper was buried, and at the same hour in the evening his daughter Sally was carried to the grave.

On fifth day, I sent to see how they were, and was told Sally was getting well. I thought it best to send for the dear chil-

dren least they should get sick, and, as I am not able to go out, could see that they were not neglected. My sweet little namesake is well; still out at nurse. John Dorsey and his brother Leonard have been like near relations, and I feel myself much in their debt. My beloved brother W. continues better, and my sweet, amiable H. was here to-day for the first time since my trouble. My heart made me essay to thank her, but language is too poor to express my grateful feelings. May the all-bountiful hand of Heaven reward them for what they have done for me! Perhaps W. N. may be able to give thee some idea of the condition I have been in. They tell me now I was for many hours in fainting fits, and I am ready to believe it, as I can remember nothing but the mournful attendance on my dear child's hearse. They tell me, too, that I have had the malady which has deprived me of two children, dearer to me than my own life. I have not heard from my Willy since thee left them, and fear they are sick.

Let me have the comfort of hearing from thee, my love. W. N. has been all that I could wish him to be in this trying time, and I desire to be thankful that he has escaped the sickness.

Adieu, my precious child; may Heaven preserve thee to "rock the cradle of my declining age"—this is the fervent and affectionate prayer of

Thy tender mother,

M. M.

This day, the 28th, was the birthday of my first-born son.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th month 10, 1793.

MY BELOVED SON:—

I received thy acceptable and affectionate letter of the 8th this morning, and have the happiness of informing thee that W. N. and my maid Sally are raised from the brink of the grave. I don't know if I told thee I had two beds in the front parlour. I laid in one and Sally in the other, being determined to keep the infection from my dear sister if possible. When W. N. was seized, which was violently, I sent Tom out, and

bought a large Windsor settee, and fixed it in the back parlour for him, and got a black man to attend him, and my sweet Polly Morris procured me a white woman to attend Sally, and I then left her room and returned to my own lodging. The children were sent to B. S.'s, and he kept S. and Molly and took William and Patty to the grandfather's—so far all went on well; but, behold, thy sister D. S.'s three servants and two children were taken ill last seventh-day night. I went there on first day to bring S. and Molly home. But Debby had nobody but herself to wait on the sick, and I left Sally and Tommy and brought M. along. That night Molly was taken sick, but the fever has left her now, and she is playing about.

On second day morning, B. S. came to let me know S. Morris was very ill, and they feared she would be like her mother. David was here at the time I sent to B. M. for his horse and chair, and David went and brought her home; but we could hardly keep her from fainting, she was so ill. He took her up stairs and put her to bed, and sent for good Dr. Rush. He said it was impossible for him to attend or to send one of his young men, but directed me what to do for her, which, through the blessing of Heaven, has raised her up again, and she has had no fever since third day. I should have told thee that thy poor aunt Hannah Moore had another stroke of the palsy last fifth day morning. She lay a long time speechless and insensible, and we thought her dying. I got good Dr. Rush to look at her, and she is now restored nearly to her former state, except that she is more helpless than ever she was, and it's difficult for three women to move her in and out of bed; and her groans and screams, when we do attempt it, are hardly to be borne. My tale of woe is not yet all told. While I was at B. Smith's, on first day morning, E. Hicks* was taken ill, and I found her in bed when I returned. Dr. Rush, dear good man, sent one of his pupils to see her. She was to be bled, and we sent to eight or nine bleeders before one could be found; however, after nine o'clock at night we got it done, and, though she is still very low, I have hopes of her recovery. Does thee not wonder what kind of stuff thy mother is made of, that she is still living after

* The faithful maid who accompanied Molly Moore and Milcah Martha from Madeira.

having gone through all this? Let the praise be given where it belongs, for I know that my sufficiency is not of myself.

Thy dear sister, through fatigue and anxiety, is beginning to droop. I've ordered her to be bled, for the doctor who attends their family, young Mease, is himself very ill, and can't attend. B. S.'s servants are recovering, but little Peggy is very much amiss. From J. Lewis's to J. Todd's we have counted twenty-nine or thirty that have been carried to the silent grave, and, through the boundless goodness of Providence, none have yet been taken from under our roof. I was going to conclude, but must tell thee something as true as strange. When my family was at the worst, old Captain S. sent his compliments, and desired to know how we all did, and that if Mrs. M. stood in need of anything at all, requested she would send to him, and she should be welcome to anything he had. See how the mollifying hand can soften marble. Adieu, my love, I am ever
Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th month 12, 1793.

* * I have the satisfaction of informing thee all my invalids, except my dear afflicted sister, are getting out of the hospital. My maid and thy man turn out at their meals in the dining-room, *alias* kitchen, and very happy they appear to be. My S. M. is quite bravely, and Molly better, though still feverish. But B. S. is very poorly; a high fever, and other symptoms of a smart attack. I hope he will yet be spared, and the favourable state of the weather encourages me to cherish the flattering hope in humble confidence and desire of being resigned; for indeed the present dispensation calls upon us loudly to give up all. Alas! my dear, if ever thou revisitest thy native city, how many of thy former acquaintance will thee miss of seeing in thy walks abroad! Did I mention to thee that there are fifty-two orphan children, whose parents have died in the present calamity, now under care of the committee, and sixteen infants put to wet-nurses? I think they have converted the Loganian Library into an orphan-house, and the committee hire a wagon two or three times a week to give the children an airing.

Stephen Girard is a noble-spirited man; he may be ranked with thy equally noble uncle Wells. I hear that he is constantly at Bush Hill, performs the part of a nurse to the poor sufferers there, and does the lowest offices of a nurse—shifting the sick, and changing their bedding with his own hands. Does he not obey the command of his Lord, who said to one formerly, “go thou and do likewise,” when he was asked who was neighbour to the man who fell among thieves—the Levite or Samaritan? Last night good D. Offley was carried to the silent grave, and a few days since Rowland Evans. * * *

I have done when I tell thee that, present or absent, I shall ever be

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th month 15, 1793.

I received my beloved son's letter by B. M. inclosing the check, for which I am greatly obliged. I have been closely tried for several days past on account of dear B. Smith, who has been and still is very ill, though I hope a little better to-night; he has not a sick stomach, but a very distressing pain in his head, and fever. My poor Debby is also drooping, and I know not how soon she may be laid up; they have both been bled twice. Their children are well, and servants bravely, though not able to do anything. When I returned home last evening, I found my late valuable black man, who I wrote went away sick, laid on my kitchen floor very sick—even ill. The people where he lodged having turned him out in that condition, and being a stranger in town, he knew not where to go. I gave him something, and this morning went myself to one of the committee and got a permit to send him to the hospital, and the good creature cheerfully got into the sick-cart, thanking me for providing a place for him where he might lay his sick head.

Oh, my dear, you who are at a distance can have but a very imperfect idea of the mournful situation of our city! Indeed, it looks dismal to see so many houses shut up. All the neigh-

bours on the opposite side of the way gone out of town, and most on this side of the street.*

My sick folks are all getting well except my poor sister, on whose account my sorrowful family must remain at the place they are stationed at. Alas! whither could we go? We cannot flee from the rod commissioned to strike *us*.

Thy dear good uncle W. looks like himself again, and my precious sister and the girls are as well as usual. Through the mercy of Heaven, I am able to be with my dear Debby part of every day, and esteem it a singular favour that her husband and self were not taken sick at the time my own afflicted household were ill, as I could not possibly have been spared from home at that time. Indeed, I have renewed cause for humble gratitude, when I see my dear little ones, lately so ill, and our valuable domestics, meeting me on every little absence with countenances expressive of filial love and gratitude. It is almost too much for me to bear, weakened as my spirits have been of late, and fearful of their ascribing to me, a poor, weak instrument, what belongs to the great Physician alone. I have good grounds to hope that the late afflicting sickness will prove of lasting benefit to our servants; thus good will grow out of the evil they have so much dreaded, and I have much desired to be a partaker with them in it. Patience and resignation should go hand in hand; the latter may be compared to the philosopher's stone, which is said to turn all it touches into gold—and resignation to the Divine will, turns every afflictive dispensation of Providence into real and substantial good, while patience fits and prepares us to endure all evils without murmur or complaint. I am so far from branding thy conduct with the odious name of "cowardice," that I commend thy resolution in absenting thyself from the city, a place where *all* that is dearest to thee on earth at present, are necessarily confined; and if I am right, let me have the comfort of still enjoying the hope that *my only son* will take care of his precious life for my sake, and yet "rock the cradle of reposing age." Adieu, my love, may Heaven preserve thee, prays

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

* Her residence was on the north side of Walnut Street, one door below Fourth Street.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 6th day night, 10th mo. 19, 1793.

MY BELOVED SON:—

I have just received thine, and it falls to my lot to inform thee another breach is made in my family. Our beloved B. S. is taken from us—he was violently seized at the first, just as my dear J. M. was. I sent to Dr. Rush; he was confined, and two of his pupils. I went to Dr. Mease—he was too ill to be spoken to. I asked B. S. who I should send for—Parke was ill, and I knew of none else—however, I went to Dr. James; he was also ill, but spoke highly of Dr. Cathrall. I went for him—he came—and said it was not the disease. But I knew he had it, and told him I would consult Dr. Rush; on my way I met one of his young men—he came that evening, and continued to visit him—paid close attention—but, alas! all in vain—the dear, hopeful young man departed between 3 and 4 this morning. His brother Joshua was here, and I sent for B. W. M., who came, and this evening he was laid by my dear J. and A. M. My precious Debby, who was his faithful nurse, is greatly afflicted, and notwithstanding the situation of my own family, I must remain in Front Street till I see how it will please Providence to dispose of her. Excuse this hasty scrawl. I hardly know what I write. Oh! my son, keep out of the city while thee can, and take care of thy precious life. If my Debby lives, perhaps N. Smith's house may suit her. This thought just now occurs, but we must not look forward to any earthly comfort. Adieu, my love.

M. M.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 7th day noon.

I wrote thee last evening, but know not whether the scrawl has reached thee. My poor, dear girl had a restless night, and I was fearful would be very ill to-day, and I sent early to Dr. Rush. One of his good young men came, and he assured me she had no fever. We are in want of nothing at present, but to feel a perfect resignation to the Divine will, who is pleased

to strip first one and then another, and who shall say "what doest thou?" The sympathy of the few friends we have left us is truly acceptable, but their faces we must not hope to see. Adieu; do not come so near the town again, I charge thee on my blessing.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 21, 1793.

* My dear Debby has passed another night with very little sleep, and that was only broken slumbers.

The great loss she has sustained has sunk very deep, and my foreboding fears suggest to me that I now must give up all. She has no fever nor any pain at all, but her continual moaning and dwelling on the late gloomy scene is too much, I fear, for her sensitive nature to struggle with. Dr. Rush has sent one of his good young men to visit her, and he has directed a medicine which I have given day and night; but if she does rise above it, time alone, with the Divine assistance, must be the physician. I proposed her going with the children to my house to stay till it was safe for Samuel Emlen and thee to come to town. But she objected, saying if she went out of the house she could return to it no more, and she knew not how S. E. would be inclined to proceed as to the business, or whether he would choose to continue here or remove the store.

I mention these things in order that S. E. may consider what is best for her to do—for so great is her esteem for him that I think she will do nothing without his concurrence. I have been uneasy ever since I received thy last, and hope nothing will tempt thee to venture so near the city as thee did yesterday. Oh! my jewel, let it be thy care to prevent as much as thou can the prospect I have before me, of going childless to the grave.

Looking in the Bible to-day, I came to a remarkable prophecy, which seems fulfilling in the present time; I was struck with it, and inclose a copy.* Did thee get a list I sent thee

* And the songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day, saith the Lord God—there shall be many dead bodies in every place; they shall cast them forth with silence. *Amos*, chap. 8, v. iii.

last week, from Letchworth's book? Alas! one of my own dear son's names is now added to it. What a trying stroke will it be to dear brother Smith to hear of his and our loss, but to my poor Debby it is doubly so. What a world of woe we live in! and by what a frail tenure do we hold all that is most dear to us. Happy are those who have secured an interest in the ever enduring mansions of endless eternity.

Adieu, my love; if ever we meet again on earth, how many mournful things I shall have to relate—and if we meet not here, let us cherish the hope, the heart-reviving hope, that there is a place where the weary will be at rest, where tears will be wiped from every eye, and all sorrows be at an end; and if we are favoured to meet in that happy place—all that has passed will be forgotten. Adieu, my love,

M. M.

TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 22, 1793.

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

I have received thine and S. E.'s acceptable letters—to the latter I mean to reply to-morrow, and now sit down to tell thee I have got my dear mourner and her little girl in thy room, the maid and Daniel in the kitchen chamber, and our own invalids still occupy the two parlours. Good Dr. Rush sent his carriage to bring us here—but, my love, no language can describe what we have passed through. I wish not to afflict thee or painfully to dwell on the past, but—only to give thee an idea of it—may tell thee that one day last week, when I had walked about more than usual, my spirits so failed me that I fainted away, at a time when my darling child stood most in need of my help—but, like a thundergust that clears the air, I awoke from it, and almost with the vigour of youth, was able to assist thy dear afflicted sister;—time alone can heal her wound, and bind up her broken heart. Yesterday D. Hicks wrote me a note, informing me that my dear sister had a fit, and that William was relapsed. I would not leave my Debby till 6 in the evening, when I came home and found William very poorly, but he is now effectually relieved; before I could get back to Front Street, thy poor aunt had another violent fit.

Alas! what a world of woe we live in. Surely there is a better country than this, and if it was not for the staff on which thy tribulated mother has leaned from youth to old age, how would she be able to bear the chastisements of the rod. But with reverence let me say, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me;" for truly in proportion to the bitter has been the sweet; and they have been so blended together amidst the checkered scenes of my life, that till within a few weeks past, I could hardly tell which was greatest—for although, like my poor Debby, I was early deprived of the beloved companion of my youth, the cultivation of my little vineyard—my hopeful orphans, so engaged my care and attention, and repaid all my anxiety that the remembrance of what I had passed through, though never to be forgotten, was in measure compensated; and when I had been favoured to see them all arrive at maturity without a blot on their fame, Lo! the destroyer came, and robbed me of one of my choicest plants; the child of my fondest hopes became the son of my sorrow, and I thought I should go sorrowing to the grave. But to the praise of His goodness, who has thus permitted it to be—in the hour, the awful hour of death, he was made the "son of consolation," and my chastened heart, though bowing under the heavy stroke, was enabled to say in reverent thankfulness "Thy will be done;" and now again, my truly valuable son, whose connection with me was a sweet, unmingled with bitter, has been called from works to rewards; and dare I murmur at the call, when I am made the humble instrument of comfort to a child who is worthy of a better comforter. Allow me, my love, to give vent in this way to my full heart. Thy sympathizing nature feels what I have gone through.

3d day morning. My dear D. has passed another night almost without sleep. * * I wish thee, my dear child, to endeavour to keep thy mind calm, and do not suffer thyself to harbor one murmuring thought against the all-wise Disposer of human affairs. He best knows what is best for his creatures, and He knows how to bring them to resignation, and thy mother can say from experiment it is the road to peace. Adieu, my love.

MARGARET MORRIS TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, (WITHOUT DATE.)

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

I concluded a letter to thee last fifth or sixth day, which was begun long before, and for want of time to write lay in the letter-case. We were encouraged to flatter ourselves, that day being the 7th from the time our beloved B. S. was taken ill, that the disorder was going off, as some favourable symptoms appeared—but alas! it was only a flash, for he grew worse, and it was only a short time before we were obliged to relinquish all hopes. The dear, innocent, worthy young man was taken from us between 3 and 4 in the afternoon. I sent for his brother when I perceived his change approach, and when it was all over felt ourselves *so* destitute!! no man to apply to but his weeping brother to send out to bespeak a coffin. I sent to Benjamin Morris; he came, though obliged to ride, being still weak from the same fever. He went and got the grave dug, next to my dear J. and A. M., and poor Joshua was obliged to bespeak a coffin, while thy sorrowful mother was occupied one moment in endeavouring to keep life in thy dear afflicted sister, and the next in the other room, preparing her dear son-in-law for the grave. Don't ask for particulars at this time; suffice it to say, that all my efforts to soothe and comfort my dear child are yet in vain, and if she is favoured to get through it, time alone, assisted by the Divine goodness, must reconcile her to the heavy stroke. I prevailed on her to come to my house on 2d day, with the two maids. Before I left the house, I had the beds, carpets, blankets &c. all buried—the rooms well cleaned, &c. On first day morning last, D. Hicks wrote me that our William was relapsed, and thy poor aunt in fits; but I could not leave thy sister till evening. I came home and found William ill again, but by timely attending to him it is gone off. Before I could go back again to Front St. my dear sister had another heavy fit. Oh! how my poor heart was rent to think of the distress of two so dear to me; both standing in need of my assistance, and so distant from each other that I could not attend to both. Nature plead strongly for my going back to my child; and when I looked at my

sister, the guardian of my infant years, gratitude seemed to demand my staying with *her*; but my good D. Hicks gave up to my going to Front St., and promised to let me know how it went at home. When thy dear sister heard my sad tale, she consented to come home with me, and it is a comfort in this gloomy scene that I have only to walk from one room to another, and am able to do my duty to both. Adieu.

MARGARET MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 24, 1793.

* * When I look round and see what havoc Death has made in our city—the young and vigorous taken away, the old and helpless left, many of them without support, my spirit almost dies within me, and I am ready to say, “What wait I for; my delight is in thee.”—My beloved mourner, thy dear sister, cannot be comforted, and it is hard work for thy mother, who has trod the same path, to comfort her. Thy cousin B. W. M. seems desirous of supplying the place of the dear son I have lost, and, like my own R. H. M., queries with me what I stand in need of. I went yesterday to see my little namesake for the first time, and a most lovely babe it is—on my way I met J. Kite, who told me he had not been paid for the attendance on J. M., that he called on —, but he would not pay it. I had cash in my purse and paid him—our dear B. S. discharged the other expenses and entered them on his book. My maid Sally is recovered, but is not able to do her usual business, and W. N. is still weak*—but his conduct in sickness as well as health has endeared him to me. If I was his own mother I could not expect more tenderness from him. When I come down in the morning, he is the first to meet me with kind inquiries after my health. See how providence has rewarded an unworthy instrument!

Thy dear uncle Wells rode out to-day—my sweet Hannah is not well, and Polly Morris is confined to her bed—I went to see her to-day. Rachel’s roses have almost left her fine cheeks, but I still hope they will escape. If I live one week more without symptoms of the fever, I think I may safely venture to

* W. N. was an assistant in the family.

meet thee at Marshall's works, and pour into thy bosom the tears I have been obliged to suppress, as the eyes of all the family, fifteen in number, seem upon me; and when I appear dull, they all take the alarm and flock about me as if I was really sick. Ah! my dear, thy broken-hearted mother cannot hold it long. Such unusual exertions, and the suppression of her feelings must sap the foundation—but I mean not to afflict thee. Adieu, my beloved child; may Heaven preserve thee is the affectionate prayer of thy tender mother,

M. M.

MARGARET MORRIS TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 29, 1793.

If my beloved children knew the painfulness of the state of suspense I am in, I think they would endeavour to relieve me from it by sending me a line by some means or other. I've heard of thy being indisposed, but have not been informed in what way; surely thou art not ill, or J. S. would think it worth while to inform me—for however I may be occupied with the afflictive scenes around me, my heart yearns to the blessings still left, though at a distance from me. My dear J. M.'s little orphans are all well; my namesake is still out at nurse—she's a lovely child. William and Patty are at the grandfather's, but I hope to have them all here before long.

It is said the violence of the fever has abated, and I hope it may prove so, but fear that when the exiled citizens return to town they will be fresh subjects for the contagion. From our corner of 4th street, down to G. Guest's, fifty have died that I know of and have kept a list of, as they passed by my door—yet, through the boundless mercy of Providence, not one has been taken away from under my own roof; and although I have been ready at times to think a double portion of the bitter cup had been allotted to me, my chastened heart, while under the afflictive stroke of the rod of chastisement, has endeavoured to say "Thy will be done." Thy good uncle Wells begins to look like himself. My sweet Hannah and Rachel, though divinely supported, show by their faded cheeks that they have passed through much exercise of body and mind.

MARGARET MORRIS TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, 10th mo. 31, 1793.

My beloved child's letter of the 26th relieved my mind of much anxiety, and amidst the gloom that has long surrounded me, I desire to be thankful that some of the dear blessings of my life are excused from the sufferings I have passed through.

My dear mournful Debby refuses to be comforted. I tell her the all-wise Disposer of human affairs has many arrows in his quiver, and she may, by resisting his will, provoke him to send forth another, and be deprived of the dear pledges of her spotless love. But alas! I am a poor comforter, and though I have long trod the dreary path of sorrow, I find myself unequal to the task of administering comfort to my child, who stands much in need of it. Ah! my dear, thy poor mother has hitherto had only her own burdens to bear; but now she must exert herself to help to bear the burdens of the child who was her delight in youth, and a comfort through all the checkered scenes of a life marked out by Divine Wisdom as a sample of the instability of human happiness: and now, in the decline of life, when nature calls for retirement and a recess from the cares and concerns of this world, and the long exercised mind languishes to be at rest, the care of five helpless orphans calls upon her to arouse with redoubled confidence in the friend of her youth, the spouse of her riper age, the support of her evening, "to thank God and take courage."

These were some of the last words of dear S. Emlen, when he called to take leave of me before he embarked for England, and often have I thought of them, since I have been, as it were, in the furnace of affliction.

Adieu, my love, says thy ever devoted
and tender mother,

M. M.

MARGARET MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th mo. 2, 1793.

As I am fearful of thy being among the first of the exiled citizens who may desire to return, I think it is my duty to

guard thee against being deceived by the reports of the danger being quite over. It is true that the violence of the fatal disease is greatly abated—but I apprehend there is yet the seeds of the contagion lurking in our city, and in the corners of many houses which have been shut up as soon as the family have died, and, perhaps, the beds, &c., left in them—and, whenever those who return to take possession of those houses, open them and expose the beds, &c., on the roofs or flats, depend upon it, we shall hear of the fever beginning to rage again. This is my simple opinion of the matter. I have taken every possible precaution in my own house, and Debby's, and really believe there is no infection in either of them; and if thee could be content to stay in the house, and be a witness of the continual mourning of thy dear sister, without going abroad at all, I think thee might safely return; but much as I long to press thee to my bosom, I do not wish to see thee at present. Ah! my dear, I much fear that those who come too soon to town, will be fresh subjects for the contagion.

I see by the account of the pestilence in London, that it continued near a year, abating sometimes and then raging again—till the secret wonder-working hand of Divine Providence suddenly put a stop to it. * * * * *

MARGARET MORRIS TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, 11th mo. 12, 1793.

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

Thy brother came to town last 7th day, contrary to my advice, for I wished him to stay another week—but everybody is flocking to town. S. Emlen* came last seventh day—the meeting between him and thy mournful sister was more than I could bear; it seemed to open the wound her afflicted heart had been pierced with; and when I took the children into the room to him he clasped them to his bosom and wept over them as if they had been his own. He is gone to Chester, some of their goods being landed there, but is to return to Front St.

Many people think the scenes we have passed through are but the beginnings of our troubles, and that the spring of the

* S. E., Jr., was the partner in business of Benjamin Smith.

year will revive the pestilential fever. If that should be the case, and thy worn-out mother should live through the winter, I have entertained a secret intimation to remove my family to the place which once proved an asylum of peace to me; but if thee loves me, don't let a hint of the kind escape thee, for we know not what a day may bring forth. * * * *

MARGARET MORRIS TO RICHARD HILL MORRIS. (WITHOUT DATE.)

I have just received my jewel's letter and have nothing new to communicate. People are flocking into town—but I think they are coming too soon. Thee said in a former letter, thee could furnish me with flour; my barrel, though only ten days opened, is almost out. Don't put thyself to inconvenience about it, as I can be supplied by B. W. M., who is in thy stead to me. I was obliged to be bled again to-day;—my poor frail tabernacle seems tottering on the verge of another state—but such is my anxiety for the dear helpless children of my dear J. and A. M., that I wish to secure them a guardian in my only son, and implore thee to keep at a distance from us a little longer. William Nekervis is like a son to me. I regret that I cannot repay his attention, so affectionately shown me. Alas! I am a bankrupt in almost everything but gratitude—my cash is almost gone—the 15th of this month N. Smith will probably move to his own house, and then I shall have a quarter's rent to receive. I mean to keep the house empty till I see thee and know whether thy mournful sister will go into it. I can't expect to occupy her house here without a reasonable compensation—I shall not long want anybody's house, but that appointed for all the human race. Adieu, my love; believe me, as ever, thy tender

M. M.

Sixth day.—Thy note has just come to hand. S. Emlen is here—he talks of going to Germantown to-night. I wish you to be in town together. Heaven will, I hope, preserve you both. People are flocking into town and returning to their empty houses.

My heart languishes to see thee, but have not dared to invite thee.

MARGARET MORRIS.

The fever prevailed again both in 1797 and 1798. In the latter year it will be recollected Henry Hill fell a victim to the scourge. In 1797 she writes:—

MARGARET MORRIS TO GULIELMA MARIA SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA, 8th mo. 19, 1797.

My beloved child's letter of the 16th came to hand last evening, and was more acceptable than the promised visit would have been, as I was fearful of your visiting us during our present alarming situation. The appearance of a dangerous malignant fever in different parts of the city, has obliged many to hasten to the country, and it was with the same intention that R. H. Morris visited all the villages near to procure a house for my own family; but every place is full. He has wrote to S. Emlen in hopes of succeeding better in Burlington, which, if he does, we shall soon be there. * * * * I have now written all that is necessary on the subject, and when thou recollects the dispensation I passed through, in the desolating year of ninety-three, will not say I am too urgent in pressing our S. E. to be expeditious in giving us early information of his success. Imagination sickens on a retrospective view of the scenes I witnessed and bore a part in at that time—and though I have fewer now to care for than I had then, yet as a merchant who has once been a bankrupt resolves to be more careful in future, and in endeavouring to avoid his former mistakes becomes parsimonious, so I, who have lost half my earthly treasure, am become a miser of the little store that yet remains of my former happy, prosperous days, and wish to secure, by all allowable means, the possession a little longer.

MARGARET MORRIS.



CHAPTER III.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF MARGARET MORRIS.

“My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live long passed years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their thoughts and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.”—SOUTHEY.

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. MOORE. (WITHOUT DATE.)

MY DEAR SISTER:—

In case of brother C. M. being at liberty to make a movement—I must leave it, believing that if it is in the counsel of best wisdom to permit us to be so near each other, He will open the way for it. We have prevailed on W. Z. not to promise the house till we hear from you; but dare I to look forward to such a pleasing prospect—who have had, one after another, of the most desirable blessings of life snatched as it were from me, when they seemed just within my reach; which has made me endeavour to get loose from the tender hold that some things have on my mind, that so I may be enabled to receive the good and evil without being too much elated by one, or depressed by the other; but I can tell thee it is hard work; yet can I with a grateful heart remember, that the rod and the staff have been my companions through life. I have only to add, that we are one in all that relates to brother C. M. and to thee.

S. E. left a long message of love for thee and that good man, my brother C. M., in which he is cordially joined by my beloved Patty's tenderly affectionate sister,

MARGARET MORRIS.

Extracts from letters from Margaret Morris to her daughter Deborah, of various dates.

TO A CHILD.

April 14. 1773.

* * I hope, my child, thou art a good girl, and obedient to thy aunts; it will give me great pleasure to hear thee behaves well, and will be an inducement to me to gratify thee in future with visiting thy relations. But nothing should tempt me to send thee abroad again, if I was to hear thee did not behave as well to them as to myself; for they are thy nearest relations, and their kindness to thee entitles them to all the respect thou art capable of showing. Be kind and civil to their servants, and never take upon thyself to chide or huff them. I hope thee does not do it, for thee knows, my dear, I don't suffer you to do it at home, and their being servants should be an additional reason for treating them kindly, and doing all the little good offices in our power, to make their condition sit easy on them, and then they will be less inclined to envy us, who are in a condition they may think above them.

1774.

I am pleased with what thou tells me of thy staying at aunt Moore's, and hope thee will not be at all troublesome to her or the servants, and it will not be pretty for thee to stay in the kitchen, except thy aunt sets thee about something there, or thee can help the girls when they are busy—but stay where thy aunt chooses thee should, and as it will be sometime before thee comes home, thee must ask thy aunt to give thee some sewing to do. I inclose thee a little money, as thy brother said thee wanted some; but thee should be careful, my dear, not to spend it in trifles, as thy poor mamma has not much to spare, and is yet free to indulge thee with a little, that thee may not think, by being denied the use of it sometimes, it is of such great value that it ought to be treasured up as our choicest good.

4th mo. 1784.

As John Cox is going home before me, I cannot let him return without a line, as I know your anxiety for me will make

you desirous of hearing how I bore the long and painful parting scene (the sailing to England of G. and S. Dillwyn), which was rendered doubly so, as we had not the opportunity of a private moment to pour out the overflowings of our affectionate hearts into each other's bosoms, and were obliged to take a last embrace before numerous spectators, whose inquisitive eyes were riveted on us, as if to observe the manner in which persons so closely connected tore themselves from each other;—but so it was, and my half-broken heart suppressed the sobs that would have given me ease to have vented in a friendly shower of tears. We returned to Wilmington and lodged on first-day night, and yesterday reached Philadelphia, with less fatigue than I expected, and am now ready to return to you, my beloved children. *

1st mo. (DATE OBLITERATED.)

* This being the first day of the new year, I have, *as usual*, had my thoughts employed in looking back to this time twelve month, and find in the retrospect much to be thankful for to the giver of all my blessings;—my dear children all still living to comfort me, and make my descent into the vale of life pleasant, if not the pleasantest part of the journey. May you, my beloved daughters, look forward to many happy years, and may the good hand that blessed me, on my first setting out in life, be with you in every stage of yours—and may the staff on which I have leaned be your support, if you should have to walk in the same tribulated path I have had to tread. May this and every other blessing, which the goodness of Providence shall permit his bounty to bestow, be the portion of my beloved children, is the affectionate and fervent prayer of their fond mother,

M. M.

WITHOUT DATE.

* * Although I feel my obligation to thee, my dear good child, for what thou hast desired me to make use of, yet I want words to express my feelings, and my gratitude to Heaven, who has given me children to turn my “water of affliction into the wine of consolation.” May that Heaven reward them an hundredfold in this life, and bless them forever. This is, indeed,

the affectionate prayer of my heart, which overflows with sensations that cannot be uttered. Adieu, my love—I am

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

11th mo. 30, 1789.

* As I promised my beloved girls to let them hear from me, I must not be worse than my word, lest they should discredit me in future, though I have nothing to communicate but what they already know—viz., that I think myself *one* of the happiest of mothers in the world, though at present I feel like a merchant who has ventured his whole fortune out at sea, and is anxious for, not doubtful of, the success of the voyage. Thus it is with me; I feel many tender pangs, but no regret in seeing all my *treasure* embarked in the ocean of this fluctuating world, having a secret hope that the good Pilot will warn them of the dangers that lie hidden among the *rocks* and *sands*, and conduct them safely to the desired Port at last.

While I am writing, the pleasing prospect has unexpectedly revived, which used to be presented to my mind when my children in their infant state were hanging round my knees;—I then fancied myself an old woman, surrounded by my affectionate children, each one striving to do something to make the comfortless season of declining life pass pleasantly away; and see how sweetly Providence has realized the picture of the winter's evening I then drew; but above all I cherished the hope that the enriching blessing of Divine Favour would be their portion as they advanced in life, and often and earnestly besought *Him* that blessed *me* in the early part of mine, to take them into his protection. Hitherto, my hope has not been vain, and I can now, humbly remembering past favours, and present bounties, safely and with full confidence, commit myself and all *mine*, to the future guidance of the same good Hand. When I took up my pen, I had no intention of writing on the subject which has unawares stolen from my bosom, but since it has escaped me let it be nourished in yours, and, like seed cast into fertile ground, it may possibly, in time, produce fruit that will be pleasant to you. My dear children,

Your tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

6th mo. 9, 1790.

MY DEAR CHILD :—

I was agreeably surprised this morning at meeting thy and my dear B. S. in market; he was kindly bending his steps towards my habitation, and presented me with thy welcome short letter. I am glad to hear thy dear parents and family are well; present my affectionate and unfeigned love to them, and tell them I daily wish the beloved child of my heart may be as great a blessing and comfort to them as their dear valuable son is to me, and that in giving happiness to *us*, *their* anxious parents, our children may receive a double portion of every blessing which the goodness of Providence may permit his bounty to bestow; and *more* I ask not for them.

With love to dear cousin A. C. tell her I plead guilty of not sending her out dear G. D—'s letter; it shall go now. Give my love to my truly dear Susan—tell her while people have eyes they will S. E.! and tongues they will talk. As for me I see and hear, and say nothing; I might say with truth I know not the man that I think wholly and entirely worthy of the treasure that some are aspiring to gain.* To conclude and keep thee from hatching sickness for me, I assure thee I am quite as well as usual,

And am, &c. &c.

M. M.

6th mo. 1790.

As I expect to have the pleasure of seeing thee soon, I should hardly have given thee the trouble of reading another scrawl from me, if I had not happened to recollect a little map† thy dear uncle Geo. Dillwyn made for you when you were children, which I think thy aunt gave to our dear Susan. It was a pretty device of his own, beginning at infancy, and roads and bye-roads, &c. till death. Now if S. D. or cousin Nancy

* Susan Dillwyn, afterwards Emlen, by universal consent of those who knew her, the loveliest of her sex, both personally and in mind. She died a death of suffering and pain, from a cancer in 1819, after having vainly submitted to the tortures of a London surgeon, and to the knife under the direction of her brother-in-law, the eminent surgeon, Doctor Philip Syng Physick.

† The Map of Life; a moral device for the instruction of children, which has frequently been republished.

has one of the said maps, and will lend it to me to get one drawn for my little folks, it shall be carefully returned.

Thy tenderly affectionate mother,

M. M.

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. MOORE. (WITHOUT DATE.)

MY DEAREST SISTER:—

I pity and sympathize with poor dear mamma, but indeed there is nothing here below worth our anxious solicitude;—how have all their pleasing prospects of happiness here been embittered by disappointment, and where, in this life, can they now turn their eyes and thoughts to find it. I really fear this last shock will upset them. I can upon a near and strict scrutiny into my own conduct, since I was her daughter, acquit myself of even the remotest intention to give her pain or displeasure, and I think if I was now with her, I might perhaps be instrumental to making her mind easier on account of the removal of those she was so fond of—but I don't even lean to it as a thing I desire, for I really believe I am in my right place. The weighty duty of taking care of my precious charge engrosses my most earnest thoughts, and I hope it may be permitted, if it is right it should be so, to keep them in this place, till they are fixed in their principles, and then there will be less danger in launching them out in the world. But why did I say there was nothing worth our anxious solicitude, while I am at the same time planning and scheming, and thinking of scenes of happiness which may never arrive! Oh no, they never will be within my reach; I grasped at something which my imagination deemed happiness, but it fled from me, and left me as it were alone, destitute, a mother of orphans, and a—widow! Forgive me, my dear sister, that I write in this dull strain; thy dear letter has carried me back a dozen years; and, comparing the past with the present, has made me dull;—but, far from murmuring, I bless the hands that have made the present not only bearable, but comfortable. The winter appears to be setting in at last; I'm sure it will be a long one to me.

My dearest sister,

Thy own and ever affectionate

M. MORRIS.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

WITHOUT DATE.

My precious Patty must accept, without *grumbling*, a little token of my love, which would not have been so small if Johnny had saddle-bags to take more.

Poor, unlucky Dick had like to have committed a fatal mistake last night; he had eaten too many currants, and was very sick afterwards, and thirsty, and he thought a draught of the currant juice, with water, would settle his stomach, and went in the parlour to get it; there happened to be a bottle of antimonial wine on the sideboard, which he took up, and poured about a spoonful in, and then the currant juice; the vomiting increasing, I gave him chamomile tea; this settled his stomach, and I was going to bed, when he told me he believed the stuff he took with the currant juice had made him sick; this alarmed me, and I began to make strict inquiry, and found he had taken what might possibly finish him; so to work I went with milk and oil, and made him drink till, I dare say, there was not a particle left. Happily, these carried the dregs downwards. He was vomiting from eight o'clock till near eleven, before I knew the occasion, and was in great pain till two. This morning, he looks weak and poorly, but, I dare say, will never take anything from a bottle that he don't know.

Johnny is just going. Dear love to all.

I am, my dearest sister,

Thy own affectionate

MARGARET MORRIS.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

I received thy acceptable letter this morning, and may tell thee that, as I read the contents, the tears that flowed from my eyes dimmed my sight. They were tears of joy, my precious creature, to find thou wert enabled to stem the torrent, and in such an age as this, where people, of almost all ranks, are getting into dissipation of divers kinds, *thee has dared* to hold up an example, that I hope will have an effect on some minds that

once would have joined thee in the pious concern of instructing the poor little creatures* who often, for want of proper tuition, become the disgrace of our sex. May the blessing of Heaven on thy endeavours crown them with desired success. Most cheerfully do I accept the commission of providing materials for a beginning; but as the weather prevents my going out to-day, have sent some scraps of canvas which I had reserved for my grandchildren. Look on it, my dear, as the "widow's mite," and don't reject it. I have also put up the only samples I knew of, for that is such old-fashioned work, that very few girls nowadays keep them; these have been lent to school-mistresses, and are a little soiled. There is also a book of writing. Though I know it will not be wanted, yet it may amuse the children to look over it, and make them aim at the same perfection. Oh! my Patty—how cheerfully would I join thee, if it was the will of Providence so to permit; but I must not quit the path assigned to me, and if I can but make straight steps in it—though, indeed, it has been a narrow one—I hope I shall at last have peace—and that is beyond the applause of mortals; and such peace, I already feel, will be thy reward, my ever dear sister. As sister writes thee, I have only to add, my love to dear brother C. Moore; he will be a partaker in all that attends thee. Adieu, my love.

I am thy tenderly affectionate sister,

MARGARET MORRIS.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

I have been waiting for some weeks past with an anxious impatience for the arrival of my beloved Patsy and her good man. The last letter informed me you were returned to Philadelphia, and my sweet creature not much benefited by the jaunt. Oh! why did you not come here before the cold weather set in? Though we could do nothing towards the recovery of thy health, yet we would have done all that the fondest affection could suggest, to have made a few weeks stay with us agreeable to thee. I know how thee feels, and I feel for thee, my precious creature. Oh! that I could be with thee, and

* Alluding to her charity school.

nurse thee, and nourish thee with milk from my own breast. I would foster thee as if thee was my own child, but I could not love thee more than I do.

I am, my beloved Patsy,
Thy ever affectionate
MARGARET MORRIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

1st mo. 13, 1775.

MY DEAR, PRECIOUS SISTER:—

I received thy two acceptable letters by the stage wagon, on 2d day last. The pleasing, the flattering assurance that my good brother Charles Moore will consent to take charge of the first child (John Morris went to study medicine with his uncle) I turn out in the world, has removed a load that has long been on my mind. Oh! if thee could but for one moment have been in my place, thee would know what I felt (for I can't describe it), when I read it.

I will honestly confess that if Johnny had let me choose for him, I should not have pitched on the practice of physick for his study. I had pleased myself with the thoughts of his one day being an honest lawyer, but as he still stands to it that he will choose no business if he can't be a doctor, and that he's indifferent what he is, if not allowed to be one, I hope his grandfather won't baulk him; and oh! my sweet creature, if he comes to thee, take him for thy adopted child, and transfer all the fond affection thee has for his mother to him; he loves thee, and thee must advise, or chide him as thy own; he is not perverse or obstinate, but his continued ill health has rendered him a little peevish at times; but he is so self-condemned when that is the case, that I hope as he grows older it will wear off. I really don't expect him to live to be a man.

I am, my beloved Patty, thy own

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WITHOUT DATE, ABOUT 1774, OR LATER.

I received my sweet Patty's letter on first day. * * * *
Yesterday morning we were all called to the door (on Green

Bank, Burlington, north corner of Ellis street), to look at something in the river that seemed to be swimming; at length it got to shore, and what should it be but a little mare, about a size bigger than T. L.'s little horse. The boys caught it, put it up, and fed it, and then Dick rode her to town. William Dillwyn wrote an advertisement for them to send to Bristol, but it did not go—and they were pleasing themselves with the thoughts that fortune had sent them a horse, for they took care to make her land on our ground; but behold, to-day a man came to claim her; she came from Philadelphia. Dick told the man he thought he was entitled to something for his care of her, and that he would not make a great charge—a dollar he thought was quite low; but the man would give him only two and sixpence, which was divided between little Jemmy and Dickey, for Jem claimed part, as he had stolen two meals of oats from their own stable for her; and they curried and drest her up, and verily believed she was a half-blooded creature, though so very like Tommy's little button! Thee will say I have little to write about, to fill my paper with such chit-chat; but it afforded us some mirth.

Poor unlucky Dick was looking at some boys yesterday who were shooting arrows, and one that was bearded stuck into his leg, and has made him a little lame.

My beloved Patsy,

Thy own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, Dec. 12, 1776.

Although I have but a few moments to write, I have sat down to tell my beloved sister how it fares with us. We are, to our own amazement, still favoured with calmness, while all around is confusion and terror; what cause of humble gratitude to the preserver of men, for it is a favour unexpected by us.

We went to bed last night without fear, trusting in the arm that has hitherto shielded us, although the gondolas lay just before our door, and the report of an intention to fire the town in the night had reached us about 9 o'clock, and our good uncle

W. sent down and begged us to come with the whole family up there; and in turning it in my own mind, I got a little unsettled; but when I had concluded to stay where Providence had placed me, and trust in him alone, my mind received the answer of peace; and in that peace I went to sleep, and awoke in the same. Oh! may I be truly thankful.

This morning a galley, with a great many men, and a number of boats, came ashore at our wharf. I ordered the children to keep within doors, and went myself down to the shore, and asked what they were going to do. They said to fire the town if the Regulars entered. I told them I hoped they would not set fire to my house. "Which is your house, and who are you?" I told them I was a widow, with only children in the house, and they called to others and bid them mark that house, there was a widow and children, and no men in it; "but," said they, "it is a mercy we had not fired on it last night; seeing a light there, we several times pointed the guns at it; thinking there were Hessians or tories in it; but a hair of your head shall not be hurt by us." See how Providence looks on us. Then they offered to move my valuable goods over the river, but I pointed to the children at the door, and said; "see, there is all my treasure, those children are mine," and one who seemed of consequence, said: "Good woman, make yourself easy, we will protect you."

Now, though I place no confidence in the arm of flesh, yet I have abundant cause for humble gratitude, that those hardy men did not treat me roughly. I can write no more—my letter is called for. May that God in whom we trust, preserve you and us.

Anna has been confined to the bed all day yesterday, and Willy has returns of her fever. When the firing became heavy yesterday, we went into the cellar, having heard it was safer than above stairs, and poor Anna was so terrified that she threw her clothes on her and went down stairs, and, seeing no one in the house, thought we had fled; and to-day, though she cannot hold up her head, she will be down. Adieu, my dear sister; we join in love to all.

I am ever thine,

M. M.

P. S. This proof of dear Brother Wells in coming to see us at this time, can never be enough acknowledged; how kind it was to run the risk for our sakes! May God reward him for it, and keep his family safe.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (1776.)

I am two letters in debt to my beloved sister, but it has been owing to my being so much engaged that I had no time to answer them. I have had my sweet neighbour Cox* to spend a week here, and the weather being bad, confined her a good deal to the house, and I could not leave her.

What thanks are due to you, my dear brother and sister, for your kindness to my poor boy! I can only thank and love you for it; no other acknowledgment is in my power; let that suffice for the present; if ever Heaven shall be pleased to give me the means of greater, be assured I shall not think the debt paid till I have made a compensation for your care. Oh! that he may be worthy of your kindest, fondest affection—this is the wish of my heart, and I sometimes flatter myself he will not be wholly unworthy; it has been his immovable desire to be with you, and the thought of disappointment sat so heavy on him, that I was afraid his temper would have been spoilt by being crossed.

I am quite easy about him in respect of the affair thee hints at. I think so sad an example before him in his young acquaintance, D. T., will be a warning to him. Let it be thy care, my sweet sister, as it has been mine, heretofore, to paint virtue in its most pleasing colours, and then vice will naturally appear deformed.

I feel happy in the thought of his having so good a young man as R. M. for a companion, and hope a friendship may grow between them, which, founded in virtue, will be profitable and lasting.

I received the money for the saddle, but am doubtful whether neighbour W. will be willing to take that kind, as they are under some apprehension of being obliged to quit their present abode, as the proclamation of General Washington requires all

* Mother to Mrs. Horace Binney.

in W.'s circumstances, to remove with their families to a distance from hence, but I shall write to her, and let her know I've received it.

Dear brother and sister Dillwyn are well, and we often think and talk of you with a nearness of affection that is not to be expressed—for distance of place, nor length of time, cannot disunite the truly loving and loved. We used to banter *thy son* (meaning the student, John Morris) about holding his head so high, and often told him he was as perpendicular as a *Prince*; but change of climate sometimes requires a change of manners, and the kind friend that remarked on his stooping, may think he ought to look higher now as he is in the road to preferment. I hope he won't think it is necessary for him to learn to dance, in order to qualify himself to run after his patients, though a quick step and the toes turned out may be so, and will save him from the mortification that once befell his mother, who trod upon her toes at the entrance of the parlour door, and fell prostrate into the room full of company! I cannot, even at this distance of time, think of the figure I made without laughing at myself, though it spoiled my dinner, and made me cry very heartily. It had, however, this good effect, that it made me turn out my toes.

Now should the young Doctor, in stepping into a patient's room softly and quickly, tread on his toes, and fall down and break his forehead against the bedpost, I fancy it would have a better effect than all the lessons of the best dancing-master in the world.

My dear creature, my fingers are so cold I can write no more—only to tell thee I wish thee, and dear brother Charles would take Burlington in your way home, when you go to Philadelphia. I think I have got the symptoms of the gout—a violent pain in my great toe, and so sore I can hardly touch it. Do ask brother C. if he thinks I can possibly have it, as I never drank two glasses of wine in my life that I know of—and whether he thinks it can be prevented by leaving off eating meat—I would starve it away.

Dear love to all from thy own

M. M.

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE TO MARGARET MORRIS. (PROBABLY 1777.)

MY DEAR SISTER:—

As there is so good an opportunity by cousin J. Smith, I thought I would send thee a line, although I've no letter to answer. I have, it's true, nothing material to tell thee, unless thou can be pleased with hearing of things of so little importance as our removal into the front parlour, which we find a much pleasanter winter room than the other, especially as it looks like a little greenhouse, in which thy orange-tree makes a most distinguished figure, and stands near the window, where it enjoys the sun the greatest part of the day. This morning I opened the window to let in a little air upon the plants, and was delighted with seeing a beautiful yellow-bird fly in and out of the room several times; at last it perched upon the orange-tree, and seemed willing to take up its quarters with us. I fed him, and, as I think hospitality ought not to be wholly confined to our own species, I provided him with a house. Did I do right or wrong?

Hope if this fine weather continues we shall see you in town before long; till then believe me thine most affectionately,

M. M.

MARGARET MORRIS TO MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

March 17, 1777

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

As my good neighbour Cox is going into your neighbourhood on his way to the camp, I would not omit the opportunity of scribbling a line, to let thee know I received thy acceptable letter by Dickey, who got safe home. I am looking for thee, my beloved Patty, from the time I rise in the morning until I go to bed. There is no risk in your coming. Oh! my precious love, do try to come once more before it is quite impracticable; my neighbour Cox, if you see him, can tell you there is no danger in coming—and I hope you will see him; for next to seeing you myself, I love to see and converse with those who have had the pleasure I am deprived of.

My S. Dillwyn has begun to garden; I don't know how many

seeds are sprouted; but I can tell thee we have had several *dishes* of nice salad already; but when I have the happiness of bidding you welcome to my little circle, I shall have so much to say to you, and to hear you say, that I shall have no appetite for other dainties.

My Patty, my beloved Patty! I must see thee before long; my heart mourns for an interview. Oh, when will the happy time arrive that the friendly intercourse shall again return, and we be permitted to visit each other as in happier days; alas! I fear it is a great distance still—but time, and a lesson I have long been endeavouring to learn, patience, overcomes the greatest difficulties, and the flatterer, Hope, bids me look forward to the desirable period when the now contending parties shall shake hands, and all be friends once more; this is the height of my politics, and the wish next my heart.

My S. D., who is very busy mending broken china at night, because it's too dark to work in the garden; desires thee to bring (not to send her) any kind of garden seeds, for we have dignified her with the title of seeds woman to the State of New Jersey; and she has more customers than she can supply; in return for half a bushel of good radish seed, she will give thee *half* a spoonful of lavender seed, and some roots into the bargain.

Tell my precious boy he is nearer to me than my own life, and as the time draws on when he must enter on the stage of a wide and dangerous world, I feel my anxiety increase; yet my hopes that he will be preserved through every temptation, sometimes gets the better of all my fears, and then I feel what even a *mother* cannot express.

I am, as ever, thy own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

March 23, 1777.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

* * I should have been very happy to have had both my dear boys in your neighbourhood, but somebody was in such a fidget about getting him fixed, and Diek was so earnest to go to R. V., that he coaxed Robert to promise to take him, and then puffed away to town to find me out, and told me

he had been making a bargain for himself, and hoped I would consent to it. I don't yet know how it will be. * *

I heard to-day that Dickey was gone up to your house; if so, he will be happy beyond his expectation. I shall send Johnny's summer clothes, and desire to know if there be any impropriety in the young doctor's wearing trowsers about home; he used to wear them here; but may-be the polite people about you dress better than we do; if that's the case I shall send none, but keep them for the doctor's powder-monkey.

I am glad to have brother C. M.'s word for it, that the pain in my toe is not the gout, and am resolved to have at my pickle pots again, which were in danger of being spoiled, from an apprehension they were as bad as wine for the gout.

We have neighbour Cox's sister, the widow Allen, here; she lives at York, and waits for an opportunity to go home. Thee would be amazed to see how much sewing work she does in a day; if she stays here another week or two, I expect she will clear my house of sewing, and I shall have nothing to do but knit and write letters, or else go into the garden to work, rather than be idle.

I am, beloved sister, thy own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

6th mo. 29, 1777.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

I have been so long inured to disappointments, that I thought I could have borne one with more becoming fortitude than I have the last, for, till the boat arrived to-day, I had not given up the pleasing hope of seeing you; and now I must begin again to learn *new* resignation, for, indeed, the disappointment sits very heavy on me. Oh! that you had but come up last week; how happy should we have been for a day or two; yet I will not repine if I can help it, but hope that we may meet ere long.

We were waked this morning by the firing of the alarm-guns, at Bristol, but we have as yet had no certain account of the occasion. Oh, my Patty, what a fluctuating world we live in! Should not the consideration of this be a motive for our

pressing after an ever-during inheritance that cannot be taken from us. I trust it is a leading motive with many people, to look on themselves only as strangers and pilgrims, travelling to a long-purchased possession, and though we may meet with much inconvenience on the way, yet as we keep the *promised land* in view, we shall not think much of the inconveniences attending the journey; it is in this manner I sometimes console myself for the crosses allotted to my share; and then I feel light, and cheerful, and *resigned*.

I think I see the lines of my Patty's forming hand in the letter sister M. sent me a copy of; and if thee could see my heart, thee would be made acquainted with what I feel, and have felt for your truly paternal care of the child of my fondest hopes—even a mother's pen cannot express it; but oh! if her prayers are heard, it will be returned an hundred-fold, in blessings on your heads.

My dear love is to all your family; write to me, my sweet creature, and don't think hard of me if I sometimes miss an opportunity of answering. I always feel pain when obliged to omit acknowledging the receipt of thy dear and acceptable letters.

I am, my beloved sister, ever thine,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

December 3, 1777.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I wrote thee a few days ago by Colonel Proctor, and sent my son's winter clothes, which he promised to send to your house. I have now another opportunity by John Cary, a young man who formerly lived with aunt Dorsey, and is the same that so kindly assisted Johnny in looking for his stray horse, and as he will pass by your meeting-house, he has promised to take these. As he will go a little out of his way to oblige me, I shall take it as a favour done me if he can be accommodated with a night's lodging.

I have not heard from Philadelphia since I wrote, but am in daily hopes of a letter, as I find, by my dear sister Hannah Moore's last, there is one on the way; a welcome one I am sure it will be to me, if it gives me the happiness of hearing of their

welfare. We are all as well and as happy as the present times will admit of, and while we are favoured to receive, with an equal mind, the rough and the smooth in our journey, I hope we shall get along pretty cleverly.

Tell my boy his fond mother's heart flows with love to him; he is the subject of my sleeping and waking thoughts, and I seem sometimes as if I wanted to reach beyond the skies, that I might heap blessings on his head; and they should be the blessings that make truly rich and add no sorrow with them. He will not be at a loss to know what I mean without my telling him that the first step towards obtaining such a blessing, is to maintain a conscience void of offence. I hope he is in a fair way for it, but he must flee the occasions that lead to offences, and then they will be few.

I have ever considered thee, my beloved sister, as the mistress of my dear orphan boy; but now thee must be more; thee must be to him what I myself was before he left me, a second conscience, and don't pass by any omissions of duty in him without reproof. He is, indeed, of a gentle nature, and will thank thee for it, as I most sincerely shall.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

ABOUT 1777 TO 1779.

I have just received my beloved sister's letter, and can only say in answer to thy kind inquiry "if my difficult task is to continue to the end of the journey?"—that I never wished that journey to be long, and fondly flattered myself through the worst of it, that my youth of sorrow would be crowned with an age of peace, or ease. Now past the meridian of life, my declining and critical health call for many indulgences which my straitened circumstances will not at present allow me to procure; yet, with sincere desires for perfect resignation, I submit to His appointments who knows what is best for me—and while I am blessed with such precious children will never repine at my allotment. Tell my sweet boy I look upon him, as upon my other children, the prop and comfort of declining life, which is at all times a comfortless season. James Logan will bring the medicines up—he lodges at T. Fisher's. Dear love to all from thy affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

3d mo., 1779.

* * I am very much obliged to thee for the loom, and when I have the long-wished for happiness of having thee here again, we will set to work, and then I will repay the many yards of tape I am indebted to thee for, and though it is a great deal, it appears trifling in comparison with what I owe thee on another score;—thy tender care of my dear boy entitles thee to every return of gratitude a fond mother can pay—who is a bankrupt in everything else; but I hope her prayers for thee *will* be heard; and, oh! my Patty, it is not in my power to express with what warmth of affection I am united to thee. Sleeping and waking thou art present to me, and last night I thought I was fondly hugging thee to my bosom, and awoke with the effort of speaking to thee. Can't thee, my precious creature, leave home for a few days?—it is a long time since thee was here.

Hannah (Wells) and Willy* have been to spend a week in the country, with some of our friends, and were highly gratified in being permitted to go without us, as they thought it looked so womanly to be trusted abroad by themselves. Willy's little heifer has got a calf, and she thinks herself a person of great consequence and wealth to be sole proprietor of a cow and calf. I am, my dearest Patty,

Thy own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

July 4, 1779.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

As I know thee will give a kind reception to even a scrawl from Green Bank—I would not omit writing to let thee know

* Her daughter Gulielma, born shortly after the death of William Morris, was called familiarly in younger life "Willy." She married John Smith, son of John Smith, merchant, of Philadelphia, and afterwards of Burlington, N. J., and Hannah, daughter of James Logan. See "Letter to Horace Binney, Esq. respecting (John Smith) the founder of the Philadelphia Contributionship, by John Jay Smith. Philadelphia, 1853." No. 12,884, octavo, Philadelphia Library.

we all think my dear boy is rather on the mending hand—he is almost homesick, and wants much to go back to you. Ah! my Patty, how shall I pay you for your kindness to this child? He is daily giving me one instance or another of your affectionate care and notice; how well has my good C. M. supplied the place of a father to him. Tell Debby we are raising a calf for her from my beautiful little swamp cow. My sweet Patty,

Thy own

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

9th mo. 27, 1779.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

* * If the weaver will take either old Maryland or Pennsylvania money in pay, but I have got no Congress money at all, and don't like to run in debt. I have now a large sum of the Pennsylvania on hand, where it is likely to remain. How "thy son" will fret when he hears "his flame" has been in town all the meeting week; but he deserves to be mortified for making such an excuse, when, if the truth was known, I suspect he did not like to appear there in his morning-gown, as he calls his long coat.

My dear love to my good brother. My obligations to him and my sweet Patty increase daily, and I hope one day or other to have it in my power to make more suitable returns than bare acknowledgments. I think I see my dear boy, under your *forming* hands, just such a promising youth as his worthy master was at his age. *Chide me again* if thee pleases; I take delight in reflecting that the master and the father are united in him, and that in being placed under *one*, my dear child has found a father, at a time when boys stand most in need of a careful parent's notice, and rejoice that he seems sensible of your kindness and indulgence. I feel very lonesome since my dear G. and S. D. left me, and Dick, forsooth, wanted plum-pudding; so, as I could not give it him at home, I e'en gratified him and let him go down. To-morrow Johnny enters upon his 20th year; what a little man it will be.

I am, my precious Patty,

Ever thy own affectionate

M. M.

I said in the last letter that uncle T. was of the opinion D.* would not give up to let the boys go with me, and in that case I was resolved to stay where I am, and that a desert with my dear children was preferable to a palace without them; and that if he was averse to my going, I would not go—and concluded this subject by saying that my trust had ever been in the orphan's father, but now I seemed to feel a more cheerful trusting there.

My fate in this world seems to be near the crisis! Whatever that crisis may be, I have been endeavouring to arrive at a state of resignation. I doubt not it will be for the best, although to our own short sight, it may appear hard if it oppose our wishes. I wait with some degree of impatience for TO-MORROW! when sentence is to be passed. I dare not say I wish it may be what I yet hope it will be. Oh that I was quite prepared for my last TO-MORROW! with what joy should I then bid thee (as I must now do—it being late at night) adieu, till we meet in more happy climates. With love to all and every one, and a kiss for my sweet boy,

I am thy own

M. M.

P. S. Thee would be delighted with my little Liza;† she is the sweetest little plaything, and so tractable, that I think she will be just what I would have her to be. I never saw a child so little trouble in my life, and, without exception, she is the cleanest child I ever knew. She begins to chatter, and says many things plainer than when E. H. left us. A bit of bread and a drink of water will satisfy her if she's ever so hungry, and the dear little creature will look about for her stool when we go to tea, and sit down by me and say, "when mammy's done;" meaning then her turn will come. Glad I shall be if I am not disappointed in her as my poor dear S. D. has been in her Nelly.

* This alludes to the Morris guardian of her children.

† A poor child taken to bring up.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (ABOUT 1780.)

* * If my beloved Patty and brother C. M. could spare the time to spend a few days with us, it would give me more pleasure than I can express. I want you to come once more to Burlington—for I think it not improbable but your removal to town will be a prelude to my doing the same. I feel myself growing infirm—how much sooner some people fail than others! and my children being likely to settle near the city (I mean my sons), makes me wish to be within reach of them, and to set down and enjoy a calm evening after the many chequered scenes I've gone through in the last seventeen years of my life, which, when I look back to, I cannot but admire and adore the Hand that has unseen conducted me through, and in the midst of some trying occurrences, preserved me from repining at what was surely for my good, and now after all to permit me to enjoy the pleasing hope of seeing my sons enter into life with fair characters, and my daughters conducting not reproachfully;—are not these subjects of daily thankfulness to a mother whose happiness is centered in her children?

Thy own

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (ABOUT 1780.)

I have been fearful my beloved sister has thought me forgetful or unkind in not writing to her for so long a time; as to the first, I can truly say it has not been the case, for thou art present to my mind both sleeping and waking, with strong desires for thy preservation and perseverance in the right way; which though at first it may appear to be a strait and narrow one, will certainly lead to a place of broad rivers and streams, where the travellers of *hope* will be sweetly refreshed and rewarded for all the toils of a painful journey. I write to my own feelings at the time, for in looking forward to the end of a wearisome journey, I seem to think it will be as I have expressed it above, though I acknowledge I do not believe myself entitled to such a reward.

I am much obliged to my good brother for his indulgence to

my dear boy in gratifying him and me with so long a visit. I hope it has not been inconvenient to him on account of keeping the horse so long. I love to have my children all here at our Quarterly meetings, which are very large, and often favoured with the company of many valuable friends who generally visit us in the family, and have always a little *bread* to break amongst us, which leaves a sweetening sense of the goodness of Divine love on some of our minds, and vastly overpays us for our fatigue in preparing for their reception; the last meeting we had sixteen to dine, at the first table, and fifteen at the second. When the first company sat down, I began to look about, thinking I had not provided enough; but He that sends a little can send his blessing with it, and I was really surprised to see so much left when they got up from table. Thy present by Johnny was a very fine one, and if I was sure thee had not robbed thyself by sending it, would tell thee it was very acceptable.

I must not conclude my letter without thanking dear brother Charles for the seasonable supply he sent me, without which I could not possibly have procured the necessary provisions for my family, as my Richard had straitened himself in buying a mill,* and wrote he could not supply me as usual, which made me cast about in my mind how I might dispose of a small part of what brother C. sent me, so as to bring me in a little matter, and I concluded to buy a few medicines and retail them at a moderate price, and have actually sent a list to Speakman, which I expect by next boat. There is not a dose of physic to be got in this town without coming to me for it, and I have long supplied many gratuitously. I feel quite alert at the thoughts of doing something that may set me a little step above absolute dependence; the Doctor in our town will not sell any medicines, except to his own patients, so that I've no doubt of having custom enough, and all my friends here approve of my making the trial; if it succeeds, I shall add to my shop, by a little at a time, till I get a good assortment. 'Tis my first attempt at business, as I may say, and as I do not often engage in *anything* on which I dare not ask a blessing, so I presume to hope for one on my present undertaking. Will thee believe me

* At Chester, Pennsylvania.

when I tell thee, after scribbling half a sheet, that I've got a sore thumb, with the nail half off? My dear S. D. is well, and joins in much love.

I am, my beloved sister,
Ever thy own affectionate

M. M.

The little shop thus commenced was not long continued, and was carefully concealed from the rich brother, Henry Hill. She preferred her own independence to making her wants known. The above will show not the least beautiful trait in her beautiful character. The necessity for this exertion on her part, was partly the difficulties occasioned by the war of the Revolution, which depreciated all classes of property.

THE SAME TO G. AND S. DILLWYN. (1780.)

I was greatly disappointed to-day at receiving letters instead of my beloved guests, whom I was looking for; but to know you are well, is a favour I desire to be thankful for. Tell my beloved G. D. the comfortable text hinted at in my last hasty scrawl was—"The old established statute in Israel, that they who go down to the battle, and they that stay by the *stuff*, shall have share and share alike"—and that I think I never had my mind in absence more sweetly united to you than it has been since you left me; you have indeed been the subject of my waking thoughts, and the pleasant companions of my sleeping hours—which truly have not been many—my mind has been so anxious for my little charge, whose fever now seems to be leaving her.

T. Smith came home sick, and has been chambered ever since. *Doctor* Morris was the word—and so that I might retain a patient for my son, I obeyed the summons, but doubt she will be well before he comes to take her in hand. J. K. tells me it will be burying my son's talent to confine him to such a little dirty place as Burlington. I turned upon my heel, and told him I only meant to keep him here till something better should offer, and, in the mean time, desired him to cast no reflections on Burlington; it was a very clever place, and my son might

stand a better chance of getting into practice where he would have only one competitor, than in Philadelphia, where he would have a hundred; he said—aye, there's something in *that*, to be sure.

My beloved G. S. D.'s own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

2d mo. 16, 1784.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

* * The young folks are to make their first appearance in public, this day two weeks. I should like it if G. Wells could make an errand here about that time, but it would not do to give him a formal invitation, as such things are not customary now. But I know the young people would be glad to have him here.

My dear S. D. continues very steady and firm in her prospect of attending her G. D. over sea. Tell my sweet Sukey (Susan Dillwyn, afterwards Emlen), she must try to be well enough to come to the wedding of her *wife*, as we used to call her bosom friend, Willy. My dear love to brother C. M.

I am, my beloved sister,

Thy tenderly affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

5th mo. 1784.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I now send thee our dear S. D.'s letter, which thee would have had sooner, but I thought it a good opportunity to gratify Cousin Nancy with reading it. What a favour it is that they have been so preserved, and the hearts of our kind English relations prepared to receive them in that love which has ever distinguished our happy family above others; may it still continue to distinguish the different branches of it, and may those that succeed *us*, be known by the name of the "family of love," and the prayer of our pious ancestor be fully answered, has often been the wish of my heart.

Brother Wells's ship left the city on first day last, but has been detained by contrary winds till yesterday.

Last first day afternoon, my Abby made a muster in good earnest, and between one and two o'clock in the morning, I was dubbed *grandmother* to a lovely little girl; it is indeed very pretty. Abby desired she might call it Sally Dillwyn—and it passed *ven. con.* She is finely. I don't find any difference between my present feelings and those I had when my own children were infants. I dare say thee will love it too, when thee sees it.

We have had some sport with *uncle* Dick, who came to town to-day, and asked if he might call and look at his niece. I told him, yes to be sure, and as it was his first niece, it was proper he should make it a handsome present; and desired him to call at the goldsmith's and get a locket and beads—a whistle and bells—and as they had no cradle, he might bespeak one as he passed by the joiner's. Why, bless my heart, says he, you will leave nothing for sister Debby to give it, and I've been called on two or three times to make presents to children that they have named Dick, for the sake of getting something or other—and positively, I will get married myself, if you tax the bachelors so high—and by and by, I suppose there will be two or three Dicks for me to get lockets for; and then they will all want silver clasps for their shoes, I suppose; but if you insist on my giving one thing, I'll make Stanton give another! This little chitchat will please my dear aunty, who loves all the children of *her children*—for I always look on her as a mother, and I am indebted to her beyond a possibility of paying for her kind and tender care of me when I had no mother near to care for me. I hope a rich reward is in store for her.

I am just returned from brother Wells's; they are all well. Brother and sister Moore spent the afternoon there, and cousin P. D. and her daughter drank tea with me. I find that dear cousin has the same love for her relatives that she had in early life; and several times was much tendered, and put her handkerchief to her eyes when we talked of the pleasant days we spent together in our youth, and pressed me, with an earnestness that was not feigned, to keep up a social intercourse with her, and indeed I believe she spoke the truth. What a pity it was that she chose her own lot; she is so calculated for the "sweet vales of life," that she will never shine in her present exalted sphere, as she would have done in a more retired one; but some would

say I think like a poor unambitious person in giving the preference to retired life—and in truth I desire ever to prefer it to the hurry and dissipation of a public one.

I did not expect to scribble so much when I took up my pen; excuse me, my dear, if I have unseasonably intruded on thee; my next shall be no such medley. Please let me have thy receipt for a medicine I asked for. 'Tis a complaint I'm not used to, and hardly dare to prescribe, so many fatal mistakes have been made by giving wrong medicines.*

As ever, thy own,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (1785.)

MY DEAR SISTER:—

* * J. S. is in town; he has sold his place (near Salem), and come up to look for a rented one, and I fancy he will take a pretty farm in New Jersey, and though the river will be between us, yet as the distance is so small, I hope we shall be more together than we have been, and that will be a comfort, that will call for a grateful acknowledgment on my part. If Providence should, *unasked*, return to me the child of my sorrow, as I named her at her birth, what shall I say, but that he knows how to bring his creatures to resignation, for, in regard to this child, I had gone through a perfect death to my own will, and resigned her as much as if she was quite gone from me; and indeed, my Patty, "resignation" is a most desirable state; for, notwithstanding I've been many years learning the important lesson, I knew not till of late the peace that flows from the practice of it, and it seemed necessary by the separation from one of my jewels, to bring me to it. And now I feel a kind of chastened joy, not over anxious, in the hope that Providence is about to restore what was only removed for

* She was now really a doctress, which calling she seemed to have inherited from her father. There was no physician at the time in Burlington, and her friends and neighbours had, not without reason, a high opinion of her medical knowledge; at one period, she had thirty patients with the smallpox. Indeed, so much in demand were her services, that her horse and chair were daily brought to the door after breakfast, to convey her to her patients. In a case of great emergency, at a previous period, she bled a lady with that awkward instrument, a razor.

a trial of my *Faith*, shall I say? and to make me lean on his all-sufficient arm alone, which can turn all our bitter things to sweet.

My pen has run away with my thoughts, and I've scribbled what was passing in my mind, not considering it as all my own concern; yet I know thee so well, that what gives pleasure to the friends thee loves, is not an indifferent subject to thee, and I feel that an apology is unnecessary. Wishing thee a good night, I am, my beloved Patty, ever thine.

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (PROBABLY 1755.)

As I know it will give my beloved Patty pleasure to hear how we fared after we left her hospitable door, I take the opportunity by the boat, to inform thee we had a pleasant journey, and reached home just as my little family were assembling round the tea-table, and had the happiness of finding all well.

I felt, my precious sister, by the sympathy there is between kindred spirits, that thou art under some great exercise of mind, and wished it might be permitted thee to make me a partaker of it; but as that was not the case, I feel myself compelled to write and sympathize with thee in whatever it may be, and to advise thee, my darling sister, not to be discouraged, but to look forward with hope, and endeavour to be resigned, for, though the present dispensation may appear grievous, yet, my dearest love, there is great good in store for thee; and while we lean upon the *staff*, we must not reject the *rod*, which is in the hand of a gentle chastiser, and will only be exercised for our advantage—and let me tell thee from experience, that although resignation is a hard lesson to learn, yet, when attained, it is sweetly enjoyed, and this experience *will* be thine, I am bold to say, if, like a truly depending child, thou art enabled to intrust thy all to *him* who careth for thee; and my daily prayer has been, that thou may be preserved in the right path, and that the God of consolation may be with thee, and cover thee with the wings of his love, and keep thee steady; and then, my precious love, though thou hast sown in tears, it will be reaped in joy. I make no apology for writing in this strain, for I am satisfied the love that dictated it, will be felt in the reading;

and I have only to add my dear remembrance to my good brother Charles.

I shall have full employment for both my boys for some days to come, as we are under the necessity of removing all our hay from the loft, to make room for a number of light-horse; the officers came to-day, while I was at meeting, to view the stables, and finding them commodious, left word they should send five horses here in a few days.

This is one of the unavoidable inconveniences of the world we live in, and as I can't make it better, I endeavour not to make it worse by fretting, but bear it as well as I can. Adieu, my precious creature, and believe me to be

Thy tenderly affectionate sister,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (1785.)

My dear sister's letter and congratulations on my dear G. M. S.'s present situation were very acceptable to me. It is a lovely child, and the quietest I ever saw. My poor dear child has no alarming symptoms, which is a fresh call upon me for gratitude and thankfulness to the giver of all my comforts, for, indeed, my dear Patty, I fear I could not have parted with this last dear pledge, without repining, if she had been required of me. J. S. was so polite as to compliment me with the naming of my first grandson, and as the use of names is to distinguish one person from another, I have called him Henry Hill; there are eight Williams and six Richards in the Smith family, otherwise I should have called him William or Richard, and they have no Henry's. I have got my old nurse here, who is like the passive clay in my hands, and I have never left the room an hour; the care of the child I have given up to the nurse, but I stand nurse and everything to Willy. My good sister Wells stayed two nights here till nurse came, but she has suffered for it since.

I am, my beloved Patty, ever thine,

M. M

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (WITHOUT DATE.)

Has the report of some sad doings among the young men of our society reached to you at Montgomery? Indeed, it is a sor-

rowful ease, and poor dear Coz. M. seems almost broken-hearted; her son is on a voyage to the East Indies in consequence of his being one amongst them. Oh! my Patty, when I look back to the slippery paths of youth, through which my little flock have walked, what cause have I to adore the Hand thas has conducted them safe to manhood, without a blot upon their fame to call a blush into the faded cheek of their widowed mother;—and what do I not owe to the kind paternal uncles, who, like true guardians, kept a faithful watch over them. I can even now recollect numberless instances of the pious care of my dear good brother C. M. over his pupil, and of our beloved G. D—'s over every one of mine—which, like bread cast upon the water, is now to be seen. I can with truth assure thee that, far from boasting, I feel myself greatly humbled in recollection of these favours.

It is probable sister will mention S. Coates's disappointment on being told thee was willing to take his wards into thy charity school—he having been informed by somebody that thee could not, in consequence of which he agreed with another. Does thee want anything more for the scholars? I beg thee to send with freedom to me for anything, and I will with pleasure endeavour to procure it. I have yet a large sum of thy money remaining in my hands, which I wait to know how to apply.

I am, my beloved sister,

Thy tenderly affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

4th mo. 1786.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

It was a disappointment to me that I did not see some of thy family at Plymouth, when I went to the funeral of my poor afflicted nephew, J. P.* His removal was very unexpected to me, and I think it was a time of deep humiliation to my mind as ever I experienced; and I have much desired it might be the same to my children, upon whose minds I have endeavoured to impress, that the bounties of Providence (which,

* John Potts—a nephew of her husband's. He died just before coming of age, and his fortune fell to her children, his heirs.

by their poor cousin's death will fall into their hands), are by no means the reward of their merits, and call for more humility than even the afflictive dispensations of his wisdom.—As we are taught to believe—and some of us know it to be true, that the latter are mercies in disguise—and how many instances have we known of persons who have conducted well, and “obtained a good report” while under the chastening hand of *Him* that does all things right; yet, when the scene has been a little changed, they have been lost in the sunshine of prosperity. That this may not be the case with *mine*, let me beg thee, my beloved sister, to join thy pious admonitions with my feeble ones as occasion may offer, and let us endeavour to help these dear young people to keep a strict guard upon themselves, that they may not be elated with the present prospects, lest the hand that has hitherto blessed their *little*, should blast the abundance,—for such indeed it is, compared to what they once had expectations of. When I look back to the times of strait and difficulty that I once had to struggle with—when I knew not from one day to another where the needful supplies for the next would come from, and compare the past with the present, I am humbled beyond what words can express; yet it is all less than the occasion calls for.

My dear Dicky and his amiable wife give hopes of being a happy couple. I think she will be just such a wife as my dear good mother-in-law, whose name she bears. I am sure thee will love her when thee is acquainted with her.

J. S. and Willy were in town on 2d day, and well; they sent their goods and servants from Salem last week in a shallop, and expected to have them all at the new place by last 5th day, and went themselves in the carriage and remained in the empty house till 2d day; when, their family not arriving, they began to fear they were all lost in the late storm, and came up to us for a little comfort; and soon after they had crossed the ferry had the satisfaction to see their boat sail by the town, with their servants standing on the deck. We all look upon their preservation as a signal Providence, many vessels being sunk, and others damaged by the storm of 7th day last, which appeared even to us, at this distance from the water, a very awful one.

Since I began my letter, we have had the pleasure of seeing

all our cousins from Montgomery;—it was, indeed, such to me, as it's several years since I saw my dear P. J., and I must abide by the opinion I have long held, that she is the flower of the flock; she is really an amiable woman. I was pleased and affected too, with the grateful mention she made of our dear good brother, S. P. Moore. She said, tho' *some* thought *nothing* of what he had left them, yet, for her part, it was more than they had a right to expect, for he had been doing for them as long as he lived—and a great deal he had done—his remembering them all by name in his will was so kind, that if what he left them should never produce anything at all, it would not lessen the obligation she thought herself under to him, and to sister M. too—who had been a mother to her. When I see thee, may tell thee more of what she said.

My dear love to my good brother, C. M. Don't thee offer to see us without him in thy hand.

Farewell, my beloved sister.

I'm ever thine,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

1st mo. 7, 1794.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

I have just seen thy letter to H. W., which she sent here. I am glad to hear you are all well; our dear sister Wells has been confined to her bed since last seventh day, with what I take to be a general rheumatism, flying pains all over, from her head to her shoulder, and yesterday very bad in her left side. At first, I thought she should be bled, but on feeling her pulse, found it so low that I begged them not to venture on it without a better judgment than mine; but they were not willing to consult any *other doctor*! I, therefore, boldly prescribed a blister to the afflicted side, with volatile tincture of guaiacum and laudanum, and plentiful cups of flaxseed tea. I had a painful, anxious night, and went there early this morning to dress the blister, and had the satisfaction of finding my dear patient much relieved; the blister was a very fine one, and the medicines had produced a plentiful perspiration, which has greatly relieved her, and this evening they sent me word she was vastly

better. I wish I could say the same of my poor suffering patient here (H. Moore); she had several violent fits last week; she has a very bad cough. * * After thy children were abed last evening, I went to my poor mournful Debby and spent a couple of hours with her. I cannot but feel anxious for my dear little charge, though sensible that if they are taken from me, it will be best for them and me. When I was at H. Moore's yesterday, she showed me her strained ankle—swelled and inflamed. I recommended Dr. Odell's plaster, which removed a violent pain and inflammation in my arm; but I wish to know what brother C. M. thinks more proper. It seems very hard to all of us now (Dr. John Morris and Dr. S. P. More were deceased) to ask advice, as we never before had occasion to go out of our own little circle for it.

Coz P. was here, and said her son Isaac was very bad with the rheumatism; but it has not been in my power to go there. I gave her a little medicine; possibly I may do harm with my quackings, but the intention must screen me from censure.

I am my beloved Patty's tenderly affectionate sister,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

1794.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I am at present anxiously engaged in attending to the fatal progress of the scarlet fever and putrid sore throat; my dear little Sally* was very suddenly seized with it, and very soon became delirious. Drs. Rush and Griffiths both attend her. They were so candid as to tell me she was very dangerously ill; hardly the shadow of a hope remains of her recovery. Alas! my Patty, how many hard lessons I have had to learn; indeed, I did not think it would have been so hard for me to part with one of these dear orphans, but so it is, I am called upon to give up all, and, as Dr. Young says: "The weeping parent builds her children's tombs."

Thy tenderly affectionate sister,

M. M.

* A granddaughter, child of Dr. John and Abby Morris.

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE TO M. MORRIS.

1794.

The very unexpected news contained in my beloved sister's letter of this day week, was truly distressing. What a hard lesson, indeed, to learn, is true resignation; yet how very necessary to our happiness. I thought the dear little creature was never so much beloved by me as the last time I saw her, and I promised myself great pleasure in having her here in the summer. She is, I trust, removed to a happier scene; and to wish her back is not wishing for her happiness, however it might contribute to our own; the Giver best knows when to recall such precious gifts, and acquiescence is certainly our duty. May we, my sincerely beloved sister, be made willing to give up all that is required of us, however great the sacrifice.

From thy tenderly attached sister,

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

April, 1794.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

This has been a woful day to us. My poor patient has not had a worse day for six years past. To add to my care, my poor D. S. has been on the bed all day, and her maid has suddenly left her. Alas! my Patty, if it was not for the hope of something better than the present allotment, I verily believe thy poor M. M. would not be able to hold up; but there is surely a better country than this, to which I sometimes look forward with a *little hope*.

My poor dear patient is at last wearied out and gone to sleep. Love to my dear sister Wells, &c.

From thy own

M. M.

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. MOORE.

8th mo. 7, 1797.

My beloved sister's two letters came to hand at a time I could not reply to them, while at my son J. Smith's, where my

sweet Molly* had been for several weeks; and every letter brought me the pleasing account of her being grown fat and hearty, till the last informed me she had a fever. I soon took the alarm, and found on arrival it was of a bilious kind. I sent for Dr. Mellvaine; but, alas, it proved a highly putrid fever, accompanied with violent convulsive fits; and on third day morning, at six o'clock, my sweet child was released from her sufferings. There was a necessity for her being soon interred, and the same evening I saw her laid in the grave, near to my dear sister Wells's little son. And now, my dear Patty, what can I say, but that of a truth, death has been stamped on all or most, of my "pleasant pictures," and with my mouth in the dust, I can say, "Thy will be done." Though my foolish heart was willing to take pleasure in the prospect of rearing a second offspring to comfort me for the loss of the first, it has seemed good to Him, who doeth all things right, to disappoint me, and I submit without murmuring to his decrees. * * * I hope the hot weather is nearly over, and that I shall soon have my poor little flock about me again; indeed, I feel very much stripped; these dear children have so entwined themselves about my heart, that I hardly know how to disengage myself from them.

I am, my beloved sister,

Thy own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

8th mo. 22, 1797.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

In hopes of an opportunity I steal the time to acquaint thee with our proceedings; and, in the first place, inform thee that S. Emlen has secured a good three-story house for us in Burlington, and to-day we sent our household goods. We have fixed on fifth day to remove our families, if D. S. is well enough. She and I, with the three children, are to go by land; my poor dear sister (Hannah Moore, now in extreme ill-health), the three girls, my son Rd., and Debby's maids, in the boat; Rd. has engaged the captain to take no other passengers. He has also provided a commodious chair to set H. in and take her

* Another granddaughter, child of Dr. John and Abby Morris.

down stairs, and a nice sedan to convey her to the boat; he has now gone to Burlington to prepare.

Dr. Griffiths took one of his children out of town yesterday, and to-morrow the others are to go; himself and wife intend to stay a little longer. Our situation in town is growing very serious: the disease (yellow fever) is making its progress with slow but awful steps, into various parts of the town; the sick-cart has taken several by our door, and yesterday one that lived very near us was removed, and died last night. To my beloved C. M. M., who knows in part the dispensation I passed through in the "desolating year of '93," it will not look strange that I have now given up my own will, and suffered myself to be guided by my children in the mountainous undertaking of removing my family. When I take a retrospective view of the scenes I witnessed and bore a part in, at that awful period, my heart sickens at the remembrance, and hints to me that if I should, by resolving to remain here, detain my children, and they should be taken away by the malignant fever, as the others were, who refused to go and leave me behind, it would be more than I could bear.

I feel much regret at leaving dear coz. Hannah Griffiths, and have invited her to go with me, but she will not, and she is the only one that disapproves of my going, and sent me word not to come and see her; but I intend to call on her; she condemns me sadly for giving up to leave the city.

Dear love to all from, my beloved sister,

Thy own affectionate

M. M.

Hannah Griffiths, when I knew her, about 1812, was a precise old lady, living in her own old-fashioned house. She wrote much poetry, monodies especially. She was long the friend of my grandmother and aunts; at her funeral I first saw her relative, Charles Thomson, the "perpetual" Secretary of the Continental Congress; a tall, feeble old man, dressed in the ancient garb. H. G. was aunt to Dr. S. P. Griffiths.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 9th mo. 1, 1797.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

It is with a thankful heart I now inform thee my poor dear patient bore her removal beyond what we ever dared to hope; she was taken to the boat in a sedan—brother Wells and R. H. Morris walked on each side to prevent any intruders from peeping in; there were two sets of carriers, and they changed now and then. I had a little bedstead taken down to the boat without being unscrewed; it was set in the cabin, and she was set down in the sedan close to the bed, then lifted on the bed, and lay comfortably; they had a fine passage of four hours, and when they came to the wharf here, S. Emlen and Willy, A. Cox, and Grace Buchanan, were ready to receive her, and she was again seated in the sedan, and brought up stairs in it and placed by the bed and laid in it, and has been quite as well as usual; has had only one violent attack since she came, and is perfectly satisfied with her removal. I remained in town with William Nekervis till sixth-day, when R. H. M. came down for me, and we set out that afternoon, but being overtaken by the gust, lodged on the road, and came here on seventh-day morning. The house is a pleasant, roomy one.

Rachel Wells, with D. S. and her family, and all mine, came up in the boat with sister on fifth-day. The account from our city is far from favourable, and I don't know but I may be tempted to remain here till Spring; but of this I have not given a hint to any but my children; indeed, the removal of a whole family is not a light matter to me, and I shall have to be well assured of being in my proper place before I shall dare to do it. Poor Coz H. Griffiths went to Dr. Logan's (Stenton) the same day I left Philadelphia, and she assured me that if I had taken a house on the Pennsylvania side, she would have come with me, but the river she never would cross! Burlington is full of inhabitants; many of our citizens are here, and it is said that two-thirds at least of the inhabitants have left Philadelphia. I have a bed, and house, and heart-room ready to bid my beloved C. M. M. and my dear boy welcome, and beg you not to put off the intended visit too long, as I shall look out daily for you.

Our house is nearly opposite to James Sterling's, a new three-story house.

I am, as ever, my beloved sister,
Thy own affectionate

M. M.

P. S. A person from Philadelphia says the fever continues very bad down town, but the middle parts of the city and Northern Liberties are very healthy. R. H. M. went to see Coz H. G. when he was down before—she was as well as usual, but not quite satisfied with Dr. G. and me for advising her to go out of town.

11th mo. 2, 1797. It is whispered that poor Dr. Rush has thoughts of moving to New York. He has been most ungratefully requited for the good he has done. There was a time when I thought they would idolize him, or set up a statue, as they did of Dr. Franklin; but, indeed, there is nothing in this changeful world more changeable than the human *brute*, for such they deserve to be called who have ill-treated Dr. Rush. Farewell, my precious sister.

I am thy own affectionate

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

PHILADELPHIA, 12th mo. 1, 1797.

I received my beloved sister's letter last night, and was pleased to read the sentiments of my brother on a subject which has given me a great dislike to some of the scribbling enviers of a good man's fame. As I think it can never be out of season to write in favour of such, I have sent the piece to be inserted in *Brown's Gazette* — not to that scurrilous quill-shooter (probably Cobbett), lest he should suppress it. Yesterday, Jonathan Mifflin buried his second wife, daughter of Governor Mifflin; she was but twenty-two years of age, has left two sons, the youngest an infant but two months old.

The President has appointed Dr. Rush treasurer of the Mint, in the place of Dr. Way, with a salary of £750 per annum: he may now look *down* upon his late envious brethren, if such they deserve to be called.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

12th mo. 25, 1797.

* * Thy hint of the land in Buck's County has not been lost upon me, and to-day went to Henry (Hill) and told him I wished him to give me half an hour's attention, and began by asking him if he remembered the annuity left by our dear Richard Hill to his aunts. He had but a slight recollection of the matter, but I revived it so that he had a more perfect idea of it. I then told him that, as one of the executors, it was now time for him to come forward and proceed to the sale of the said land, in order that our dear suffering Mary Lamar might have her pittance out of it; that as to myself, I was willing my little share should be added to hers, being all that was in my power to contribute to her relief; at my time of life, nature calls for only necessaries, and through boundless goodness, I have enough and a little to spare. I have not ventured to show Mary Bisset's letter to Henry, but told him the situation of our dear sister, and he has promised to write to her. He was a good deal affected, and I took that favourable opportunity to tell him that if he should be visited with the same affliction, it would contribute to his own peace in a dying hour to reflect that she was indebted to him for some of the last comforts of life.

I can't say whether Dr. Rush continues his lectures, but will inquire. Farewell, my beloved Patty.

Dear love to all from thy own

M. M.

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE TO SARAH DILLWYN.

1st mo. 28, 1799.

MY BELOVED SISTER:—

Before this will reach thee, you will in all probability have received the account of the late affecting changes in our family, and your affectionate heart, I know, will share in the sympathy which the removal of a beloved brother (Henry Hill) and sister (Hannah Moore) have excited in the minds of *the few* of the surviving relations. Time will not admit of my giving you a

particular account of the awful and affecting scenes we have lately passed through. By the good Providence of the Almighty we escaped the dreadful fever, though some in the country took the infection and died. It was very distressing to me that I could not be more with my dear sister Morris at the time our beloved sister Moore began to change for the worse; the river and roads were almost impassable; as soon as ever it was thought safe to cross, and I was well enough to leave home, I went to Burlington, but the dear creature had breathed her last the night before I got there, and after sleeping easy for several days, awaked, I hope, to better prospects; there remained on her countenance an angelic smile and sweetness that began to take place before the change.

What a comforting thought it must be to us that she expressed, before her close, that she felt a gleam of hope and seemed happy.

Our dear friend Pryor paid us an acceptable visit about the time that my brother Henry Hill died; the shock was so very great and unexpected that I was hardly able to keep up or sit with the company that came with her. I intend writing thee a longer letter soon; in the meantime accept my sincere wishes for your welfare every way, and believe me, my ever dear brother and sister,

Your unalterably affectionate

MILCAH MARTHA MOORE.

The following memorandum, in the handwriting of Margaret Morris, is labelled "Expressions of my dear Sister Hannah Moore, in the latter part of her confinement, and a short time before her departure."

1796.

Having perceived a little change in my dear afflicted patient, and that her mind seemed to be growing more calm than it had been for a long time past, I thought it would be a satisfaction to our dear absent sisters to read in my own handwriting some comfortable expressions that dropped from her lips at such times.

She called me to her bedside very early one morning, and addressing herself to me said: "My dear sister, what shall I render to my gracious God for his goodness in favouring me with such a fine quiet night. I slept finely, and am now perfectly easy and free from pain; but, above all, for removing from me those distressing thoughts; they are all gone now."

1797.

At another time she said: "I heard a voice which said my name should no longer be Hannah, but thy name shall be called Hephziba, and thy land Beulah; a new name shall be given to thee, which shall be, Not Forsaken, Not Cast Off." Again: at another time she thus broke out in a kind of ecstasy: "I never felt anything in my life so precious as resignation to my Creator's will;" often repeating, "Perfect love and perfect resignation. Bread cast on the waters has been found after many days; the dear little babe that I took care of was given to me at eight months old by my mother, and she has been raised up to take care of me—she has been a mother to me and returned an hundred fold to me since I came under her roof all that I did for her, and I hope she will be made an instrument of good to others, particularly to my dear brother." And then named some others, for whose welfare she had often expressed a tender concern. Seeing my grandson in the room one day, she said: "How glad shall I be if thy dear little W. M. should be raised up to be a preacher of righteousness." At another time she spake as follows: "I have been thinking of the poor gentiles; what goodness was extended to them. And the thief upon the cross: 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom;' and the gracious answer vouchsafed to him: 'This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.' Oh! how sweet is the spirit of prayer. I once bought a book of scripture promises, and the first that I opened upon was this: 'Thy Maker is thy husband, the Holy One of Israel, the God of the whole earth, shall he be called.'" She several times broke out in a kind of melodious voice, saying: "Sweet is the Redeemer's love. Oh! how sweet, how precious, sweet redeeming love." Yet she had some sharp conflicts afterwards.

Sitting one evening in my usual seat near the fire, I heard her voice very low, and listening found she was in prayer, but

could not distinctly gather all she said: "My gracious Father, suffer me not to be tempted beyond what I am able to bear;" these few words were all I could collect.

About two or three weeks before the final close she called me to her and said: "My dear sister, I begin now to have some hopes that it will all be well with me, and that I shall find favour at last." I encouraged her in the best way I could, to keep fast hold of that comfortable hope, &c.; yet she had one sharp conflict after this, and was sorely buffeted. On the 20th of first month last, she was seized with a general palsy, lost her speech, and laid still without moving a limb or opening her eyes; her countenance was sweetly serene, not the least expression of pain on her visage, and on the 27th of first month, 1799, she quietly breathed her last without a sigh, groan, or struggle.

Such and so peaceful was the closing scene of the kind guardian of my youth, and the endeared companion of many mournful years!

MARGARET MORRIS.

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. MOORE.

3d mo. 22, 1799.

* * I should like to know if brother C. M. has read our friend Robert Proud's history, and how he likes it. I have heard it supposed that the compiler will not be much profited by his labours; he refused to let it undergo the usual examination of Friends' publications, and as they are the only people that would be likely to become purchasers, it is thought he will receive only the subscription money. For the sake of the honourable mention, I heard he intended to make of the Dolobran family, I subscribed, but have not yet read it. * *

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. MOORE.

7th mo. 4, 1799.

My beloved sister's letter has just come to hand, and I am rejoiced to hear she still keeps in mind the promised visit. We have been much afflicted for some days past by very alarming reports from Philadelphia of the yellow fever having again made its appearance in the lower part of the city, and all the

empty houses here are taken, and several families come up. To-day the accounts are more favourable, and I hope there is not much reason for their fears.

Yesterday our valuable friend, Daniel Smith, my Debby's father, was buried; he has left a sweet savour; and I think it may be said of him that his life was hid; being, indeed, a man of blameless conduct in all respects; he has left six sons, all valuable young men, and one amiable daughter, who has tenderly rocked the cradle of his "reposing age." J. S.'s family are all well. I cannot say when they will go for my name-sake; and hope she will contrive it so, as not to wear out her welcome before they come for her. I beg thee, my dear sister, to write by every opportunity, and as soon as thee can, come and give me a visit.

I am, my most beloved sister,

Ever thine,

M. M.

I shall hardly go to Philadelphia; indeed, my Patty, I am such a poor worn-out body, that I am only fit to stay at home; and here, reviewing the past scenes of my chequered life, and endeavouring to be prepared for the future, of which there can not be now much for me to look forward to on earth, I find is full employment for my "shattered tabernacle."

I hear my sweet H. H. grows finely, but is very cross; in *that* he is not what his father was, for I used to say of him, when an infant, that he gave no more trouble to his nurse than a young kitten. The dried peaches are very nice, and I feel loth to deprive thee of so many; but if we should live to be near neighbours, I will try to repay thee, my own sweet sister, if not in the same kind, yet by every tender and affectionate attention in my power, for I do love thee, my dear sister, more than I can express; and as our domestic circle lessens from year to year, I feel as if I wanted to engross to myself the few individuals that yet remain of our once large and happy family; and I am willing to cherish the hope that Providence will be pleased to permit our spending the dregs of life together, and dropping off like "full ripe corn" when our tour of duty is performed; indeed, it is pleasant sometimes to look forward to the

closing scene of life, for, with the patriarch, some of us can say, "Few and evil have been the days of our pilgrimage."

THE SAME TO THE SAME AFTER THE DEATH OF DR. C. MOORE.

I take up my pen to inform thee we had an easy journey home, crossed the ferry about four o'clock, and reached our door before five. Since I left thee, my most beloved sister, and while I was with thee, and a witness of thy endeavours to get thy mind into a state of resignation, I have been comforted in the hope that under the calming influence of this balm of life, thy bitter cups will be sweetened, and in some happy moments give, not a *glimpse*, but an assurance of that bright reversion which will greatly compensate for all the sorrows of this life! It is thus I think, when my anxious mind is anticipating future mournful events, and wish I may be able to avail myself of the *precepts* which a long series of years have impressed on my mind; and in the needful time practice what I know to be right. My love is to all our kind relations, whose affectionate deportment on the late trying occasion, shows the value they had for their dear departed uncle and thyself.

Thy own affectionate sister,

M. M.



MARGARET MORRIS COLLINS.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGARET MORRIS—CONTINUED.

“Wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies.”—COWPER.

THE foregoing pages trace the career of this pious and greatly beloved lady to a period when age and weakness confined her almost to her bed and chair; but the Comforter, to whom, during her life of trials, she had looked with unfailing faith, was still her consolation, and the object of her morning and evening prayer.

Her namesake, Margaret, the youngest daughter of Dr. John Morris, whom she had tenderly brought up from infancy, was her companion and friend; placed in her arms when the parents were called away in the dreadful visitation of the yellow fever in 1793, she was happy in calling one so every way lovely, daughter, and the endearing title of mother was bestowed on the grandmother, in lieu of the natural title which neither of them had ever learned to pronounce to their own parent. A most touching picture of love on the part of both, might daily be witnessed in the comfortable residence* of the old lady, now in the possession of pecuniary independence; who was remarkably cheerful amidst pain that would have spoiled the temper of a less religious and guarded mind. Her house was the resort of her young relatives, who never entered it without a welcome, and who were sure, not only of a cheering

* In Burlington, Main Street, one door below Broad Street, on the site still occupied by her granddaughter, M. M. S.

reception but of liberal hospitality. Many preferred her society to that of younger persons. My brother,* or cousin,† and myself carried her to Friends' meeting, but a few doors from her dwelling, in the sedan chair mentioned in the following correspondence; though bent with age and infirmity, she never failed to greet us with a cheerful eye, and would exclaim: "Ah! here are my faithful ponies!" or, "Don't upset the coach, boys!" We sat her carefully in her seat at the head of the second gallery, supplying her in winter with a little footstool with charcoal in it, on which to place her small and delicate velvet slippers. Every day her many friends and neighbours sent or called to inquire after her health, or to do something to cheer the sinking pilgrim. All left her presence better for the intercourse, having learned a lesson of patience and fortitude, and, most probably, of great cheerfulness under extreme suffering. The ensuing letters tell her state of mind and body at this closing period of her life, in the most natural and agreeable manner. They are addressed to the wife‡ of Isaac Collins, Jr., then of New York, for whose home the youthful grandchild had left the "mother." I leave the reader to pass the proper eulogium upon their great beauty of style and sentiment.

The post beside the aged invalid, thus vacated, was most acceptably filled by another granddaughter, M. M. S., who continued to be the faithful attendant and friend for the remaining period of bodily helplessness, but, as the letters show, of mental vigour, passed in a review of the scenes of a well-spent life, and with her Bible mostly in her hands, as represented in the little sketch made by my then youthful brother.§

It is remarkable how complete these letters make her history; they come down to the period of her own announcement,

* Richard Morris Smith, born 6th mo. 27, 1788; died 2d mo. 11, 1826.

† William Henry Morris, born 10th mo. 20, 1799; died 3d mo. 24, 1846.

‡ Margaret Morris Collins, born 8th mo. 19, 1792; died 4th mo. 22, 1832, aged 39 years.

§ Morris Smith, born 8th mo. 29, 1801; died 3d mo. 28, 1822.

to her beloved grandchild, of her own paralytic attack, which she tells without alarm, and, doubtless, lest it should be exaggerated by others.

Three years elapsed before the final messenger threw his last dart at the affectionate daughter, the faithful sister, the devoted mother and grandmother, the unfailing friend, and deeply-favoured follower of her Redeemer. Her children, grandchildren, friends, and neighbours, were near sympathizers around the bed of helpless age; where the prayers of the righteous comforted not only the sick but the mourners, who never heard a peevish whisper, and never saw the face of the sufferer ruffled by complaint. It was a season sanctified to all; hope in this life had fled, but there was reliance on the future; and when time to her was no more, all who had enjoyed her society knew, as certainly as man can know, that she who had always loved her Lord, and humbly washed the feet of his disciples, was at peace, having rejoined in heaven those whom earthly ties and kindred sympathies had united on earth.

Her sister's husband, George Dillwyn,* the well-beloved brother of her heart, her consoler and spiritual guide, his wife, and her sister Milcah Martha Moore, resided in Burlington,† near by, and were her stay during her declining years, as they had been her dearest friends in earlier life. The three survived Margaret Morris for many years. Sarah Dillwyn died in 1826, and Milcah in 1829, each likewise tenderly cared for by their younger relative M. M. S., and each in the full hope of a blissful eternity. No letters detail their demise; fully ripe, they passed away, the last of the children of Dr. Richard Hill, bequeathing us the valuable legacy of their blameless and virtuous lives.

* George Dillwyn, brother to William Dillwyn, of London, and to Ann Cox, second wife of John Cox, of Burlington, was long an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, well known and much esteemed at home and abroad, about whose gift and services much might have been said in this volume, if it had not been found necessary to confine our narrative to the descendants of Richard Hill.

† The former in the dwelling now occupied by his friend Stephen Grellet, and the latter in Wood Street.

MARGARET MORRIS TO HER GRANDDAUGHTER, MARGARET MORRIS.

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

In looking toward the time when I shall probably be separated from thee, and the change of scene that will ensue on thy entering into the married life, I have felt my mind tenderly concerned for thy best welfare; and when favoured with access to the place of prayer, have besought the Father of mercies to look kindly down upon, and bless and preserve thee in the new station of life to which thou wilt be introduced, when removed from my fostering bosom. Let it be thy care, my love, to second by thy own endeavours, the wishes and hopes of thy fond, anxious parent, and by daily and humble application to the Fountain of all good, ask of Him wisdom to direct thee in all thy ways.

As the man who has chosen thee for the companion of his life, has given the best proof of his regard that a man can give, and as thou hast accepted his offers, I find no objection to a connection with him; but keep in mind, that it will depend much on thyself to secure his esteem and confidence, by prudent and circumspect behaviour, both to *him* and his friends and relations, who are worthy of thy regard: study his temper, and do not suffer thyself to dispute with him on trivial matters; rather give up thy own will than provoke him to make harsh replies; scrupulously avoid every occasion that may arise or tend toward wrangling; be not only condescending, but obedient; it is the duty of a wife so to be. In expressing thy love to him, let it be chastened by the delicate manner which so remarkably distinguished our admired friend and cousin, Susan E., who is a pattern for her sex in *all* that is worthy of imitation. I think *my* daughters in the wedded life were much like her.

In regard to the article of expense, I trust prudence will direct thee not to go beyond thy husband's means of supplying thee. Practice frugality, which is a virtue, and avoid parsimony, which is as far from a virtue as extravagance is from economy. As neither thyself nor I. C. are what the world calls rich, though you have enough to begin with, and if carefully managed, I hope, under the blessings of Heaven, it will enable you to live com-

fortably, and that you will have something for the poor, who, I hope, will not be forgotten by you, remembering it is more blessed to give than receive; I intreat thee, my dear, not to aim at living in a high style; be content to live in a plain, frugal manner, agreeable to the way in which thou hast been brought up. In regard to thy conduct to servants, treat them kindly, rather as humble friends dependent on thee than as menials who have no ties of love or gratitude to bind them. Maintain thy own dignity as head of a family without becoming too familiar with thy servants; this may be done without haughtiness, pride, or indecorous language; take thy aunt, M. M. M., for a pattern in this respect, and, indeed, in almost every other, she excels. I do intreat thee not to launch out into extravagance in dress; it shows a weak and vain mind to be continually changing one's dress as the fashions change. Keep steadily to meetings, which, though they may be sometimes silent, the attentive mind often receives strength to perform acceptable worship. I wish thee to confine thy acquaintance chiefly amongst friends of our own society; this is not an uncharitable wish, but springs from a fear lest thy young and tender mind should be drawn into a snare and tempted to imitate the vain and foolish fashions of the world;—"such as our company is, such shall we be." I have good reason to hope that I. C. is an improving young man, and that he will become a useful member of religious society; endeavour, my love, to cherish in *him* and thyself a serious turn of mind, and avoid all light conversation; guard against repeating evil reports, and carefully avoid detraction; never speak against the absent; if thou art in company with those who take the liberty of so doing, show thy disapprobation by keeping silent; this will afford satisfaction to thy own mind on reflection; this will be doing to others as we would have them do unto us; a chaste and virtuous wife should be very delicate and reserved in the expression of her conjugal love before witnesses. I have sometimes been disgusted in observing the fulsome behaviour of young married people in company, who would be fondling and kissing each other, and telling how happy they were—which is really indecent. Such expressions should be reserved for the private hours of a happy pair. I am writing just as I should talk to thee on these subjects, but as I do not expect to be

much with thee after thy marriage takes place, I commit my thoughts to paper, that when we are separated, and this scrawl falls in thy way, the hints contained in it may dwell on thy mind, and serve to convince thee how desirous I am that thy future conduct in every station of life should be marked by a blameless deportment. I have noticed with pleasure thy readiness to contribute to the comfort of the sick and poor, and though thy means of continuing the practice may not be large, yet be not discouraged; remember who it was that pronounced a blessing on the "widow's mite" formerly; if we can't do all we wish to do, let us at least do what we can.

Written by thy tenderly affectionate and anxious grandmother,

M. M.

10th mo. 1810.

The time is now come that I am to resign my beloved child, *the last dear pledge committed to my care by her dying parents!* And though I claim no merit to myself for seventeen years of unremitted solicitude for the best welfare of my precious orphans, and have good reason to hope my dear girls are worthily bestowed, yet as the moment of parting is just at hand, my maternal bosom feels all a mother's pangs, in the midst of which I rejoice, in remembering thy affectionate attentions and condescending love in submitting to bear with, and sympathize in the many infirmities of *old age*. Should it please Providence to permit thee to see many days, I hope the love thou hast shown me, will be returned an hundred fold on thy own head, and it is my wish, my *prayer*, that every blessing which the goodness of Providence may permit his bounty to bestow, may be the portion of my endeared I. C. and his wife, in time and in eternity! With this "wish," and with an humble hope that the accompanying "prayer" will be regarded by *Him* whose gracious ear has oftentimes listened to the petitions of his poor unworthy handmaid, I conclude,

And remain your truly affectionate parent,

M. M.

MARGARET MORRIS TO M. M. COLLINS

(NEW YORK, AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF THE LATTER).

BURLINGTON, 10th mo. 18, 1810.

My beloved child's letter, dated "first day," came to hand, and is a pleasing proof that absence has not yet made thee forget the *old woman* in the arm-chair. I am not disappointed at the reception thou met with from the amiable sisters and brothers of thy dear I. C. Continue to deserve their notice, my darling, and cherish their affection, which will make thy removal from the fostering bosom of thy only surviving parent less painful to thee, as it will to me. I have full confidence in the affection of thy husband; and, in looking towards you, feel you knit together in my heart as my own natural children, and a tender wish and hope arises, that the enriching blessing of Divine favour may be your portion as you advance in life; then will you be happy here, and have a well-grounded hope that the awful after scene will also be completely happy too.

When the house is all in order, the carpets made up, and visits received and paid, I shall expect to be informed how thou likes thy habitation; and I charge thee to be very much pleased with it. Many of thy intimates have called to inquire after, and send their love to thee; amongst those that love thee, thy dear aunt Dillwyn's was expressed with tender emotion; and in a letter from R. H. M., to-day, the salutation of his love and cordial wishes for thy welfare, are conveyed in language that bespeaks the warm affection of thy father's brother; in truth, I may say, I hardly knew how much my *child* was esteemed. Don't be vain; these things should teach us to be humble. I was in hopes of finding a profile of my M. M. in her drawer, but was disappointed.

Believe me, my dear child, to be ever,

Thy most affectionate parent,

M. MORRIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 10th mo. 25, 1810.

Thy letter came duly to hand, and found my daughters, two or three damsels, and myself, busy at the quilting-frame, preparing a warm covering for thy brother, under which I hope he will have many a comfortable night's rest this winter; indeed, if my weak arms and fervent wishes could reach beyond the skies, I would pull down blessings on his head. Tell him I have been looking for him to get into winter garments, since the cold weather, and hope thy *husband* and his *wife* have made some change from their summer clothes before this time.

I feel grateful to dear H. C.'s kind mother for her notice of thee; I know thy affectionate heart will cleave to her as a mother in case of sickness, &c.; but do not confine thy gratitude to times of sickness only, but show it on all proper occasions, both to *her* and the amiable sisters of my son I. C., Jr. I will not tell thee I feel lonesome since you left me, though I compare myself to a merchant who has ventured his last cargo out at sea, anxious for, not doubtful of, the success of the voyage, having full confidence in the pilot who is to steer the vessel and guard against the rocks and sands that lie concealed beneath the smooth and flattering surface.

I was glad to hear you had got comfortably fixed in your new habitation; may it prove a peaceful, happy one; much will depend on thee, my love, to keep it so. Love to your circle; I love them all, but not one with more cordial affection than thyself, including I. C.; for are you not one? Tell I. C., that when the fire burns dull, I advise him to rekindle it by throwing his flute and music-book in the hearth; if he esteems the scribbler who is now chatting on paper, he will not think it too great a sacrifice to make for the friend who is daily and hourly thinking of him and her endeared child.

Adieu, my love; believe me ever,

Thy most affectionate parent,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 10th mo. 27, 1810.

* * We shall expect to hear from thee, my dear, by all proper conveyances, and when business of much importance does not prevent thy writing, give me a description of your habitation, furniture, and everything about you. When acquainted with the city, I shall expect to have thy opinion of it, and hope it will be preferred to Philadelphia.

I have been dunning M. to write to Rachel, but she says she *can't* write; this is a plea for all the girls who had rather read letters than write them; so let them take their own way, but if I had my "way," they that would not write, should not have letters to read; tell R. to profit. I must lay down my pen and go to roost, for I still keep to the old rule of attending the watchman's hour. I know Isaac will smile, and recollect the good lessons he learned under my roof.

Love to all that love my child.

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 11th mo. 6, 1810.

MY BELOVED CHILD:—

I have received thy affectionate letter, and feel that absence has not lessened the remembrance of a *mother*, whose happiness in this world is bound up in that of her children; and while they are happy, she cannot be otherwise. Tell A. I feel myself indebted for her kind assistance to thee in the art and mystery of housekeeping; it was not that I was ignorant in the art myself, but, like many other things, kept putting it off, thinking I should have thee with me for years to come, and that, when I felt incapable of superintending domestic affairs, I would then throw them into thy hands; but I found I. C. would not wait, agreeably to his first promise, "seven years" for thee, so now let him take the consequence, and put up with blunders and mistakes when they occur, without blaming his wife or me; for I venture to say, that if he had waited the promised time, I should have made a notable housewife of his now ignorant dame!

M. continues to be my constant and kind companion; she studies to do for me all that she knows my M. C. used to perform when with me; indeed, I have much cause for thankfulness that I am blest with children who vie with each other to make the comfortless season of declining life pass pleasantly away. Were it otherwise, what a poor forlorn creature I should be; whereas, now, tho' separated from most my heart holds dear on earth, I can sit for hours and retrace the happy days spent with them all, even when, in an infant state, they were hanging round my knees, and looking up with fond affection to me, anticipating all my wishes, and with cheerful obedience attending my commands: be assured that the remembrance of these infantine endearments from my children and grandchildren, still lives with me, and gives a pleasing presage to my mind, that the coming years of their lives may be favoured with as happy a retrospect. * *

I must not begin to mention names when I send love, but lump all our relations in one bundle, for I do love them all, and my I. M. C. stand at the head of the list.

Thy truly affectionate parent,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

8th mo. 11, 1811.

I have not written to thee, my beloved child, since the return of thy aunt, as I found she had, and I had nothing to add but a repetition of my continued thankfulness to the "preserver of men," for his favours to my *jewel* in bringing her safely through her great trial, and making her the happy mother of a hopeful son. May he be a comfort to thee through life! Thy aunt has told me what a wonderful child he is; take care not to spoil him; leave something for me to do. No doubt I shall be apt to lend a hand in that way.

I have had Richard and Edmund with me for a couple of weeks during the holidays, and last first day, Richard and Susan took them to Green Hill; a great treat for the poor fellows; but Richard, whose curiosity to see everything, led him to the barn, where was a screen, or Dutch fan, to clean wheat, which he began to turn swiftly, and, at the same time, put one

hand into a dangerous part of the machine; when it was caught, and he hastily attempting to withdraw it, met with a sad accident, and had his finger much torn. I hope it will recover, but am fearful he will lose one joint of the middle finger; a girl of his age would have passed such a thing unnoticed.

Dear E. P.'s little Rachel* was to see me to-day; she is a fine girl, and much resembles her worthy father.

It is late at night, and I can only add my dearest love to my beloved I. M. C., in which I am joined by M. H. S., and remain

Your truly affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

8th mo. 21, 1811.

I hope by this time thy dear little Morris is quite recovered from his late alarming attack which I can hardly think was the hives, as children of his age are not liable to such disorders. Our cousin, Maria Logan, has lately lost a very lovely boy with the cholera morbus, at a time when she was looking forward to his becoming a most interesting child—every appearance of health, but she was required to give him up, and I hope my dear I. C. and thyself will endeavour to live as far as possible from your darling, that, if called on to return him to the Giver, you may be made willing to resign him. Indeed, it is a most important lesson, and one I have been long learning, and if now, when near the close of a long and tribulated life, I can say, without *reserve*, "Thy will be done;" surely, I shall have cause to bless the hand which, in mercy, was chastising me and teaching me resignation.

Dear love to my son I. C. and the rest, from, my beloved child, thy own tender mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

9th mo. 15, 1811.

I fear it will be long before I have the pleasure of seeing you; and the dear little *Morris*, for so I must call him; for the

* My children's worthy mother.—J. J. S.

dysentery prevails much in our town. The doctors attribute it to the want of good fruit. I heard from thy sister (Martha Milcah Laurie, wife of Thomas Laurie, then residing at Arney Town, N. J.); she was well, and their neighbourhood healthy. Thy uncle M.'s family continue in health, and Richard's finger is like to get well without losing the joint. The boys have fine capacities, which, properly cultivated, might fit them for almost any kind of business.

I want thee, my dear, when mentioning thy son's father in thy letters, to give him his full name; it reminds me of a lady, in the *Spectator*, I think, whose husband was named Jacob, but she took it into her head to call him Zacha, and was ridiculed for it. Now, as thy husband's given name cannot be altered for a better, I hope this gentle hint will restore him to his original name, by which I love to greet him as a son who is very near and dear to my inmost heart.

Dear love to our friends, and tell H. I don't envy her for having a daughter, but if she prefers a son, she may make an exchange; I should love E. for her sake, and she would love Morris for thy sake. Adieu, my love.

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

11th mo. 3, 1811.

Thy letter, my beloved child, was truly welcome to me, as it gave the pleasing account of your being comfortably fixed in your habitation, and that your pet and my little *cherub* had not suffered by the journey, which I desire to be thankful for. How kind it was in our dear E. P. to take the charge of getting the house in order for your reception, and how like a sister; but I have found all I. C.'s sisters like their dear mother, whom I well knew and dearly loved. Let it be thy study, my love, to cherish the kind affections of this worthy family.

I felt, my jewel, it was hard to part with thee, but felt thankful that I had been favoured to see thee and thy dear child, and thought if I never saw you again I was willing to resign you into the same hand which gave thee to my arms at the time he was pleased to take thy angel-mother from a world of sorrow—and who has marvellously fulfilled his gracious promise left on

record in the Holy Scriptures, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them, and let the widow trust in me." I have lived to experience the fulfilment of the whole of that promise, and now, late in life, can set up my "Ebenezer and say, hitherto he hath helped me," and shall I now presume to dispute his right to take me hence when he sees my tour of duty is nearly accomplished, and I am bending under a weight of years; rather let me hail the approach of the King of terrors as the messenger of peace to conduct me to that happy land where long separated friends shall meet to part no more; and, my dear Margaret, I tenderly counsel thee not to give way to any anxious thoughts about me. I know thou lovest me, and it has been a pleasure to me to feel that my love has met a grateful return from thee; and now, my dear, let it be thy care to look up to Him who can give a blessing, and ask of Him to qualify thee to perform a mother's part to thy dear child. Begin in time; it is never too soon to instruct him in the important lesson of obedience, and this may be done by mildness and condescension. I have often had to remember what I once boasted of, that my children, from the time they knew right from wrong, never disobeyed my known will. This truly was owing more to the goodness of Providence than any merit in their poor unworthy mother. But whither am I running. My pen has committed a theft, and ere I was aware of it, has stolen from me the thoughts that have long slumbered in my bosom; but let it pass; perhaps thy son may in future reap some benefit from them, when the hand that now writes may be forgotten.

Love to all my kind relations. Kiss my poppet for me; how I shall miss him when I come down stairs. Adieu, my precious child.

I am ever thy own

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 11th mo. 10, 1811.

* * I am, through mercy, very much mended since my last letter, and have resumed my usual seat in the corner, and the consumption of *steel* and *flax*, being engaged in making shirts for thy brother, which, I think, will be the last work of the kind I shall undertake.

When I came down stairs, I could not help giving a mournful look at the vacant space where my poppet's cradle stood, and was ready to wish for him again to cheer me with a smile; but recollected the words of the poet:—

“Oft our fondest wishes want control,
And Heaven grows jealous of the wand'ring soul :
Then, wise and good, the object he removed
Which seem'd o'ervalued, and an *Idol* proved.”

There is certainly such a thing as sympathy of spirit, and by the letter now before me, I find thou hast been sympathizing with me during the late uncomfortable wet weather, which affected me much, and I could not but compare myself to an old house which had been often buffeted by the winds and waves, until it had got so much out of repair, there was no knowing where to begin to stop the cracks and breaches made by time, and that it might as well be left to totter and fall down;—however, I at length concluded to prop the old fabric up, and by the application of flannels and a warm room, it is now a pretty comfortable tabernacle, considering all things.

Tell thy I. C. thy mention of the “book” he was reading to thee, gave me heartfelt pleasure; it is one I delighted to read when young, and has been a solace to me in the decline of life; although I have had to mourn and lament that at certain seasons of my life it was too much neglected, and a taste acquired, as I was fond of reading, for less profitable books; let my experience, my dear child, warn thee against reading many books that have a tendency to withdraw the mind from serious thoughts, and lay the foundation for many dangerous snares; it is easier to prevent than cure bad habits, which strengthen by unseen degrees.

Thy repeated mention of thy comfortable, happy situation adds much to mine, and I have cause to bless the hand that cast thy lot in a family, to every branch of whom I feel nearly united, and am flattered in believing the affection is mutual.

12th mo. 21.

The weather with us, as with you, has been for some days very severe, but if *we*, who have warm houses and plenty of fuel, are pinched with cold, what must those feel who have neither? Indeed, it is necessary that we should sometimes visit

the habitations of misery, in order to make us more sensible of, and thankful for the favours bestowed on *us* by a bountiful Providence—who sometimes lavishes his good things on us, not according to our merit, but by way of trial, to see how we use his benefits; and we ought to bear in mind, that the hand which opens can shut, and be prepared to receive both good and evil with a chastened heart.

Love, as usual, from thy truly maternal

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I feel my heart expand with all the tender feelings of a fond mother to her *own peculiar child*—for such I have ever considered thee, my love—and although we are at present separated, absence can make no change; no time, no place, the sacred strong expression can efface, and I look forward with a kind of chastened joy to the time when thy dear and *my dear* I. C.'s business will allow him leisure to bring my jewel, and put her into my maternal arms again; but do not urge him to come till it is quite convenient, and then you will not be in a hurry to leave me.

As ever thy own,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

* Our cousins left me the day after you did; also, thy brother went to Philadelphia the same day. I have not since heard from him; so that the old proverb has been verified, “after a feast comes a famine,” and we are again quite alone; thus it will ever be, while we continue in this sublunary world—one day joy, and the next sorrow.

M. will tell thee how much * * * has been discouraged in his prospects of success in the little way of trade he was engaged in, and has concluded to go to sea in hopes of succeeding better; it will be a great trial to me as well as his wife, but we must submit; she, in the hope of seeing him return—I, in the hope of meeting him where we shall part no more—for, with the poet I can say—

“That added years to life gives nothing new,
But like a sieve lets all my comforts through;”

which has been remarkably verified in my experience; but, having been long learning the important lesson of resignation, I can now say, without a murmuring sigh, "Thy will be done." This, my love, shall ever be my prayer on earth, and my highest anthem in heaven—if I am favoured there to join the innumerable company of those whose sorrows here are forgotten.

Be assured, my jewel, that I shall always remain

Thy own, thy truly affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (1811.)

My aunt D. speaks highly of the attention of her husband's children while in New York; it is but what I expected—indeed, from their whole conduct towards her since she has been in their family, she has great reason to regard them with the affection of a mother, which I am sure she does.

* * Thy dear aunt can tell thee what a poor old cripple I am—well in other respects as can be expected.

I have had little of dear E.'s company, and her agreeable Robert; D. H. being sick, I could not have them to dine with me, and only once to tea. Tell I. C., by the by, he has nothing to do with the name of our expected guest; it belongs to the mother and gossips to christen the first-born. How I shall long to see what sort of a thing it is.

Thy dream, my dear, of waiting on thy aunt and me to meeting in N. Y., will never be realized in regard to me, for it is too late in the day for me to go so far from home; though if I had a horse and chair, and a man at command, I might accomplish it by going slowly, and allowing three or four days for the journey. Meantime my dear G. M. S. will supply my place, and be able to do more than I can for thee; by this kind condescension, she has more than repaid me for all my tender care of her in the like situation; indeed, it will doubly pay me, and the *remnant* of my life will be too short to discharge the debt; but she is a mother, and can enter into all the tender feelings of a parent.

Thy own

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

12th mo. 3, 1811.

* * Thy dear uncle and aunts are well. They seem nearly as much interested in thy welfare as I am; their kind inquiries often give me much pleasure. My dear G. D. says, when he looks upon the children of my beloved J. M., it carries him back to the time when *I* and my children were inmates of the same habitation, and he loves J. M.'s children as he once loved their father. Judge how grateful such thoughts are to my feelings.

In thy next, explain the meaning of thy saying it will be "a year" before I shall again see thee; surely we shall think it a very long time. For me to look so far forward, would savour of presumption;—from day to day is what I can hardly promise myself; yet, if it shall please Divine Goodness to gratify me with another visit from the child of my age—as I have fondly styled thee, my love—it will be esteemed a singular favour. Yet, why should I seek to strengthen the bonds that hold me down to earth, when my feeble frame and increasing infirmities so loudly call on me to bid adieu to all? Yet, humbly hoping, and *believing, too*, when we shall well have performed the duties allotted us here we shall be permitted to meet again in happier regions; and, to be prepared for the happy abode of saints and angels, it is highly important that we begin, while here on earth, to practise the duties and cherish the virtues which will entitle us to the notice of our Creator. I need not point out to thee, my love, what those "duties and virtues" are; the monitor in thy own heart can tell thee in more forcible language than I can. When its voice is heard, don't turn away from it till "a more convenient season."

* * While it is fresh in my memory, I must tell thee about poor D. Marsh, who married a rich old man, named Mundle, at New Castle, and has two fine children; lately, there has arrived from Scotland a woman who calls herself *his wife*, and has laid claim to the old *sinner*. I hear there is to be a lawsuit, but can't learn whether the first wife or the last will be allowed to

keep hold of the old man. Kiss my poppet. Adieu, my love.
Let me hear from thee sometimes; 'tis a comfort to
Thy loving affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

BURLINGTON, 1st mo. 20, 1812.

It is, indeed, a long time since I have written to thee, my beloved child; not that I have forgotten thee—for that will never be the case while memory remains—but a certain indolence, which is common to old people, has prevailed on me since the coming on of the cold weather, and has prevented my taking the usual pleasure, I once delighted in, of writing; instead of which, I have amused myself in thinking of thee and of thy pleasing employment in watching the opening dawning of reason and teaching the young ideas; remember, at the same time, the lines I taught thee to repeat when hanging on my knee in infancy, when first learning to speak—

“Seeds that are early sown will early shoot,
Produce the bud, the blossom, and the fruit.”

Thy likeness is welcome, but how came the limner to mistake thy looks so as not to give animation to a face that always smiled on me? I *guess* a fit of the colic had just then seized thee, which robbed thy countenance of its accustomed pleasant looks. How it would have delighted me to have seen the little cherub hanging on thy arm, as in sister Scott's picture; but, never mind; if I am permitted to live till the approach of another summer, I shall then hope to be gratified with the living picture of my little darling, when, perhaps, he will be beginning to creep about, and probably learning to articulate, and I shall have the pleasure to hear him attempting to call thee by the endearing name of mother. Oh! there is music in the sound; a name which neither thee nor myself learned to pronounce without the sad remembrance that we were deprived of ours before we knew the value of such desirable relatives. But, though such was the appointment of Providence, we were not left in our helpless infancy without protection; for the same good hand that bereaved us, raised up another to supply their place; and, for myself, I can say that the many instances of the

care and regard of my dear maternal sister, H. M., the kind guardian of my youth, will ever remain on my mind, and perhaps the gratitude I feel may go with me to the grave; and, if we are permitted to meet in a blessed abode hereafter, it will make part of my happiness. Don't call thy old grandmother visionary, for truly such thoughts often occur, and help me to bear with patience my increasing infirmities; and to think of meeting again our dear departed relatives, never more to part, is truly delightful. What a long scribble has the mention of my poppet betrayed me into; but, let it pass, 'tis the privilege of age to look forward, and of *youth* to anticipate what is to come. Thy dear uncle, D., has actually got the *gout*, the happy earnest of *fourscore*, and I hope it will prove so.

Always your truly affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

2d mo. 19, 1812.

* * The features of my little cherub are too deeply engraved on my memory to be forgotten very soon. Is it not strange that impressions so engraven should long continue, while those of more recent date quickly pass away? But I believe it is always the case with old people, at least it is so with me; for my memory, "too faithful to its trust," brings my past sorrows often to my view, and sometimes almost unfits me for the relish of present enjoyments, of which I am favoured with a large share in the affectionate attention of my dear children and grandchildren, who seem to vie with each other to make the comfortless season of declining life pass less heavily away. But, ah! what would all this do for one that could not look back on the past transactions of a long life, and with some degree of confidence, and say, "I have done what I could," and press forward with the chastened hope that her endeavours to do right were not despised by *Him* in whose awful presenee she must shortly appear; these serious thoughts often occupy my mind when I think, as I sometimes do, of the solemn change which is approaching with slow but certain pace, when I must bid adieu to all the endearing ties of nature that *hold and bind* me still to earth!

Am fearful I shall not be able to do the promised sewing, for my eyes are grown too old for my spectacles; I've had eight pair to try, but could not be suited; thy uncle D. says when I quit my needle, he shall think it is almost over with me; he still continues to wear his gouty shoe, but gets out to meeting.

* * I lately heard that our P. was going to be married, but do not know who it is to. I hope she will meet with a man worthy of her, for she deserves one of the best. Adieu, my precious child.

I am ever thy affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

3d mo. 9, 1812.

* * S. told me thy boy was the prettiest child he ever saw—don't believe him, my dear. I know the danger there is in loving him too well, and I know, too, how difficult it is to keep our affections within the true bounds, and that we should look through all the gifts to the bounteous Giver of all; this would give us a check when fond nature tempts us to cling too close to the endearing ties of children. Take warning from what thy *mother* suffered on this score. My two first-born sons, to whom my heart was too much attached, were suddenly required to be given up, and great was the trial before I could with true submission say: "Thy will be done." When this is arrived at, none but the resigned can know what peace is connected with, and flows from it. 'Tis like the philosopher's stone, which is fabled to turn all things into gold; so resignation to the Divine Will turns every afflicting dispensation of Providence into real and substantial good.

S. told me the "King of the Romans" would soon cut a tooth or two!

* * * finds very little business to do; and, at present, the times are very gloomy;* people seem as if they could not tell what to turn their hands to. Surely there is a better country than *this*, and happy they who are prepared to enter it, where tears and sorrow will forever cease. 'Tis to that happy

* The war of 1812 may account for this.—J. J. S.

land, my love, I am hastening, and hope to meet long separated friends to part no more; and where, in due time, I shall be permitted to stand before the "dread tribunal," with all my orphan children on either hand, and exulting, say: "Here they are; not one of them is lost!" Is not the thought of these things animating to the drooping mind?

I am ever, my I. M. C.,
Your own affectionate mother,
M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

4th mo. 14, 1812.

* * I am now to tell thee that whether in case of war or peace, while I remain in this "vale of tears," my heart will be prepared to make you, my dear children, welcome to my humble roof. Among others, my dear old neighbour, Henrietta Mead, is to spend the summer in B. It will almost feel like Walnut Street, to have my old friends so near me again. But, though it will be pleasant to me, their company will not make me forget or care the less for my *own*, my *homebred comforts*, the dear children now absent from me at New York. Tell my Chelly I think of her daily, and love her and thyself with the affection of a fond mother, and strive *in vain* to wean you from a heart that longs to be where it shall cease to sigh, and in that love, I tenderly bid you and dear I. C. adieu.

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

8th mo. 9, 1812.

Thy letter brought the truly acceptable tidings of your safe arrival at your peaceful home. May it please the Almighty long to continue it so, is the unfeigned wish and prayer of your affectionate parent.

I can't tell thee how much I have missed my darling little cherub, and whether I shall ever be favoured to see him again is to me very doubtful, as I daily feel increasing weakness and pain in my poor old back; but, through mercy, am yet favoured with patience to bear the increasing infirmities of a long and

wearisome journey without murmur or complaint—and hope to hold out to the end, which I think is not far distant; and if I am permitted to steal quietly away without becoming a burden to my kind, affectionate children and attendants, it will be a favour to them and me, which I hope we all shall be thankful for.

My kind good M. is well, and as attentive to me as it is possible for a child to be to a mother—how much have I to be thankful for.

24th. * * I have myself got a strange feeling in my head ever since the cough I had in the Spring—a sensation as of water falling in a mill, and so bad at times I can hardly bear it, and my own voice sounds like thunder. It may be a gentle warning voice which I wish carefully to attend to, of being found on the watchtower, and ready at whatever hour the messenger may be sent to call me hence, and to give up my account with joy—for truly I have had a tribulated path allotted to me; yet has not my wayward heart murmured at the appointments of Infinite Wisdom, but with resignation endeavoured to say: “Thy will be done;” and shall I now, when near the goal, repine at the infirmities of age, and wish to be exempted from their effects? May this be far from me, and may I with a thankful humble heart acknowledge that all my sorrows were sanctified to me, and my comforts and blessings multiplied far beyond my deserts. I have been favoured to see all my dear children walking worthy of their dear father; and my second offspring, for whom I was anxiously concerned, giving me pleasing hopes of their coming forward in the right way. What more can I wish to live for; a longer life than mine has been, would be too short to commemorate the mercies I have received; oh! then, may my beloved children, one and all, unite in resigning, when called for, the fond anxious parent, whose life was bound up with theirs, and who presumes to hope a place of rest is preparing for her and her children, where they shall meet to part no more! Once more I salute thee in that love which I hope flows from the true source, and will increase to *full fruition*.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

* * Yesterday, the 8th of the 9th mo., my dear Margaret, completed nineteen years since I followed my eldest son, thy dear father, to the grave, in the prime of life; and oh! how many days and years of sorrow I have since waded through; yet here I still remain, and who can say what is yet in reserve for me. This world is a fluctuating, changeful scene, and, when my measure is filled up, may I humbly hope to be gathered, as a shock of corn fully ripe, into that happy rest where all tears and sorrows will forever cease. Let it be thy daily and increasing care, my precious child, to secure an interest in that happy land, and then, whether long or short thy stay in this world, all to come will be peace and joy.

I am very anxious for thy welfare, both here and hereafter; and when I have been favoured with access to the place of prayer, the children of my dear departed son have not been forgotten, and I have besought the blessing of the orphan's father for my fatherless children. To that friend I commend thee for counsel and direction in all thy movements, and remain, as ever,

Thy tenderly affectionate grandmother,

M. MORRIS.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

11th mo. 13, 1812.

* * R. H. M. seems as much pleased as if this were his first-born; they call her Anna Margareta. C. is also here, a lovely boy, but the most rustical fellow among them all. To look back to the year '93, when I had five dear little orphans thrown into my arms, the eldest not nine years old, I seem lost in amazement that I should have lived to see them grown up and settled, and becoming heads of families. I feel as a wonder to myself, and cannot but cry out, What shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits? What, indeed, *can* I render, but the tribute of love, gratitude, and praise?—and may they ever ascend from a heart prepared to acknowledge its unworthiness, and adore the hand that has led me and fed me all my life long,

and who, in passing through some of the most tribulated parts of a long life, has not left me without a comfortable hope that the most dreary part of it has been under his notice, and the invisible arm of his power has been my support; and now, when near the *close*, I can say, "hitherto he hath helped me." May the same good hand, my beloved child, be thy companion in youth, thy stay in the noon of life, and thy evening song when all earthly comforts are withdrawing from thee.

4th mo. 2, 1813. I have not lately heard from my dear Martha Lawrie. Sister Dorsey has been spending a few days with her, I learn. I find my usual task of writing begins to be irksome to me, and often the want of a good *pen* discourages me from it when I am inclined to scribble.

Do you begin to expect or hope for a visit from the British? Some hereaway look out for them, and some hope for the return of peace and commerce; for my own part, I have given up hopes of seeing anything good while the Corsican and his friends at Washington hold such close intercourse. It is out of my way to write on such subjects, but, while everybody is talking of the same, one must be deaf not to hear.

* * My strength is now nearly gone; "the pillars of the house begin to shake," and when that is the case we must not expect the building to remain long unmoved; it must, according to *custom*, tumble down. I could with pleasure partake by anticipation of the fine treat of lobsters, oysters, and crabs mentioned in thy letter; but as to my joining you personally in the feast, all prospect of the kind is now forever at an end, and to hear of your welfare and happiness is to me a gratification more desirable than anything in this world; and of this I flatter myself I shall not be deprived while capable of enjoying it on earth, and when removed to a better inheritance it will *possibly* make part of the happiness to be hoped for when we have done with *time*. See how thy old fanciful mother desires to turn all things to real substantial good. I can hardly trust myself to write; I am really so good for nothing that I am quite out of conceit of myself, and wonder at the patience of those about me to bear with me. I have been accustomed, in my young years, to attend on old people, but do not remember any one that was so helpless and debilitated as myself.

5th mo. 15, 1813. * * All this preface, my dear, is to pre-

pare thee to hear that I have lately had a slight paralytic stroke, which came unexpected on me as I sat at breakfast on 2d day last, without pain, and I wondered what was the reason that my food dropped out of my mouth; and when some of the family came in, I found, on attempting to speak, my voice faltered, and I could not articulate. I sent for the doctor, and told him, as well as I could, that an embargo was laid on my tongue, and suspected I had a slight paralytic affection, which he confirmed, and gave me some medicine, which I think has been useful, but I can't speak plain yet; perhaps it may go over, but I am content. I have written more than I expected, feel tired, and must bid thee tenderly adieu, my own sweet, my darling child, till we meet to part no more.

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (WITHOUT DATE.)

* * But why should I mourn the absence of your company, seeing that I am myself *on the wing*, and nearly ready to land on that happy shore where dearest friends will meet to part no more. I shall be glad to know how you get along. I kept you company, in idea, till bedtime, and then retired myself, not to sleep, but to think of you till near morning. Don't let Milly forget us. On telling my dear brother Dillwyn I hoped the children would remember their grandmother, he said there was no danger of that—their forgetting they had one. How natural it is for people to love to be remembered by those they love; and with this selfish love I conclude my scrawl.

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

* * But a truce to complaint, and let me tell thee I have got a nice little sedan,* to go abroad in, as Ann can tell thee. I have paid several visits, and could not believe the fresh

* It was in this sedan that her grandsons carried her to meeting before it assembled, and sat her in the second gallery. To reach the seat at the end of the bench on the middle aisle, but a few steps, was the utmost exertion her rheumatic and palsied limbs admitted; with all this, she was cheerful, and even merry at times.

air could have been so enlivening; it seemed as if I never before had felt so revived, and I now more than ever regret that I did not embrace the opportunity of going to New York when thee went first there. Now I shall never see where you live; but I must content myself with the hope of meeting you in a better and more enduring habitation, where we shall not be separated by the bad roads, that prevent our passing and re-passing from one place to another.

Thy own affectionate mother,

M. M.

THE SAME TO THE SAME. (WITHOUT DATE.)

Although I have hardly strength to guide my pen, I am not willing to omit a good opportunity, as it may possibly be the last attempt I shall ever make to inform thee of my present low and declining health. My life seems wearing heavily away, and I have not strength enough to walk across the room without help, which my good child M. M. S. is always, like my shadow, at hand to afford. I feel sensibly my obligations to her and others, and that it is not, nor ever will be in my power to reward her and them for all their kindness and care bestowed on such an unworthy creature. I have lately had, in addition to my old complaint of the pain in my back, a new and more alarming symptom of swelling in my feet, which to my own apprehension threatened a dropsy; but by rolling my limbs, and bathing my feet in lye, the swelling has nearly subsided, and I am now fixed, as on a post of observation, as Young expresses it, where the scene as to outward observation grows darker every hour, for there is no relief to be hoped for from outward means; but where the mind is supported by the unfailing Helper, these light afflictions, though sometimes hard to bear, are of little account to the mind that can look forward with a hope that, in a little time, all will be over on earth, and the long-chastened heart be centered in a *happy rest*, where the toils and sorrows of a long life will forever cease and be forgotten. If I should live to see thee once more, my dear child, and be permitted to fold thee again to my fond bosom, with thy babes, it is more than I can reasonably expect; but I still look forward to the time.

I have had a visit from my dear nieces, Mary Morris and Rachel Wells; it was a high gratification to me; they went from here to Trenton, and expect to return to the *woods* in the fall. My dear Polly, though much weakened by the paralytic stroke, walks better than I do, and Rachel is quite fat and hearty.

And now, my dear, I must bid thee adieu, a long adieu, if I never see thee more, yet hope to meet thee in a better place, where long separated friends, parents, and children shall meet to part no more!

Susan can tell thee I rode out last week, and was refreshed by the fine fresh air; but, on stepping from the carriage, my feet being heavy with the swelling, I unluckily missed the step, and got a fall, which added to the pain in my back.

M. M.

My task of introducing the family of the Hills to their relatives is now accomplished; you have them as they lived and as they died; the world, distracted by steam-engines and railway whistles, has forgotten them; no flourish of trumpets from the periodical press will awaken them; for their memoir, told in their own language, will attract those only in whose veins their blood circulates. Let their excellences sink deep into your hearts; emulate their virtues, remembering always that they were loving and pure. Their ancestor, Thomas Lloyd's wife, it is said by tradition, kneeled down on the shore of the Delaware immediately on landing, and prayed fervently that her descendants in America might always constitute a "Family of Love." If this volume gratifies a natural curiosity, I trust it will have even better results by recommending truth and honesty, and inculcating the Christian virtues of domestic life.

It was not without some hesitation that consent was obtained that these letters should be given in their present form; long known to a few persons only, they are now to fall under the eyes of those relatives who knew neither personally nor by tradition the individual excellences they commemorate; not

being prepared to understand the romantic separations, even here but imperfectly told, strangers to the story, if any such should meet with our volume, and chance to read any of its pages, may be inclined, from the home-like character of its details, to exclaim: "Why publish such domestic letters?" Our answer is at hand; though printed, they are not published: the large family circles of Dr. Richard Hill's descendants, who have desired to know the characters of their ancestors, and who could not individually have access to the scattered manuscripts herein copied, will understand the motives which have governed the collector; he was not old enough at the dispersion of the family pictures to have been thought worthy of being an heir to them; they have, however, been kindly loaned, and for the first time, since they were rescued from the residence of Henry Hill, they have been again together, and a portion of them copied for this work. In parting from these traces of loving and beloved lineaments, the following beautiful lines have been forcibly recalled to memory, and with them the editor closes a volume which has afforded him much satisfaction and pleasure in its preparation:—

ON THE REMOVAL OF SOME OLD FAMILY PORTRAITS.

BY CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

Silent friends, fare ye well,
Shadows, adieu!
Living friends long I've lost,
Now I lose you!
Bitter tears, many I've shed,
You've seen them flow;
Dreary hours, too, I've spent,
Full well ye know.
Yet in my loneliness,
Kindly, methought,
Still you look down on me,
Mocking me not
With light speech and hollow word,
Grating so sore
The sad heart with many ills
Sick to the core.

Then if my clouded skies
 Brighten'd awhile,
 Seemed your soft serious eyes
 Almost to smile.

Silent friends, fare ye well,
 Shadows, adieu!
 Living friends long I've lost,
 Now I lose you!
 Taken from hearth and board
 When all were gone,
 I looked up at *you* and felt
 Not quite alone;
 Not quite companionless,
 While in each face
 Met me familiar—
 The stamp of my race.
 Thine, gentle ancestress!
 Dove-eyed and fair,
 Melting in sympathy
 Oft for my care;
 Grim knight of stern visage,
 Yet could I see
 Something e'en in *thy* face
 Of good-will to me.
 Bland looks were beaming
 Upon me, I knew,
 Fair sire, lovely lady,
 From you, and from *you*.
 Little think happy ones,
 Heart-circled round,
 How fast to senseless things
 Hearts *may* be bound—
 How, when the living props,
 Mouldered and gone,
 Heart-strings low trailing left,
 Clasp the cold stone.

Silent friends, fare ye well,
 Shadows, adieu!
 Living friends long I've lost,
 Now I lose you!
 Often when spirit-vexed,
 Weary, and worn,
 To your quiet faces.
 Mute friends, would I turn.
 Soft as I gazed on them,
 Soothing as balm,
 Lulling the passion storm,
 Stole your deep calm;

Still as I longer looked
Surely, methought,
You read and replied to
My questioning thought.

“ Daughter,” ye softly said,
“ Peace to thine heart;
We too, yes, daughter, have
Been as thou art—
Tossed on the troubled waves,
Life’s stormy sea,
Chance and change manifold
Proving, like thee:
Hope lifted—doubt depressed—
Seeing in part,
Tired, troubled, tempted,
Sustained as thou art.
Our God is thy God, what He
Willeth is best!
Trust Him as we trusted, then
Rest as we rest.”

Silent friends, fare ye well,
Shadows, adieu!
One Friend abideth still
All changes through!

10th mo. 1st, 1847.

as you

DEC 12 1944

